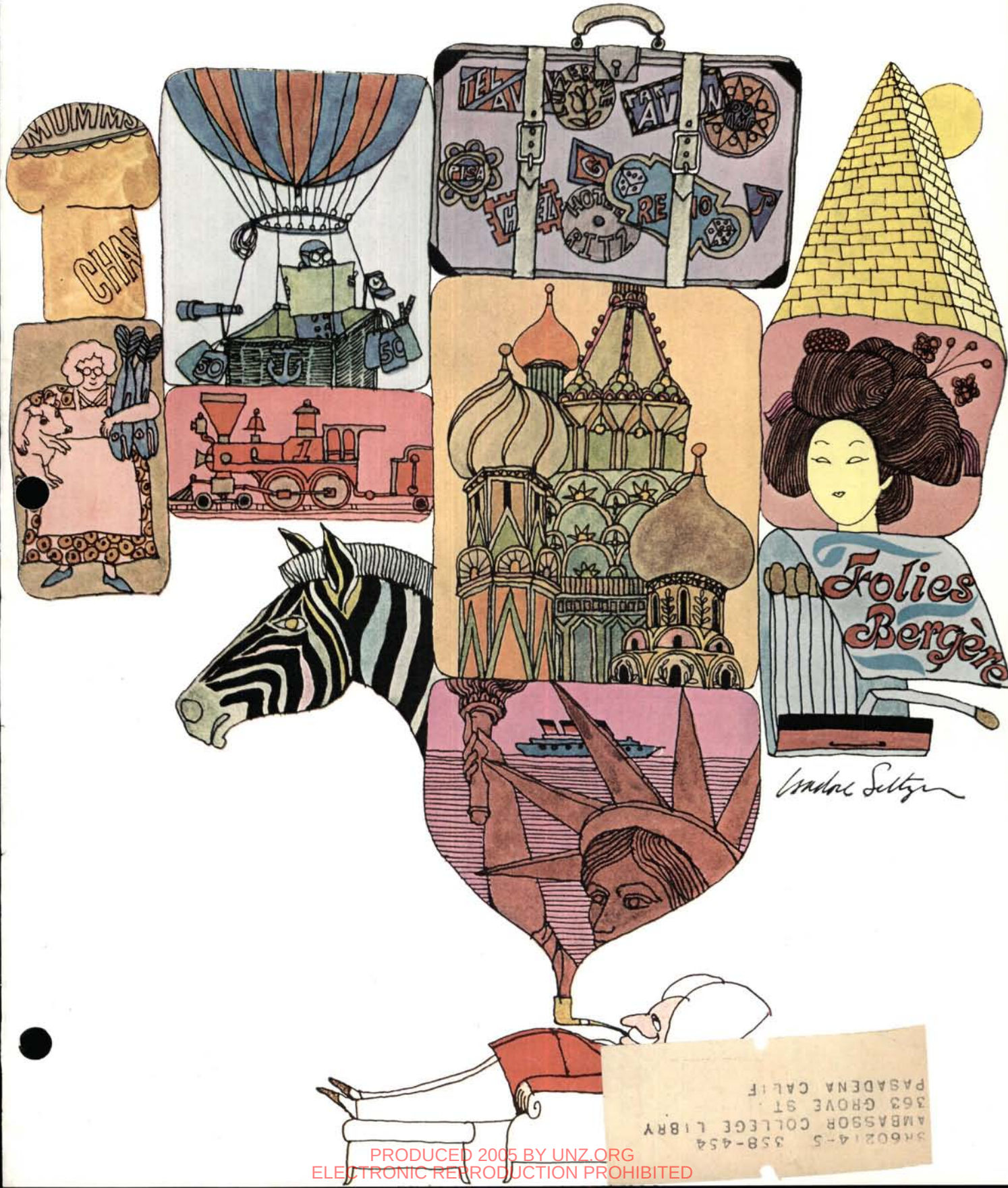
Saturday Review

SPRING AND THE TRAVELER

MARCH 16, 1963 / 25¢



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The Queen on her way to the Ridderzaal. In this Hall of Knights, William the Silent laid the foundation for Holland's democratic way of life.

The Burgemeester of The Hague invites you to help open Holland's Parliament this September

EVERY YEAR on the third Tuesday in September, a spectacle unfolds in The Hague, seat of the Netherlands government. On that day, Holland's Parliament is officially opened.

Burgemeester H.A.M.T. Kolfschoten, Mayor of The Hague, invites you to join the Dutch people in celebrating the historic event this Fall.

If your heart beats faster at the sight of prancing horses, at the rat-a-tat of drums, at arm-swinging troops, come to Holland in September.

See Queen Juliana ride from her palace in a golden coach, her escort, the resolute soldiers of Holland. Watch the procession wend through the ancient gates to the Hall of Knights, where Her Majesty addresses her Parliament.

There's so much for you to see and do in Holland. Meet van Gogh, Rembrandt, and other masters at the many museums. Watch diamond cutters at work in Amsterdam. See the world-renowned Edam and Gouda cheeses go to market. Cruise Holland's canals. Go antique hunting.

Come to Holland this year. The friendly Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester Kolfschoten of The Hague, who has a memento of your visit awaiting you at his tourist office.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write to the Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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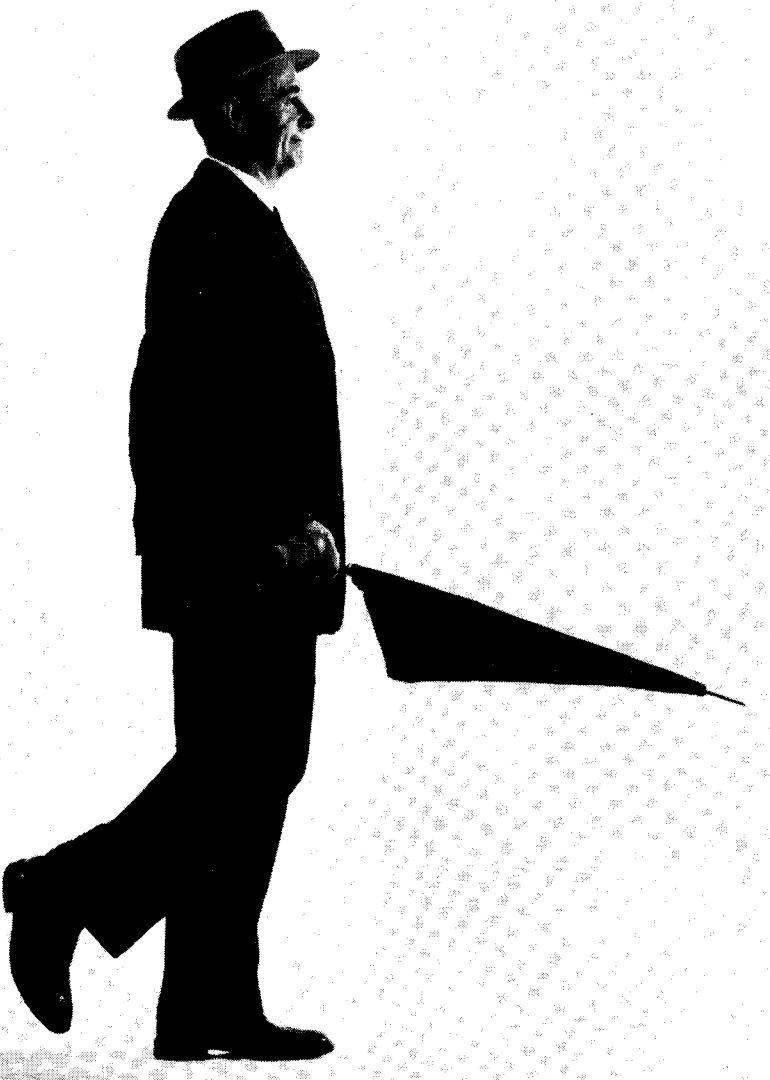

When he carries an umbrella, carry an umbrella.

This is our man in charge of knowing if it's going to rain.

And to give you an idea of how accurate he is, he can tell you when a 300 foot ceiling will change to 500.

Of course, cutting it this fine takes a little doing.

Every 6 hours (every hour for suspicious areas), we make up new maps for sky condition, ceiling, temperature, dew point, precipitation and barometric pressure from 700 different Weather Bureau station reports.

Which means we not only know the weather your flight will fly through, but also the weather that will surround it for thousands of miles.

It might also interest you to know that we have 49 men in meteorology —and every one either has a degree in it or grew up with the field. 30 have been with us over 15 years.

And when they carry umbrellas, we all carry umbrellas.

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AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE

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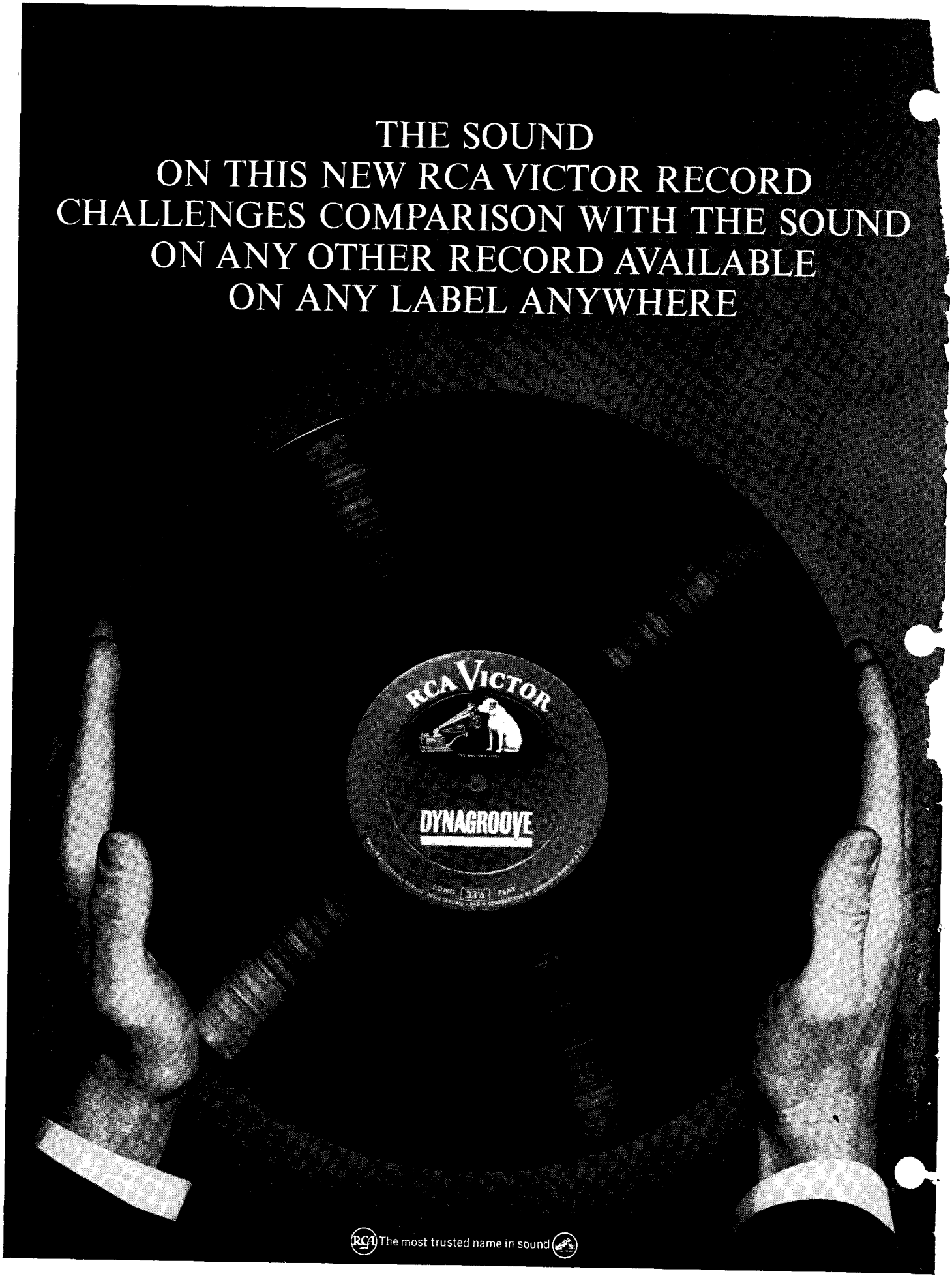

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HEAR IT! COMPARE IT!

DYNAGROOVE is not a single effort to improve sound. It's a completely new kind of recording—in both stereo and monaural—it's the most significant advance in the recording art since the introduction of the L.P.! A Dynagroove record will deliver to your stereo or monaural phonograph (with no additional equipment) all the clarity, beauty and absolute brilliance of the original performance completely free from distortion.

THREE YEARS IN DEVELOPMENT

The development of the Dynagroove recording process began three years ago with a research program at the RCA Victor studios in New York and the David Sarnoff Research Center in Princeton, N. J.

- New techniques and new equipment for "tuning" both the concert hall and the recording studio were developed.
- Fourteen different kinds of super-sensitive microphones were perfected for selective reproduction of vocal and instrumental solos and groupings.
- High-powered electronic equipment was developed for Dynagroove.
- Additional experimentation led to advances such as doubling the recording speed of original tapes and exclusive new methods of transfer.
- Each of these advances by RCA Victor engineers brought the fidelity of recorded sound to the very brink of "live performance" quality. The art of capturing sound on master tapes had been virtually perfected. One hurdle remained: how to transfer this pure undistorted sound to an L.P. record? The answer: the development of an "electronic brain" which directs the cutting of the groove in the Dynagroove master record.

DYNAGROOVE
THE MAGNIFICENT NEW SOUND DEVELOPED BY RCA VICTOR

DYNAMICS OF THE GROOVE

This astonishing "brain" predicts the tracking problems that your phonograph needle will encounter in the record grooves. It eliminates virtually all false turns, unnecessary zig-zags and shocks. For the very first time in the science of recording, your phonograph needle can move in a true dynamic track making the sound from a Dynagroove recording like a clear window which perfectly reveals all the other excellences of the new RCA Victor sound process.

WHAT YOU WILL HEAR

1. TRUE BRILLIANCE AT ALL VOLUME LEVELS. In either stereo or monaural, you will hear the original sound of voices and instruments with startling definition even when played at low volume levels.
2. PERFECTED PRESENCE. You will have the startling impression that you are right inside the concert hall or recording studio itself—whether you play the new Dynagroove records loud *or low* or in-between.
3. GREATER CLARITY. You will notice orchestral passages of such contrast and scope that it will be like hearing familiar musical selections for the first time.
4. REMARKABLE FIDELITY. You will hear without distortion—clean, free sound, *even near the center of the record,* where the diameter becomes smaller and smaller.

Two more remarkable features of Dynagroove records: you do not need special equipment to play it, everything is on the record itself. Secondly, new Dynagroove records are in the same manufacturer's nationally advertised price categories as our conventional records in either monaural or stereo. But words can't convince as well as listening at home.

MAKE THIS QUICK TEST

Play your best recording (any label) and compare the sound with that on any new Dynagroove record!

1. Play both at normal level, then at full volume. (The Dynagroove recording is a stunning experience.)
2. At low level—note the Dynagroove record bass remains full-bodied and the whole spectrum of sound is complete, not thinned out!
3. Play inner grooves—at normal, high and low levels. Note how the magnificent new Dynagroove sound is undistorted—*even when you play it at low volume!*

HEAR THE FIRST GREAT NEW ALBUMS IN DYNAGROOVE BY RCA VICTOR

FIEDLER/BOSTON POPS "Jalousie and Other Favorites in the Latin Flavor."	MARTY GOLD and His Orchestra: "Soundpower." You must hear it to believe it!	HUGO & LUIGI CHORUS: "The Cascading Voices of the Hugo & Luigi Chorus."	LEINSDORF/BOSTON SYMPHONY/Mahler "Symphony No. 1." Superb!	"MADAMA BUTTERFLY" Price, Tucker. First opera in DYNAGROOVE system.
MUNCH/BOSTON SYMPHONY/Ravel "Bolero." New excitement is captured!	PETER NERO: "Hail the Conquering Nero." A DYNAGROOVE showcase!	SID RAMIN and Orchestra: "New Thresholds in Sound." 12 new experiences in sound!	ROBERT SHAW CHORALE: "This Is My Country." Flawless...a classic!	DICK SCHORY'S Percussion Pops Orchestra: "Supercussion." Solid rhythm!

EXCLUSIVE! SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT MOST BUICK DEALERS: EXCITING NEW DYNAGROOVE L.P. ALBUM "THE SOUND OF TOMORROW."

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A VISIT TO MOËT IS A MEMORABLE MOMENT

Planning a trip to Paris? Just a short ride away are the fabulous 15-mile cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon—the birthplace of champagne. You are cordially invited to visit this historic establishment at Epernay to see how glorious Moët is made and sample the great champagne of France. Your visit to Moët will be a memorable moment.

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

Your travel agent has a fascinating folder describing this beautiful place. Ask for it when you see him.

Saturday Review

Cover drawing by Isadore Seltzer

March 16, 1963

SR/IDEAS

23 The Baggage of the Past, by John LaFarge, S.J.
26 When England Offered Everything to France, by Paul Reynaud
29 Isak Dinesen, by Carson McCullers
30 "Jungle Doctor Go Home": An Editorial

SR/TRAVEL

33 Spring and the Traveler: A Special Section with articles by David MacNeil Doren, Nancy Mitford, Lester and Patricia K. Brooks, Joseph Wechsberg, Lawrence and Sylvia Martin, Horace Sutton, Geoffrey Bocca, Margaret Bennett, Barnett D. Lasch-ever.

SR/DEPARTMENTS

10 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin
13 Trade Winds, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.
15 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
28 Literary I.Q.
31 Letters to the Editor
82 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert
89 Literary Crypt
94 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
96 Mid-Month Recordings
108 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1510

SR/BOOKS

17 *SR*'s Check List of Current Books
84 A Favourite of the Gods, by Sybille Bedford
85 Ordeal of Power, by Emmet John Hughes
87 Yankee from the West, by Burton K. Wheeler with Paul F. Healy
88 Get Ready for Battle, by R. Prawer Jhabvala. The Serpent and the Rope, by Raja Rao
89 Krishnakanta's Will, by Bankim-Chandra Chatterjee
90 On the Prevention of War, by John Strachey
91 Children of the A-Bomb, compiled by Dr. Arata Osada
92 The Forgotten People, by Seymour Freidin
93 The Age of Suspicion, by Nathalie Sarraute
102 Last Letters to a Friend, by Rose Macaulay. On the Edge of the Rift, by Elspeth Huxley

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"In remembrance of me..."

By Karsh of Ottawa

THIS LAND, which He walked, remembers Him. And all of us remember Him, too, particularly at this time of year when Christians everywhere commemorate His Passion, His Death and His Resurrection.

How better can we continue to remember and to understand these great events than to learn more about this land, about this Man who walked it and about the men and women who have followed Him in an unbroken chain of faith from His day to our own.

This land and its people are described in a truly great new book by one of the world's most famous writers on Bible subjects, Henri Daniel-Rops. Called *Daily Life in the Time of Jesus* ($6.00), it "brings the age of our Lord magnificently alive." What this same land is like today is beautifully shown in *This Is the Holy Land* ($4.95), a pilgrimage in words and pictures conducted by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, described by H. V. Morton and photographed by Karsh of Ottawa.

In the Bible, we catch only a glimpse of Christ's boyhood years and the family in which He grew up. These "hidden years" and "unknown" members of His family are wondrously explored in such books as Daniel-Rops' *The Book of Mary* ($4.95), Renee Zeller's forthcoming *The Book of Joseph* ($4.95), and Frances Parkinson Keyes' *St. Anne: Grandmother of Our Savior* ($5.00). And speculation as to whether He might have visited the British Isles during those lost years is only one of the many interesting facets of *The Flowering Hawthorn* ($3.50) by Hugh Ross Williamson.

The Bible itself, of course, contains His teachings, for His life inspired the New Testament, fulfilled the Old. Today, there are many Bibles, in many tongues. None are as beautiful for Catholics as *The Catholic Bible in the St. Peters' Edition* or, for Protestants and Anglicans, as *The Heirloom Bible* (each $27.95), both magnificently illustrated with full color reproductions of great masters, containing family registers and a wide variety of Bible helps. A few copies of an especially magnificent solander-encased, red leather bound, gold ornamented, deluxe edition of *The Catholic Bible* in a limited edition are still available ($57.50). And Catholic children will enjoy *The Catholic Bible in Pictures* ($4.95), a wonderful Easter Gift.

These teachings of Christ, as the Bible tells us, brought Him disciples, twelve of them. Their adventure-filled lives are retold in Michele Saponaro's *The Fishers of Men* ($5.00). Peter, to whom Christ had given "the keys of the kingdom," went to Rome, where today Pope John XXIII is the 260th successor to St. Peter. St. Peter's Rome, as well as the Rome of the Caesars and the Rome of Pope John XXIII, are best seen in *This Is Rome* ($4.95), another pilgrimage conducted by Bishop Sheen, described by H. V. Morton and illustrated with photographs by Karsh.

From the Holy Land, to the Near East, to Rome and the world—so Christ's teachings spread. His teachings made saints. Fascinating, inspiring lives are found in Frances Parkinson Keyes' *Therese: Saint of A Little Way* ($3.50), *The Rose And The Lily* ($5.00), *Bernadette of Lourdes* ($3.50), *The Grace of Guadalupe* ($3.50); in Henri Daniel-Rops' *Monsieur Vincent* ($3.95), *The Heroes of God* ($3.95); in Maria Sticco's *The Peace of St. Francis* ($5.95); Pietro di Donato's *The Penitent* ($3.95); Hugh Ross Williamson's *The Young People's Book of Saints* ($3.95); and John Coulson's *The Saints: A Biographical Dictionary* ($12.95).

Christ's teachings made martyrs. An especially thrilling life is Marion Mill Preminger's *The Sands of Tamanrasset* ($5.00)—the story of Charles de Foucauld, a fop who deserted the boulevards of Paris for the Sahara—and God.

Christ's teachings made extraordinary people of ordinary people. For children's reading, there's a particularly good, illustrated series called Credo Books. Titles in this series include: *Operation Escape: The Adventure of Father O'Flaherty* (Vatican priest who smuggled 20,000 allied soldiers to safety in World War II); *To Far Places: The Story of Francis X. Ford* (the first Maryknoll missioner to China and victim of Communism); *The Lion of Poland: The Story of Paderewski,* world-renowned composer-pianist who saved Poland); *Pen And Bayonet: The Story of Joyce Kilmer* (poet and hero of World War I battlefields); *The Conscience of A King: The Story Of Thomas More* (who chose to serve God—and not King Henry VIII); *The Tall American: The Story of Gary Cooper* (a magnetic, humble tale of a man unlike his movie roles); *The Man Who Found Out Why: The Story of Gregor Mendel* (the monk-scientist who discovered the law of heredity); *Wings Of An Eagle: The Story of Michelangelo;* the forthcoming *A Miracle in Mexico: The Story of Juan Diego* (an Aztec Indian and the Church built for Our Lady); the forthcoming *Fire of Freedom: The Story of Col. Carlos Castillo Armas* (his heroic struggle against Communism in Guatemala); the forthcoming *The Door of Hope: The Story of Katharine Drexel* (born to wealth and luxury, she gave her legacy to the poor). Each Credo Book is priced at $2.95.

Christ's teachings also won converts. Frances Parkinson Keyes' *Along A Little Way* ($2.50) is the personal story of her own conversion.

Christ's teachings built cathedrals, sculpted great statues, painted priceless masterpieces. You can view these works with the forthcoming *A Guide To Christian Europe* ($3.95) by C. J. McNaspy, S.J.

What are these teachings of Christ that have inspired so many men and women? For Catholics, the Sacraments form the center of these teachings and nowhere are they better explained than in Bishop Sheen's new book, *These Are the Sacraments* ($4.95), inspiringly illustrated by Karsh photographs. Other Karsh photographs of Bishop Sheen also illuminate Daniel-Rops' book on the most important of the Sacraments, *This Is the Mass* ($4.95). Thoughts by Bishop Sheen on the Sacraments and their meaning may be found in his introduction to the most complete Sunday missal available today, *The Fulton J. Sheen Sunday Missal* (deluxe, in white or black, $12.50; regular, black only, $7.50). Christ's teachings are also illustrated in the devotion of the Rosary, fascinatingly explained by Father Francis B. Thornton, with an introduction by Pope John XXIII, in *This Is the Rosary* ($4.95). And a wide variety of information on Christ's teachings appears in most practical form in Father John V. Sheridan's forthcoming *Questions and Answers on the Catholic Faith* ($4.95), with an introduction by Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles.

Nowhere are Christ's teachings more admirably treated than in the 150 volumes of *The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism,* edited by Henri Daniel-Rops. More than 100 volumes have already appeared, to the acclaim of scholars. You can obtain full information about this series, or buy any of the books mentioned here from your favorite bookseller. If you prefer to order by mail, let us know the titles you want and mail your list with your name, address and remittance to Hawthorn Books, Inc., Dept. R S -1, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City 11.

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P-227. DEGAS:
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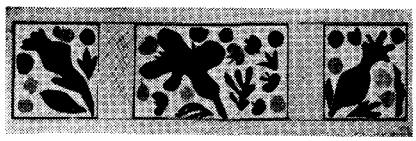

P-225. MATISSE:
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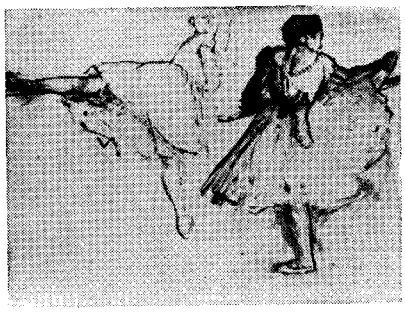

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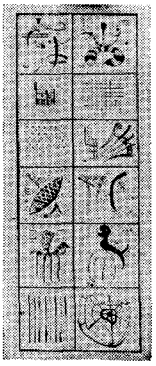

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An Immodest Proposal

NEW YORK EXTRA

We once observed the passing scene
In print, but note the change!
Today it comes condensed between
Two gunfights on the range.
—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

• • •

NOTE FOR A HISTORIAN

A REPORT has just reached me that a definitive history of television is being written and I am more than a little interested, because my name ought to be in it. Fifteen years ago I planned out and executed one of those important, trail-blazing events that are classified as "television firsts." When a man does a thing that has never been done before in history, he is entitled to recognition in the books. Sometimes it is not accorded to him, often through an oversight on the part of the historians. I can remember back to the early 1930s when an advertising agency approached the late O. O. McIntyre and asked him to write something for them that had never been written before in the history of the world. The ad agency people didn't care what it was—just so long as it was a "first" and they could put it in a big advertisement and say that it was a piece of writing that had never been written before by anybody in the whole glorious pageant of civilization. Mr. McIntyre rose to the challenge. He wrote: "Hootnanny on the hickey." Possibly the finest thing he ever put on paper. Yet it is my recollection that the advertising people changed their minds, and let that noble phrase go plumb to waste.

In my own case, I was on a television program which originated in a New York studio. Unbeknownst to me, a friend of mine down in Virginia named Ira L. Smith set up a camera in his living room and took a picture of my head as it appeared on his screen. He then sent me prints of the picture, on the theory that I would like to know what I looked like . . . in Virginia, at least.

A short time afterward I was a guest on one of Arthur Godfrey's early television shows. It was there that I had my splendid inspiration. I alerted my friend Ira Smith down in Virginia to have his camera ready again. Then when the Godfrey show was on the air and the camera trained on me, I held up a print of the picture that Ira Smith had taken during the previous program. This marked the first time in all history that a man sitting down in Virginia had ever taken a picture of a man sitting up in New York while the picture of the man up in New York was being held in the hand of *the same man*, sitting once again up in New York so that the picture of the picture could be taken by the man down in Virginia.

To my mind it is as great a fragment of history as O. O. McIntyre's lyrical line. And I want it included in that history. With photograph.

—H. ALLEN SMITH.

• • •

GEORGE'S SCHOOL IS PROGRESSIVE

WHEN I ran into George in the kitchen the other morning, my ten-year-old, a rotund egghead already in bifocals, was breakfasting on yogurt, sunflower seeds, and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."

"Well, how's school?" I inquired, being rather good at small talk.

George attends a progressive school. He can give you a formula for the alpha rhythm of the cortex and next year he's going to learn about the alphabet.

"We are starting a new project," George informed me. Clearly, he expected the Nobel Prize Committee would be watching eagerly.

Another class project! We'd just have to be brave about it.

On the last one, two kids were trapped in a bathysphere on the bottom of a lake. This new project could be anything from a campaign to impeach the mayor to building a swamp.

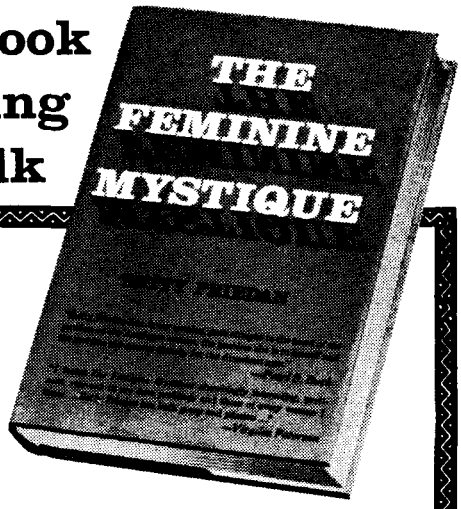
"On Monday," George went on, "we start building a swamp."

"A real challenge, eh?" I knew better than to appear distraught or to suggest that somebody at his little, mad schoolhouse was overdosing with pep pills.

Article six of the school's Code fo Enlightened Parents cautions that adult skepticism could injure the young, inquiring mind.

When George went downstairs to his fallout shelter to repair a damaged

The book that's causing all the talk



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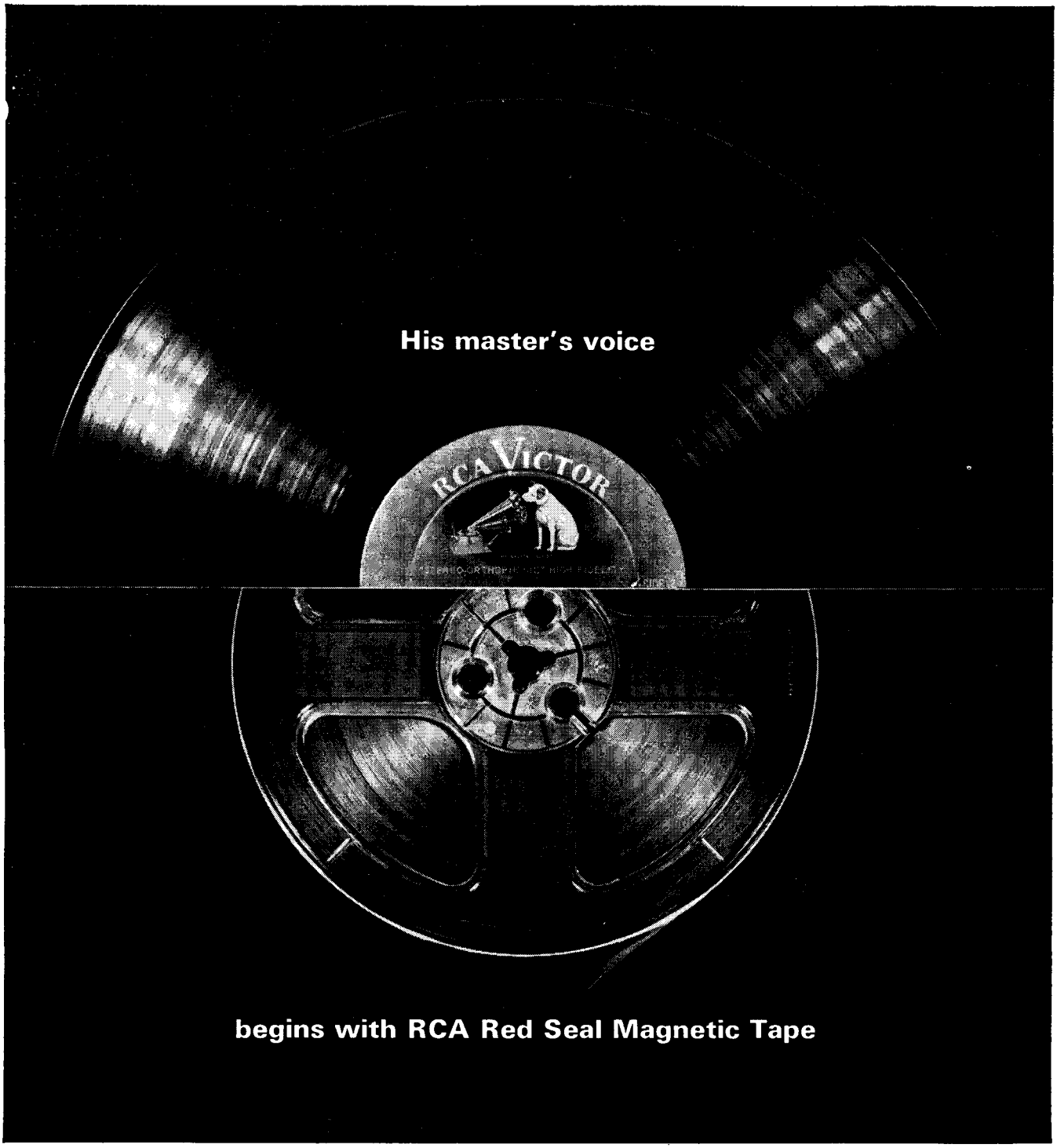

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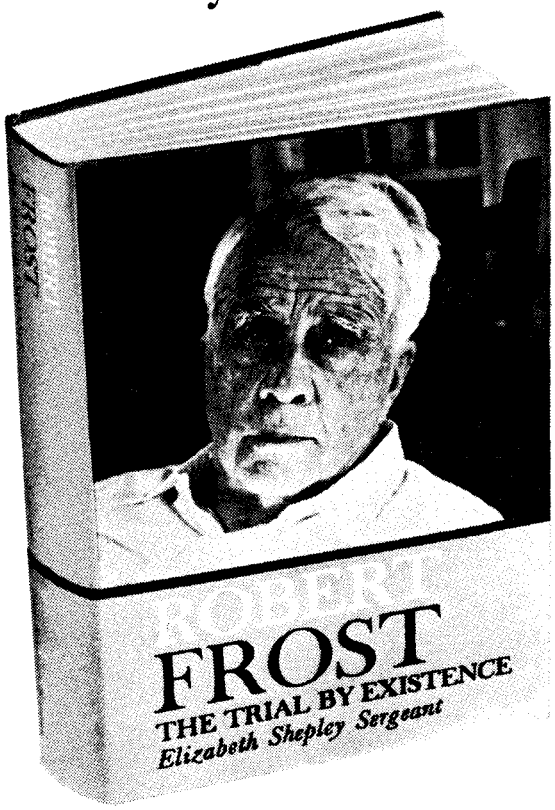

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atom, I called his home-room teacher, Miss Grosskopf.

"What good," I demanded, "is a swamp?"

"Now, now," she scolded, "it's to be no ordinary swamp. It's one on the moon."

"But are there any swamps on the moon?" I inquired, attempting to suggest she might be practicing a deceit the school directors would view dimly.

"That," she replied severely, " is neither here nor there."

Possibly Miss Grosskopf was a little weak on lunar bogs.

"We mustn't predispose the young imagination, sir," she cautioned, gently now, intimating that perhaps it would not be necessary after all to keep me in after class.

"The children will discover and interpret as they progress. Should they decide on the evidence there are no swamps on the moon, then they will create one proper to a lunar environment that would permit swamps. We do want to encourage creativity, don't we? We do see now, don't we?"

I felt I had been burped.

Walking down the hall, I reported to my wife: "George's class is going to build a swamp."

"That's odd," Myrtle said as she went on setting tile in the bathroom, "you'd think a school like that would have gotten one long ago."

—FRANKLIN P. JONES.

• • •

HAPPY CONCLUSIONS

(Being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction)

THEN suddenly with a little grunt of determination, he turned and hurled the glass of whiskey straight through an open window.

"Where's your phone, Wes?" he demanded, his voice crisp and businesslike. "I've got to call Washington."

He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom, saying, "Let's throw the night table into the fireplace, let's throw the night table into the . . ."

"Let's . . ."

Maybe people will notice that the roses don't fade.

Maybe they'll ask why.

We'll tell them and then maybe people will begin to think.

"Ask Bridey why there were only forty-five spaceships on his planet" the doctor yelled over his shoulder as he was dragged off. "Ask where the others went—where they are now."

But Bridey wouldn't answer that question. —F. DE SALES MEYERS.

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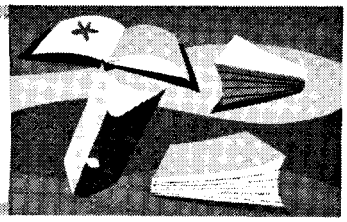
Trade Winds



THE NEWSPAPER STRIKE has made life dreadful for the addicts of the daily *New York Times* crossword puzzle. They consider it the only one published that offers any challenge.

I know this especially from what happened the other day when I sat next to a commuter who used to look forward avidly to the morning train ride to New York so he could tackle the *Times* puzzle.

I watched him open a Boston paper to its crossword. He stared at the puzzle for so long that I finally asked, "Want to borrow a pencil?"

"No, thanks," he replied in disgust. "Just finished."

SPEAKING OF STAMPS, it has come to my attention—correct me if I'm wrong—that every President up to and including Coolidge has a postage stamp with his likeness thereon, arranged according to their chronological order. Washington on the one-center, John Adams on the two, right on through Harding's two-dollar green and black stamp and Coolidge's red and black at four dollars.

Now Washington is on the one *and* the five. James Monroe, who has had the five-cent stamp all these years, will be done away with. This is not only disorderly, but it is unfair to the fellow whose doctrine is getting so much publicity. Let's give Jimmy the one-center. Why should George have two stamps?

ANOTHER THING, on every page of the new book of fives sold by the post office is this cry: "Your mailman deserves your help. Keep harmful objects out of your letters."

Just what the heck are they talking about?

POOR ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS. Here she's got this best-selling book going, Doubleday's "Final Verdict," and nobody can get her name right. Everybody and every place from the Boston *Herald* to such bright radio interviewers as Martha Deane leave off that "s" from her last name. Even W. A. Swanberg in "Citizen Hearst" spelled her name wrong six times.

Adela Rogers St. Johns is very nice about it, though. She seldom corrects people. She didn't correct me a while back when I erred.

To make it tougher, Doubleday has a novel out by Robert St. John, "The Man Who Played God." Sure enough, the consistently accurate *Publishers' Weekly* got Adela's name right the other day but in the next line gave Robert an "s" he does not need or want.

Now I've got us all straightened out, unless some smart-aleck editor decides to improve things between my typewriter and your magazine.

THINGS WERE NOT QUIET recently at the Briarcliff Library in Briarcliff Manor, New York. That's the institution that is established in the old railroad station of the New York Central's defunct Putnam Division. They've been tearing the tracks up, and I hope they've finished so librarian Amy Pearce Osborn can remove her ear plugs.

Mrs. Osborn told me about an old friend of hers who borrowed "War and Peace" last fall. The woman took it for a four-week period. After five weeks had gone by, Mrs. Osborn sent an overdue card. Underneath she printed, "The time has come, the Walrus said."

The woman hurried to return "War and Peace." As she handed it in she said, "But I've searched high and low and I can't find the book about walruses. I don't remember borrowing it."

DRAMATIZING THE MISERIES of those who teach freshman English in college, Assistant Professor Ingeborg Stolee of Buena Vista College, Storm Lake, Iowa, penned the following pome for me:

FRESHMAN THEMES

I must of read around fifty by now
Due to the fact that Im tired,

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—*London Times*

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But the reason why I continue on
Is because thats why I was hired.

Oh there no differant then the themes
Wrote by thier mom and dad
But beleive me, I wonder if I should of went
And ansered that publishers ad.

NOT HAVING BEEN THERE for many years, Alice M. Robertson of Pittsburgh had to ask directions in Macy's huge New York store the other day. She stopped a floor walker and asked, "Where is the book department, please?"

"Hard or soft?" he inquired.

SHARPS AND FLATS: I. Leonard Fass, who teaches high school English in Stockton, California, deserves some sympathy, too. He ran across this comment on the terror of war: "War is bad," the student wrote, "because innocent people are killed or even slaughtered."

►I don't know why he waited so long to tell me, but Albert O. Kean of Westlake, Ohio, writes that when he was a student at Yale in 1944 he found himself hitchhiking to Concord, Massachusetts, on the Fourth of July holiday. He walked all over town visiting as many historic places as possible. At a restaurant he asked the waitress for directions to the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Emerson?" she mused. "I don't know anyone in town by that name."

►A cartoon in an Italian magazine depicts an African native woman telling her two little boys about the world. "On the banks of the Mississippi," she says, "there still live ferocious tribes of white men."

►Talk about name-dropping! I've just seen a copy of the letter JFK wrote to Justice Frankfurter congratulating him on his eightieth birthday. "You seem to be the same age as Eamon de Valera," the President said, "to whom I was writing only the other day . . ."
—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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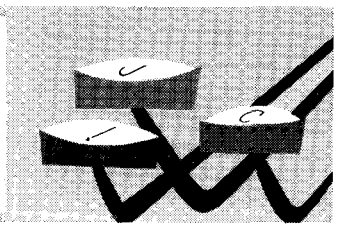
Manner of Speaking



MAILBAG: THE UNDERWRITTEN GENERATION: Ideas sometimes have many names. There is one I am reaching for that the Germans still call "*der Zeitgeist,*" that Hippolyte Taine called "*la temperature morale,*" and that recent critics call "the climate of ideas" or simply "the climate." In bull sessions with sociologists I think I have spotted something akin to the idea I want, variously labeled "tribal precept," "ethnic set," and "group assumptions."

Under whatever name, the idea can lead to the subtlest sort of sociological speculation but remains simply enough, at base, the perception that men in different ages and in different groups acquire from their surroundings, and almost without thinking about it, certain assumptions upon which they act in what seems to them to be "the natural way." Limit a man's perceptions to any one age and group and he would tend to believe that his assumptions are the only "natural way" to think and act. The historian of ideas, on the other hand, finds the food of his kind in noting the variety and complexity of the "natural ways" that have moved men in different times and circumstances.

The most rueful (because helpless and compelled) historians of ideas are, of course, parents in the throes of their compassionate and desperate efforts to understand the assumptions the young of this world have taken to be the "natural way."

The parental quandary has been growing upon me *ab ovo,* as I may say (or, at least, since very soon thereafter; this egg, of course, being understood to be muliebral and not maternal). But the occasion of this present sociologizing stems immediately from a letter I have on my desk from a college senior whose natural assumptions leave me with a personal sense of being lost to "nature."

One of his first assumptions is an overconfident sense of how much muddle can be covered over by one coat of flattery. "I have often wanted to write you," he begins, "in resounding agreement or frothy dissent. [sic] It 's 'typical of my generation' perhaps, that I write now out of need for your assistance. Encouraged by your constant defense of creative efforts on all fronts [! ! !], I should like to tell you of my dream, in hope that you may find my cause worthy of your championship."

Among the hucksters, I believe, that last pitch is known as "giving it the sincerity." The sincerity given it, my young dreamer proceeds to personal data. He is a senior. He has been working hard at school. He is in his early twenties. He has "a charming, intelligent wife and a five-month-old son." He has talent, a point on which he is certain and which he can prove by citing his undergraduate activities. And, as above, he has a dream.

"But enough of my credentials," he continues, with what I take to be a modest sense that the least proof suffices. "I am in need of money to finish my schooling. I have set my educational aims high because I want the best training available." He makes it clear, let me add, that he seeks this training selflessly, in order, as he puts it, "that I might contribute richly as a result." He means, in fact, to spend his life "at the forefront of dramatic creativity." But there are, as he recognizes, practical difficulties in the way: "When aims are high, costs are high, and I may have to spend five years saving the money to put myself where I intend to be." But five years of working and saving and of supporting his own family can delay a man's dreams. Hence his next thought: "Not, however, if I find a benefactor or a patron."

His letter deserves to conclude without further editorial interruption, though I beg Norman Cousins to note one reader's implied estimate of what I should be able to afford:

> I know that a poet, even a poet with a page in a weekly magazine, might not be in a position to be of financial help. It occurred to me, however, that you might know some people who are in the proper brackets firmly enough to be interested in hearing further amplification of my plans.
>
> A loan of $10,000 would get me to a point of departure for the fulfillment of my dream.
>
> What do you think?

And let me pretend, for present purposes, that it is signed "With a straight face/ The Underwritten Generation."

Readers will understand, of course, that I am suppressing the letter writer's name for none but the highest motives. I am keeping his letter on file, how-

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ever, and I shall be happy to act in the best interests of "creative efforts on all fronts" by acting as this fine young man's intermediary while preserving his anonymity. Any reader "firmly enough in the proper brackets" (firmly enough to be certifiable) may feel free to send in a check for $10,000 made payable to me, and may do so with the full assurance that it will end up in the proper hands; in, I can assure him, the properest hands I know, and the gentlest. And need I add, as evidence of my own high sincerity, gentlemen, that I refer to nothing less than the lily palms of my wife?

But allow me to believe that nothing much will come of that thought, and so, as one might seek the consolations of religion, let me return to my starting speculations. What on earth are this man's assumptions concerning the nature of any known social contract? He has a wife, a child, and a dream. And somewhere within the mythology of the social fogs he inhabits, he has heard of something called "the proper brackets." It seems to follow in his mind that all a husband, father, and dreamer need do, therefore, is advertise his need to those mythic brackets and all will be made available to him. He seems, moreover, to assume a right to ask generously of the world, for he has every intention of doing it good when he gets around to it. Am I wrong in thinking that only a man of his painless and underwritten generation could have thought to put together that set of sweatless assumptions in just that order?

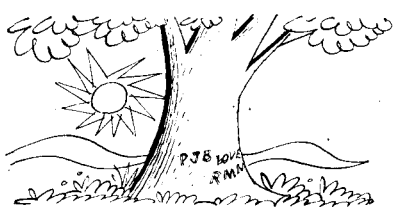
He asked for an answer and he got it by return mail. I am not at all sure he will have understood it, but I hope it will make its point to those readers who inhabit with me the brackets of the human uncertainty. For whatever it may be worth, it read as follows:

Dear Mr. A:

You ask me what I think and I, by Heaven, am going to tell you.

You wanted to get married and I rejoice that you married well. You wanted a son and I rejoice in his rejoicement of you. Now you want to know if I can recommend someone to underwrite your marriage, your parenthood, and your career. I recommend Santa Claus: he must seem relatively real in the dream world you inhabit.

Yours sincerely,
—JOHN CIARDI.



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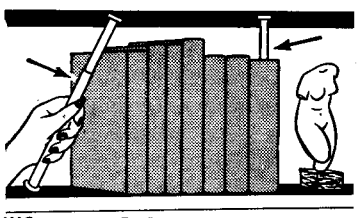

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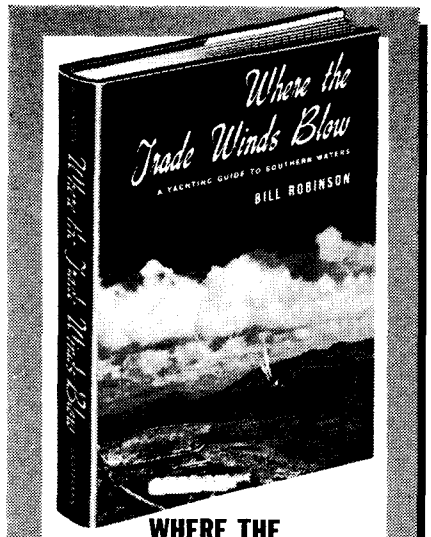

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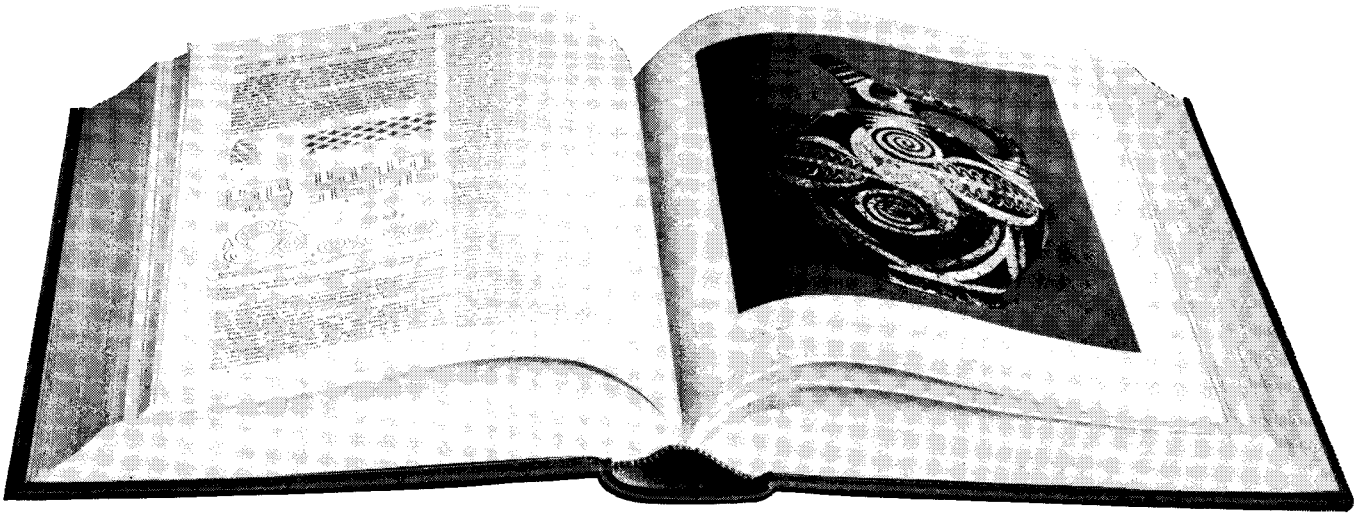

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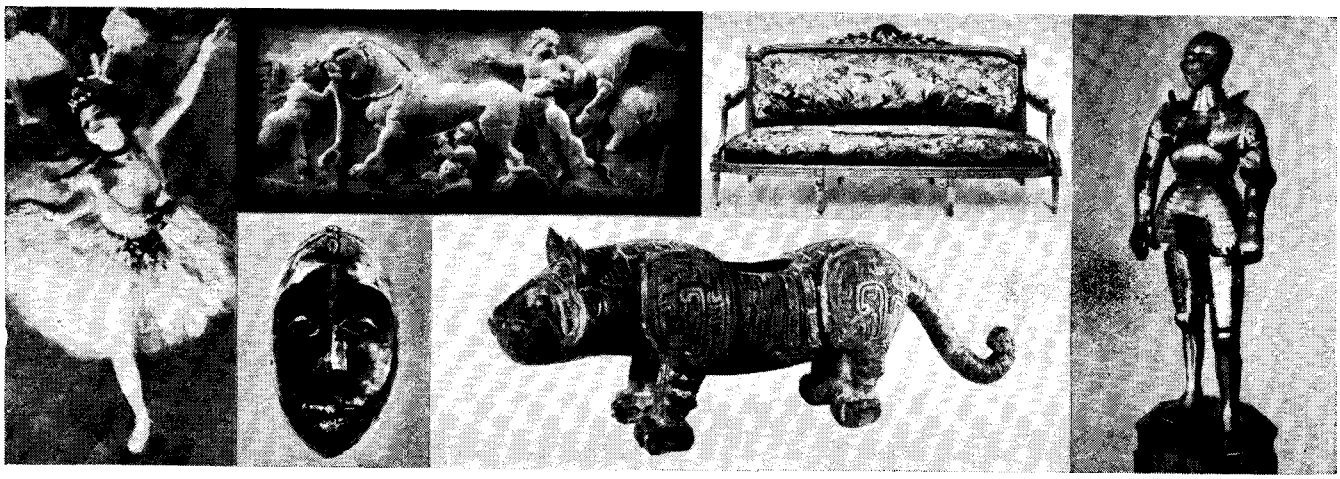

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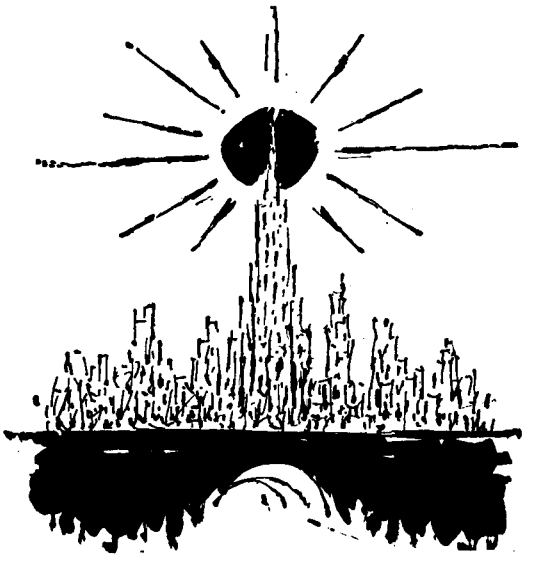
Saturday Review

MARCH 16, 1963

THE BAGGAGE OF THE PAST



By JOHN LaFARGE, S.J., *author of "American Amen" and an associate editor of the magazine America.*

THE discharged soldier from Fort Dix boarded the train to New York at Monmouth, New Jersey, and disposed himself in the seat next to me. He had quite some trouble getting settled, since he was carrying six distinct pieces of luggage. So I held the rifle he was carrying while he arranged a place for his portable typewriter and other articles. Once settled down, he explained that he was twenty-eight years old, his name was Dermot Creaghan, and, though Irish-born, he had of late been serving in the United States Army. In view of certain home regulations, he was a bit uncertain whether the Irish customs would let him bring into the country a couple of pieces of combative hardware now in his luggage, but he would make the attempt. Ireland was still in a bad way, with the Northern provinces still occupied and all that, though he generously admitted that the late Canon Hayes and his fine agrarian parish program had been doing a lot of good for Southern Ireland. "Why are you taking home the gun?" I innocently asked him. "To take a crack at the British, if I get the chance," he replied. When I told him that sort of attitude looked a bit foolish to me, he made no attempt to argue, but stuck to the point that there might still be a chance. . .

I have heard no more about Dermot and his hardware, and have wondered whether he might not today be serving the United Nations Irish contingent in the Congo. Some day he might get a fine chance to get a crack at somebody or other, even if no British were the target. Anyhow, I was able to add Dermot to my list of human puzzlements, caused by the heritage of memories from the cruel past. His proposed gesture was inane enough—though in sublimated form it might not be alien to General de Gaulle. Yet behind it lay a century-long weight of history. It is over a century since the days of the appalling Irish famine, so competently described by Cecil Woodham-Smith in her recent volume, "The Great Hunger." The "sword of hate" that followed upon the record of British blunders and laissez-faire economic dogmatism at the time of the famine eventually cut Ireland's last ties to Britain. Old provocations take on, however, an entirely different meaning in the new world of "neutral" small nations. The role Ireland plays today in Europe and in the world would have been almost inconceivable a generation ago. Old memories are revived, antique drums are beaten each year on Orangemen's Day. Yet for every person who would rehearse sour memories, there is another whose query runs: How far shall these grim memories be kept alive? How far are they to be discreetly relegated, as the phrase is, to the past, along with bundles of yellowed letters and boxfuls of faded photographs, to be taken out of their hiding and consulted if and when needed?

Today, as I see it, the baffling question is what to do intelligently, loyally, even constructively, about the cruelties of the past. We need a working philosophy to guide us in the matter, and this philosophy as I see it has not yet developed. It is worth our while to do a little reckoning, to note how many parts of the world, most of them featured in the daily papers, are somehow oppressed and embittered by remembrances of past injustices, the lingering stench of past cruelties.

If you start drawing up any kind of list, it immediately grows to formidable proportions, especially where Eastern Europe is concerned. At the close of the First World War, the British historian Robert William Seton-Watson, in his "German, Slav and Magyar" (1916) and other works, indicted the old Austro-Hungarian Empire for its treatment of the various Slavic-speaking countries that composed it: Bohemia, the Slovak-speaking regions of Hungary, Croatia and Serbia, Slovenia. The author recalled the disastrous elements in the Hungarian (Magyar) domination over the Slavs. Resentment against these past injustices played a large part in dividing up Central Europe according to the treaty of Versailles and the creation, for instance, of the independent country called Czechoslovakia, independent, that is to say, until first the Nazis and then the Communist Russians took it over. Yet the Slovaks, in turn, bitterly resent injustices allegedly suffered in Czechoslovakia under the "democratic" regime of Masaryk and Benes. As for Hungary, whatever faults were committed by earlier rulers and landlords (secular or ecclesiastical) are forgotten by the free world today in view of the frightful injustices committed by Soviet brutality against Hungary's tragic strugglers for freedom.

TODAY, a standard piece of equipment in all Communist propaganda is an endless repetition of unsuccessful Czarist attempts, under General Denikin and Admiral Kolchak, to nip in the bud the first beginnings of the Bolshevik revolt, while genuine reforms that took place under certain previous regimes are wholly forgotten.

Once you start reflecting on the number and variety of ancient political

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resentments still stalking around the modern world, you have begun a process that admits of endless accumulation.

The memories of the Spanish Revolution, its innocent victims and incredible heroisms, will haunt Spain's consciousness for generations to come. Poland, Lithuania, and the Baltic countries are drenched with resentful tragedies of the recent past. A sizable proportion of the inhabitants of West Germany nourish grief and resentment over the loss of the former eastern provinces, such as the Sudeten lands, as a result of the Second World War, while the present Polish inhabitants of those lands, themselves under oppressive Soviet rule, are made to recall the ancient misdeeds of Teutonic Knights.

And all the jovial pictures of the wisecracking, genial Chairman Khrushchev cannot blot out from the Ukrainian mind the memory of his earlier persecution of that once free nation.

Though many centuries have elapsed since marauding Crusaders invaded and desecrated ancient Byzantium—a name practically forgotten to all but historical specialists in the Western World—the memories of these outrages are still kept vividly alive by the contemplative Greek Orthodox monks on holy Mount Athos, and are still alleged as an obstacle to Pope John's cordial invitation to observation and conference at the Second Vatican Council in Rome.

Today, the centennial year of Lincoln's great Emancipation Proclamation, harsh memories of racial conflicts and racial injustices still embitter relations between the Negro and white peoples in this country. Memories of the old "bad" days of slavery are handed down and have become part of the intellectual equipment of the race. Historical research scoops up revelations of slaveholding injustices that we would gladly forget. The fact that slave-owners were, after all, a minority in the old South is mostly forgotten, as are the numerous examples of genuine kindness and responsibility toward slaves. Whether we approve or deplore the phenomenon, the fanatical utterances of prejudiced hate-mongers form part of our permanent record, whether in the race-politics-ridden South or in the stupidly contemptuous suburban North.

What is here said of the political world—and the instances could be multiplied by each continent and by nearly every country over the globe—is all the more true of the religious world as well.

THE year 1963 seems to be setting a record of exceptional attempts to reach mutual understanding and intelligent rapprochement among the various religious bodies in this country. None but a few habitual malcontents could fail to be impressed by the almost universal and most warmhearted union of minds and efforts that was manifested during the historic National Conference on Race and Religion that gathered in Chicago in January. Representatives of the principal religious bodies in the United States conferred openly and intelligently on ways of combating the disease of racial prejudice. Each religious group could mention certain elements in its historical background that could never be entirely forgotten. Any one of these memories could block all friendly intercourse if allowed to dominate thought. Where would we land if we started to debate Oliver Cromwell's policies in Ireland, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Eichmann testimony, or the conflicting passions of the Spanish Revolution?

Any one such consideration could flush out a thousand instances, and each instance could open up a dozen more. Nearly every part of the known world has its past record of bitter struggles, victories, and defeats.

All of which leads me to ask this question: Is it possible for us, in the modern world, to work out a rational philosophy for dealing with the negative memories of the past? Certain propositions seem to stand out as fairly evident:

1. The collective consciousness of the past seems certain to increase, unless it is all wiped out by some cosmic calamity. Personal memories, it is true, will largely be lost. West German youth today finds it hard to recall the horrors of the Hitler days. Indeed, only continued and skilful propaganda can keep the Marxist fires burning brightly behind the Iron Curtain. Yet a hard core of truth remains and is steadily added to by indefatigable investigation and research. Despite all the harm done by *injuria temporum*, by the gnawing tooth of time, the hard-core record is ever increasing.

2. Yet the increasing weight of the past—the unjust, the perverse and discouraging past—is equally intolerable. New opportunities are offered for propagandists, new avenues for human conflict and even for incentives to war. Trigger-happy Dermots of the future will discover new reasons to prepare for a crack at the British, the French, or some other group.

3. Hence the need today for a considered, workable philosophy of dealing with the weight of the "intolerable" and most intolerant past. Each day adds to this need, as each day adds to the increase of world intercommunication and some form of world unity.

Any mention of world unity today seems a mockery of words, in the face of the Iron Curtain and the Berlin Wall. Yet if we can solve the problem of the dynamic weight of history for at least the free world, we shall be in a better position to deal competently with the devastating misuse of history that Communism has engineered, in one form or another, from Karl Marx to Mao Tse-tung. Each of us can do our bit toward releasing the free world's consciousness from the past's intolerable yet inescapable burden. Such a philosophy—I am using the word in its widest sense—seems urgent if we wish to form any kind of tangible

"They want to know 'Are mermaids edible?' "

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reality out of the present inclination of all the major religious bodies to find some common ground for action, in view of the extremely grave and urgent social problems of our time.

I should have to be very wise—a conjunction of Solomon and Arnold Toynbee—to present an adequate recipe for this particular difficulty. But at least we might direct our thoughts toward considering a couple of simple proposals that would enable us to find our way around better in the face of past records. We might sum up in two words: *knowledge* and *evalution*. (Indeed, if our knowledge were thoroughly complete, the evaluation would doubtless be included.)

KNOWLEDGE. Let's *have* the truth, the full truth, about each and every one of all these compromising and embarrassing events. The record must be complete, which means that the record is being steadily added to, and will in fact never quite attain the historical ideal. With an eye to Dermot and his rifle, let's face, as Mrs. Woodham-Smith suggests, the very different picture of certain ideal and idealist figures of Britain's political past, such as the stubbornness of a Lord Trevelyan at the time of the famine, or the incredible perversity of the inherited landlord system in poverty-ridden Ireland—not to speak of certain faults, such as they were, of the Irish people themselves. But the record must be complete as well, and include, as the same author insists, noble and idealistic exceptions in Britain, the honest if bungling attempts to meet an appalling crisis of man and nature. We shall never reach the full story of racial chattel slavery in the United States and the West Indies, yet the search for all the details, however wearisome, should never be declared ended. We need the whole story for the record, even though future generations will have to select and balance the worth of each detail.

If our knowledge is *complete*—that is to say as nearly complete as human scholarship can make it—it will include mitigating factors of the past. We cannot relate the witch trials and other forms of religious persecution of past epochs without putting in proper setting the peculiar cosmic beliefs of those times. If we wish to give a fair picture of what was attempted and what was actually accomplished by the enlightened German Jesuit Friedrich von Spee by his famous "Cautio Criminalis," in which he approached the topic of witch trials from inside as it were, from the standpoint of expert procedure, we must have some idea of what actually were the humanistic and scientific theories of the seventeenth century.

What was the state of psychological or psychiatric knowledge that pre-Freudian epoch? What did men know of the world itself when they imagined it as the center of the universe? And what examples of tolerance or intolerance were then actually present to their minds? In other words, we cannot know too much as long as it is genuine knowledge, not suspicion or mere propaganda. But knowledge of the past is sterile without an understanding of how it may be applied to the present. Hence the need for—

EVALUATION. If we believe that the human condition today is just about the same as it always was, our philosophy of evaluating the past will of course remain unchanged. But our evaluation of the past will greatly differ if we see ourselves living in a radically different world. In the new Africa, old tribal usages should be forgotten. Properly understood and adequately interpreted, the ancient Councils of the Tribal Elders carry precious lessons even for the present. But they cannot be conducted as of old, and no amount of tribal structure can take the place of some sort of parliament or national deliberative body. If we really *know* the past, we can find some lessons applicable to the present in every epoch, even those most turbulent or disorganized. The quarreling chieftains of ancient Ireland—before the Sassenachs got in and messed things up—had, so I am informed, some most admirable forms of intertribal, we can call it international, deliberation. But it is merely stating a truism when we declare that all these wonders of the past must be sifted and weighed and weighed again if they are to have any meaning for the rapidly changing modern world. All the fine cooperative endeavors of medieval towns and crafts would have little significance for agriculture and business in modern times, if the Weavers of Rochdale, England, and later Fathers Jimmy Thompkins and Moses Coady of Antigonish had not worked out plans for their operation today.

When we evaluate the record of history, we select from a mass of irrelevant details those elements that pertain to our present condition. This, as I have said, is a noble, necessary, and magnificent work. But it is not enough. If the record of past perversities and persecutions is to be interpreted, if we are not to lapse back into new forms of ancient intolerance, it is not enough to explain and thereby to bewail past errors. A new, a truly creative, a positive element must be added.

We reach thereby the heart of our evaluation. The lessons of the past are priceless. These lessons must be restated and evaluated for each epoch. We must learn ever more clearly what time has done for us: the tricks it has played as well as the wisdom it teaches. Yet time alone cannot solve the mysteries of the present. Unless we reach that factor which is undying, that which transcends the flow of events, we cannot fully grasp or evaluate the events themselves. It was not enough that the Emancipation Proclamation struck such a powerful blow at the chains of slavery. Its deepest meaning is not truly effective unless its assertion of human freedom is completed by what man is under his Creator, unless our interpretation of the events of time brings us beyond time to determine the transcendent in so far as it affects our human condition.

THE Chicago Conference, in its final resolution, declared: "We call upon all the American people to pray perseveringly and act courageously in the cause of human equality and dignity while there is still time, to eliminate racism permanently and decisively, to seize the historic opportunity the Lord has given for healing the ancient rupture in the human family, to do this for the glory of the Father's name, to proceed with the zeal and freedom of the children of God, to make all things ready for the day of the Lord."

We should dedicate ourselves, Rabbi Heschel told the gathering of religious leaders, "not only to the problem of the Negro but also to the problem of the white man, to the cure of a disease affecting the substance and condition of every one of us. . . . To do justice is what God demands of every man: it is the supreme commandment, and one that cannot be fulfilled vicariously."

The cruelty of the past, adequately understood and intelligently evaluated, can direct us to discover what our creator wants us to do with the present.

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WHEN ENGLAND OFFERED EVERYTHING TO FRANCE

—*French Embassy.*

Charles de Gaulle (1945)—"Both countries will share responsibility."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent weeks, the opposition of Charles de Gaulle to England's participation in the Common Market has set the stage for recollections of previous episodes in the relations between the two countries. The most famous was an exchange between de Gaulle and Winston Churchill in 1940, when England offered everything to France, the year the Nazis overran France and the British Prime Minister proposed a French-British union with common citizenship. This proposal appears in the book "Unite or Perish," published in 1951 by Paul Reynaud, French Premier in 1940. The following excerpt appears here by special arrangement with the publishers, Simon and Schuster.*

By PAUL REYNAUD

ONE question has often been asked me in the United States: "Why did the government of which you were the head, in June, 1940, refuse Winston Churchill's offer of a Franco-British union, before you were forced to resign rather than to capitulate? Would that not have been the keystone for this united Europe you are seeking to create?"

The answer belongs to history. During the afternoon of June 16, 1940, I was twice called on the telephone by General de Gaulle in London. He told me of a sensational offer by the British government which delighted me as one more argument for keeping France in the war by England's side. I urged him to secure a text of the offer, which the British government was still considering, before five o'clock so that I could pass it on to the French Cabinet. This offer was a project to unite the two countries. It was an offer I was ready to accept in principle, free to discuss its details, because my policy has always been based on the belief that only a close union with England could allow France to keep its independence on the Continent. There would doubtless be problems to be solved. But was there anything that was not difficult in the situation in which France then found itself? In any case, union with England would mean independence for France, union with Germany would mean slavery. Here is the text of the offer as General de Gaulle telephoned it to me from London and as I wrote it down from his dictation:

"At this most fateful moment in the history of the modern world, the governments of the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defense of justice and freedom against subjection to a system which reduces mankind to a life of robots and slaves.

"The two governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations, but one Franco-British Union.

"The Constitution of the Union will provide for joint organs of defense, foreign, financial, and economic policies.

"Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain; every British subject will become a citizen of France.

"Both countries will share responsibility for the repair of the devastation of war, wherever it occurs in their territories, and the resources of both shall be equally, and as one, applied to that purpose.

"During the war there shall be a single War Cabinet, and all the forces of Britain and France, whether on land, sea, or in the air, will be placed under its direction. It will govern from wherever it best can. The two Parliaments will be formally associated. The nations of the British Empire are already forming new armies. France will

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keep her available forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air. The Union appeals to the United States to fortify the economic resources of the Allies, and to bring her powerful material aid to the common cause.

"The Union will concentate its whole energy against the power of the enemy, no matter where the battle may be.

"And thus we shall conquer."

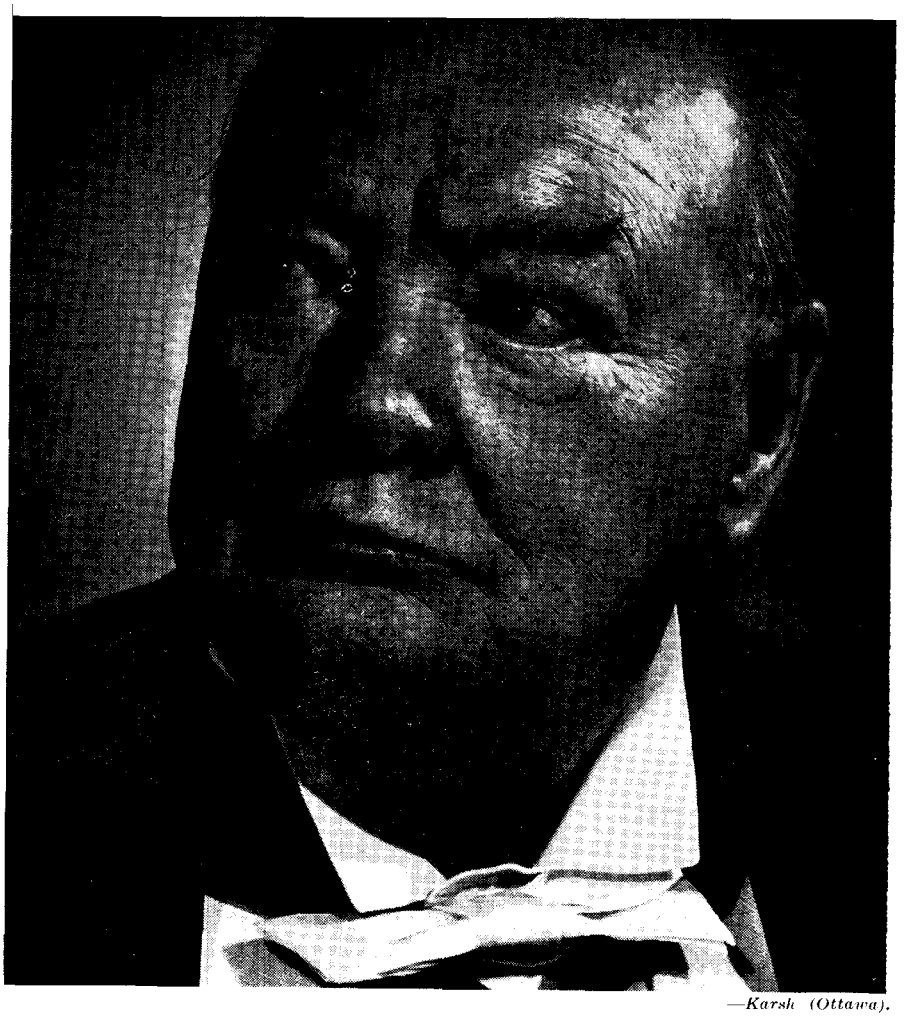
General de Gaulle added that this text had been adopted by the War Cabinet, with the reservation that a few words might still be changed by the Cabinet which was still in session. I would probably be the Prime Minister of the joint War Cabinet.

This bold and generous offer brought Winston Churchill criticism in England. This was only natural, considering the powerful national character of the British people, their spirit of independence, their traditional reserve, and the isolationism which has always flowed from it. And the generous nature of the offer was entirely misunderstood and even vulgarly denigrated, after the armistice, by the propaganda of Vichy.

Winston Churchill telephoned me himself almost immediately afterwards. I told him of my agreement in principle and, full of confidence in each other, we agreed to meet the next day at Quiberon in Brittany. In his memoirs, Winston Churchill states that the project did not originate with him personally.

I called the Cabinet for five o'clock; it was to sit until eight. First I delivered the answer President Roosevelt had made to my last appeal for help. It did not meet the hopes which Churchill and I had held, but it still had large political importance. For America committed itself to supplying the enemies of Germany without any limit. Thus the great American republic solemnly took one step into the war.

Paul Reynaud — The choice was independence or slavery.



—Karsh (Ottawa).

Winston Churchill—"this act of faith in the European family."

Then I read the offer of Franco-British union, with the additional information about it which de Gaulle had given me. I showed its tremendous significance for the future, and I revealed that Churchill was coming to France the next day to talk with me.

One of the ministers, Ybarnagaray, declared that England wanted to make us a dominion. Camille Chautemps, second deputy Prime Minister, sided with this criticism. Most of the ministers were not equipped to comprehend this gigantic project, and certain others had been already lined up against it because my opponents in the Cabinet had learned of it through wire-tapping and had talked against it before the Cabinet met. It is worth noting that all those ministers who were to capitulate, that very evening, and deliver France helplessly to Germany, were indignantly against any union with our English allies.

From one of my prisons, a year later, I wrote to Pétain about this: "As for myself, I would rather collaborate with my allies than with the enemy." The fact is that I was the only one to support the British offer.

I could now see the position of the two deputy Prime Ministers, Pétain and Chautemps, and of numerous other ministers, and I concluded that it was impossible to go on governing with such a team. So I resigned. The British Ambassador made an effort, through the President of the Republic and with the help of the president of the Senate, to have me charged with forming a new Cabinet, of resistants. But the President was too deeply impressed by the attitude of the military leaders, men still heavy with glory, to agree to this, and so it was that Pétain took my place.

I was against an armistice, which I considered against both the national interests and the honor of France. So I was naturally in favor of the Franco-British Union. I have not changed my mind since then. I have continued to think that a Franco-British union, as Churchill proposed it, could have

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served as the basis for a unification of all Europe. And I became more and more convinced, during my years of enforced reflection, that after the Allied victory it would be necessary, in order to win the peace, to take up again the offer Churchill made to win the war.

This was why I went to see Duff Cooper. But in 1945, beyond any doubt, it was either too late or too early to pick up the conversation at the point where Winston Churchill and I had dropped it five years before.

It was not long before we were to learn that Churchill himself, following the natural lead of his great and creative spirit, had taken a new step along the road to which his 1940 offer had logically pointed. His idea had grown in the measure I had hoped for it in my lonely dreams in prison. In a speech at Zurich on September 19, 1946, Churchill said the memorable words which I believe to be the starting point of all that has been done or hoped for since then toward the surging up, between the world's two giants, of a third giant I still believe capable of someday taking second place, if not first place, among them.

This speech, which deserves to be read in full, spoke of "the tragedy of Europe" and began with a tribute with which I have always agreed: "This noble continent, comprising on the whole the fairest and the most cultivated regions of the earth, enjoying a temperate and equable climate, is the home of all the great parent races of the Western world. It is the foundation of Christian faith and Christian ethics. It is the origin of most of the culture, art, philosophy, and science, both of ancient and modern times. If Europe were once united in the sharing of its common inheritance, there would be no limit to the happiness, the prosperity, and the glory which its 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 people would enjoy."

Yet Mr. Churchill showed this Europe to be so devastated and divided, as a result of wars, that "but for the fact that the great republic across the Atlantic Ocean has at length realized that the ruin or enslavement of Europe has involved their own fate as well, and has stretched out hands of succor and guidance—but for that, the Dark Ages would have returned in all their cruelty and squalor. They may still return." But there is a remedy: "It is to create the European family. We must build a kind of United States of Europe."

The speaker then recalled the work which had been done toward this end between the wars by the efforts of the Pan-European Union, which owed so much to Aristide Briand, that French patriot and statesman who devoted himself to this cause, and also of the great organization, born with so many bright hopes after the First World War, the League of Nations, which failed because the governments of those days feared to face the facts and act while time remained.

"Why," Mr. Churchill asked, "should there not be a European grouping which can give a sense of national patriotism and common citizenship, to the distracted peoples of this turbulent and mighty continent? And why should this grouping not take its right and proper place with other great groupings and help to shape the destinies of man?"

Even from a psychological point of view alone, it might have seemed impossible to build much enthusiasm at the time when this speech was given. The world had not yet finished discovering the atrocities which had been committed by the aggressors, although it was already clear that they exceeded in cruelty anything we had known or guessed. Mr. Churchill did not forget this: "We all know that the two world wars through which we have passed arose out of a vain passion of a newly united Germany to play a dominating part in the world. In this last struggle, crimes and massacres have been committed which have no parallel since the invasion of the Mongols in the fourteenth century and have no equal at any time in human history.

"The guilty must be punished. Germany must be deprived of the power to rearm and make another aggressive war."

But, Mr. Churchill added, "when all this has been done, as it will be done, as it is being done, then there must be an end to retribution. We must all turn our backs upon the horrors of the past. We must look to the future. . . ."

Mr. Churchill then made a statement which quite naturally came as a violent shock to me, considering my last telephone conversation with the British Prime Minister on June 16, 1940. Here is what he said at Zurich: "I am now going to say something which will astonish you. The first step in the re-creation of the European family must be a partnership between France and Germany."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

RHYMING HALVES

The English language contains many picturesque expressions largely in the form of dissyllabic and compound words in which the halves rhyme, as *hobo* and *hi-fi*. Bertha Berman of Peoria, Illinois, challenges you to fill in the missing letters of the following list of such words, all beginning with the letter *h*. Answers on page 77.

1. h__ __ __ __ __	time of one's greatest vigor
2. h__ __ __ __ __	associate familiarly
3. h__ __ __ __ __	with who or what brings bad luck
4. h__ __ __ __ __	loud noises as of many voices
5. h__ __ __ __ __ __	dull, monotonous
6. h__ __ - __ __ __ __ __	the masses
7. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	a child's game
8. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	sleight of hand
9. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	disorderly mixture
10 .h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	haughty
11. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	cheap ice cream peddled in the street
12. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	all at once, altogether
13. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	musical instrument
14. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __	confused uproar
15. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __	reckless, wild
16. h__ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __	confused haste
17. h__ __ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __	hookah
18. h__ __ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __	privacy, secrecy
19. h__ __ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __ __	headlong disorderly haste
20. h__ __ __ __ __ __ __ - __ __ __ __ __ __ __	topsy-turvy (trisyllables)

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ISAK DINESEN:

IN PRAISE OF RADIANCE

By CARSON McCULLERS

IN 1938 I visited some friends who have a fine bookstore in Charleston. The first evening they asked if I had read "Out of Africa," and I said I hadn't. They told me it was a beautiful book and that I must read it. I turned my head away and said I was in no state for reading, since at the time I was just finishing my novel "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." I had imagined that it was a book about big-game hunting and I do not like to read about animals killed just for sport. All during the weekend there were references to "Out of Africa." On Sunday, when I was leaving, they very quietly put "Out of Africa" in my lap, without words. My husband was driving so I was free to read. I opened to the first page:

> I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills. The Equator runs across these highlands, a hundred miles to the North, and the farm lay at an altitude of over six thousand feet. In the daytime you felt that you had got high up, near to the sun, but the early mornings and evenings were limpid and restful, and the nights were cold.
>
> The geographical position, and the height of the land combined to create a landscape that had not its like in all the world. There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet, like the strong and refined essence of a continent. The colours were dry and burnt, like the colours in pottery. The trees had a light delicate foliage, the structure of which was different from that of the trees in Europe; it did not grow in bows or cupolas, but in horizontal layers, and the formation gave to the tall solitary trees a likeness to the palms, or a heroic and romantic air like full-rigged ships with their sails clewed up, and to the edge of a wood a strange appearance as if the whole wood were faintly vibrating. Upon the grass of the great plains the crooked bare old thorn-trees were scattered, and the grass was spiced like thyme and bog-myrtle; in some places the scent was so strong, that it smarted in the nostrils. All the flowers that you found on the plains, or upon the creepers and liana in the native forest, were diminutive like flowers of the downs—only just in the beginning of the long rains a number of big, massive heavy-scented lilies sprang out on the plains. The views were immensely wide. Everything that you saw made for greatness and freedom, and unequalled nobility.

We started driving in the early afternoon and I was so dazed by the poetry and truth of this great book, that when night came I continued reading "Out of Africa" with a flashlight. I kept thinking that this beauty and this truth could not go on, but page after page I was more enchanted. At the end of the book, I knew that Isak Dinesen had written a great dirge of the Continent of Africa. I knew that sublime security that a great, great writer can give to a reader. With her simplicity and "unequalled nobility" I realized that this was one of the most radiant books of my life.

The burning deserts, the jungles, the hills opened my heart to Africa. Open to my heart, also, were the animals and that radiant being, Isak Dinesen. Farmer, doctor, lion hunter, if need be. Because of "Out of Africa," I loved Isak Dinesen. When she would ride through a maise grassland, I would ride with her. Her dogs, her farm, "Lulu," became my friends, and the natives for whom she had such great affection—Farsh, Kamante, and all the people on the farm—I loved also. I had read "Out of Africa" so much and with so much love that the author had become my imaginary friend. Although I never wrote to her or sought to meet her, she was there in her stillness, her serenity, and her great wisdom to comfort me. In this book, shining with her humanity, of that great and tragic continent, her people became my people and her landscape my landscape.

Naturally, I wanted to read her other works, and the next book I read was "Seven Gothic Tales." Instead of the radiance of "Out of Africa," the "Tales" have a quite different quality. They are brilliant, controlled, and each gives the air of a deliberate work of artistry.

—*Wide World.*

Isak Dinesen—"poetry and truth."

One realizes that the author is writing in a foreign language because of the strange, archaic quality of her beautiful prose. They had the quality of a luminous, sulphuric glow. When I was ill or out of sorts with the world, I would turn to "Out of Africa," which never failed to comfort and support me—and when I wanted to be lifted out of my life, I would read "Seven Gothic Tales" or "Winter's Tales" or, much later, "The Last Tales."

About two years ago, the Academy of Arts and Letters, of which I am a member, wrote to me that it had invited Isak Dinesen as an honorary member and guest. I hesitated to meet her because Isak Dinesen had been so fixed in my heart, I was afraid that the actual would disturb this image. However, I did go to the dinner and at cocktail time when I met the Academy's president, I asked of him a great favor. I asked if I could sit near her at the dinner party. To my astonishment and joy he said that she had wanted to sit with me, and so the place cards were already on the table. He also asked me how we should address her since her name was the Baroness Karen Blixen-Finecke. All I could

(*Continued on page* 83)

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"Jungle Doctor Go Home"

IN A FEW weeks, Albert Schweitzer will have completed fifty years of service at the jungle hospital bearing his name in Lambaréné, now part of the newly independent state of Gabon, in West Africa.

In establishing a medical center in the heart of Africa, Albert Schweitzer subordinated careers as organist and organ builder, musicologist, theologian, philosopher, and historian. His initial funds came from his book on Johann Sebastian Bach. Much of the carpentering he did himself. What he built was not a "hospital" in the Western sense; he built an African village in which medical care was available to people most in need of it. He knew that Africans would be apprehensive about coming to a frosty white modern clinic. He wanted to meet the Africans on their own terms. He had a concept of human purpose that didn't permit a life of comfortable theorizing—even about matters of the gravest importance for renowned philosophers or theologians. He also had ideas about the nature of Christianity that didn't completely coincide with what he had been taught as a student. These ideas were related to a concept of the indwelling God and the way the reality of human brotherhood asserted itself. Rather than teach other students what he himself could not accept, he decided to leave the seminary and make his life his argument. If what he believed had genuine validity, it would be proved in his work.

There was something else. Albert Schweitzer had insight into the way pain diminished human beings. With it came a direct, unsentimental acceptance of personal responsibility to try to reduce the weight of that pain.

For a half-century, Albert Schweitzer has given the totality of himself to this design. No one knows how many thousands of sick people have come to his hospital over the years. Expectant mothers fleeing from witch doctors who wanted to beat the evil out of their swollen bellies; lepers by the scores in need of a haven; men unable to stand upright because of strangulated hernias; malaria victims of all ages—all these have been part of the human procession of pain that has come to Albert Schweitzer in Lambaréné.

BUT now political fevers of all kinds are racing through the body of Africa. Freedom from outside rule has not led automatically to stability in Africa, any more than it did in America or Europe just after freedom was finally achieved. Post-revolutionary excesses seem to be part of the metabolism of historical change. In the case of Africa, the strongest reaction is against the white man. In many places, the white man has ceased to be an individual; the only thing that counts is the color of his skin—making him the victim of the same thoughtlessness he himself had pursued. A clamor has gone up: "White man get out!" And now the clamor has reached Lambaréné. Young Gabonese have been demonstrating against Albert Schweitzer. "Jungle doctor go home," they shout. "We have no use for you."

Meanwhile, from the capital of the new Gabonese republic, in Libreville, so far there have come no disavowals of the harsh cries. This leads to an impression that the rejection of Albert Schweitzer does not run counter to government policy.

HOW does Albert Schweitzer react to all this? He is holding his ground—neither in anger nor bitterness but out of the same purpose that brought him to Lambaréné in the first place. So long as people continue to come to his hospital—and seldom have there been more of them than now—he and his staff will be there to meet their needs.

His specific answer to the cry, "Jungle doctor go home," is that he will leave Lambaréné only when he leaves this earth. At eighty-eight, he still maintains a full schedule, still performs heavy manual labor, still makes his rounds. He still sits up many hours each night answering his mail. And he still has hope that he may some day find the time to finish the manuscripts for his work on "The Kingdom of God" and "The Philosophy of History."

Several years ago, I observed the doctor as he went about his daily routine in Lambaréné. Half his morning was spent with hammer and saw; the other half with patients. It was difficult to resist the symbolism of carpenter and healer. This seemed neither incidental nor accidental. It was directly related to the conviction that his life would be his argument. And now, toward the end of that life, the symbolism is moving toward a terrifying climax. This is nothing that can be combatted by organized protests. Albert Schweitzer is not asking for reassurance or support. No man is better equipped by experience and philosophy to comprehend the human situation. His concern right now is not that he may be ejected or rejected. His primary concern is that no other person withdraw from an intention to serve because heartbreak may be part of the equation.

"The misery I have seen gives me strength," he once wrote. "Faith in my fellow man supports my confidence in the future."

To the question, therefore, what should now be done for Albert Schweitzer, he would reply: Do not trouble yourself for Dr. Schweitzer. Rather, increase and strengthen your belief in the capacity of men to grow, to evolve, to become more and more respectful of life, and to derive joy from the exercise of the moral imagination.—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE PRESS AS A WEAPON

SHOULD THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT decide to sterilize "subversives," "liberals" would be concerned to see that there was a proper right of appeal.

Lester Markel's article "The 'Management' of News" [*SR*, Feb. 9] is most astonishing for its lack of self-consciousness. The "news" is now acknowledged as that information which suits governmental convenience. Orwell would have admired Mr. Markel's subtlety of mind. Most American apologists for nuclear genocide are less frank than Mr. Markel. It would be well to examine what it is he assumes and asserts.

He assumes that the function of the press is to criticize the efficiency of governmental operations in the Cold War, which, he declares, is as crucial as any hot war and in which the press is a vital weapon.

The American government systematically lies about the consequences of nuclear fallout. It pursues policies the consequence of which can only be nuclear annihilation. The Cuban crisis is a primary example. Mr. Markel, however, would have us accept the totalitarian function of the press for simple reasons. He assumes that the Cold War is desirable, that the government should lie and suppress truth in the pursuit of it, and that criticism should never begin with the criminal assumptions of American policy.

I submit that the eager readiness to exterminate several hundred million human beings, the sublime conviction that American rockets are permissible but other rockets are wicked, the refusal to allow that sane men (including journalists) have a duty to tell the truth about the danger to mankind, establish once again the shameful betrayal of America by "liberals" who embrace the conception of the world prepared for the American public in the Pentagon and the exploitative centers of corporate capitalism.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.
Merioneth, Wales

LESTER MARKEL REPLIES

DESPITE MY "subtlety of mind" I am at a loss to answer Lord Russell's letter. We do not seem to be talking about the same article. Somehow, no matter what the subject under discussion, Lord Russell manages to inject into it the issue of "nuclear fallout." I do not see at all the relevance of that issue here.

With regard to my so-called assumptions, Lord Russell is wrong on all three counts.

1) I do not hold that "the Cold War is desirable." I feel we should make every effort to end it, in a peaceful manner. If Lord Russell can persuade Moscow toward the same end, he will indeed have made a monumental contribution.

2) I did not say that "the government should lie" in pursuit of the Cold War. I was arguing only that, if we are to engage in secret operations (which I believe to be necessary in this kind of war), you cannot expect the government to put out all the facts while these operations are in process.

3) As for the "criminal assumptions of American policy," those are Lord Russell's assumptions, not mine. I believe that American policy, the American people, and the Pentagon, too, are dedicated to the cause of peace.

LESTER MARKEL,
The New York Times.
New York, N.Y.

"If this is what I think it is, I say let's cover it up and forget it."

NEWS SOURCES

I APPLAUD THE thoughtful and valuable article by Lester Markel. One complaint: the author repeats the mistake of many commentators in attributing to the Department of State the same news procedures inaugurated by the Department of Defense on October 27. State is a very different department from Defense, and the news procedures were also very different—as even a casual reading of the pertinent information would confirm.

ROBERT MANNING,
Assistant Secretary of State.
Washington, D.C.

PEACE AND LAW

MY COMPLIMENTS to Mary Kersey Harvey for her informative, succinct biography of Grenville Clark [*SR*, Feb. 16].

Can you tell me how to obtain a copy of "the recently published fifty-page World Law section in the official journal of the National Council for the Social Studies" or other relevant material which you think would be of interest to a deeply disturbed but sadly uninformed citizen?

R. BLAKELY.
Westmont, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Mendlovitz's manual, "Legal and Political Problems of World Order," and a discussion guide based on the Clark-Sohn plan can be obtained by writing to the Fund for Education on World Peace Through World Law, 11 West 42 Street, New York 36, N.Y.*

WHERE TO BUY BOOKS

WHY DO YOU end up, in PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS [*SR*, Feb. 16], by saying, "Paperbacks reviewed here may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow"?

Can't you, dear editors, urge *SR* readers to perform the simple act of visiting their bookstore? If some of them have lost the habit in recent years, they will find it an enriching and enjoyable experience.

RONALD MANSBRIDGE, Manager,
Cambridge University Press.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR should have prefaced the addresses: "Paperbacks reviewed here that are unavailable from your local bookstore may be ordered directly from the publishers."*

GLADSOME NEWS

YOUR TRIBUTE TO Robert Frost [*SR*, Feb. 23] was memorable, revealing the gladsome news that there is, after all, at least one American poet, other than himself, whom John Ciardi admires.

BILL BENNETT.
Muskegon, Mich.

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SPRING

—*Ewing Krainin.*

AND THE TRAVELER

Fifty pages of ideas for a young season

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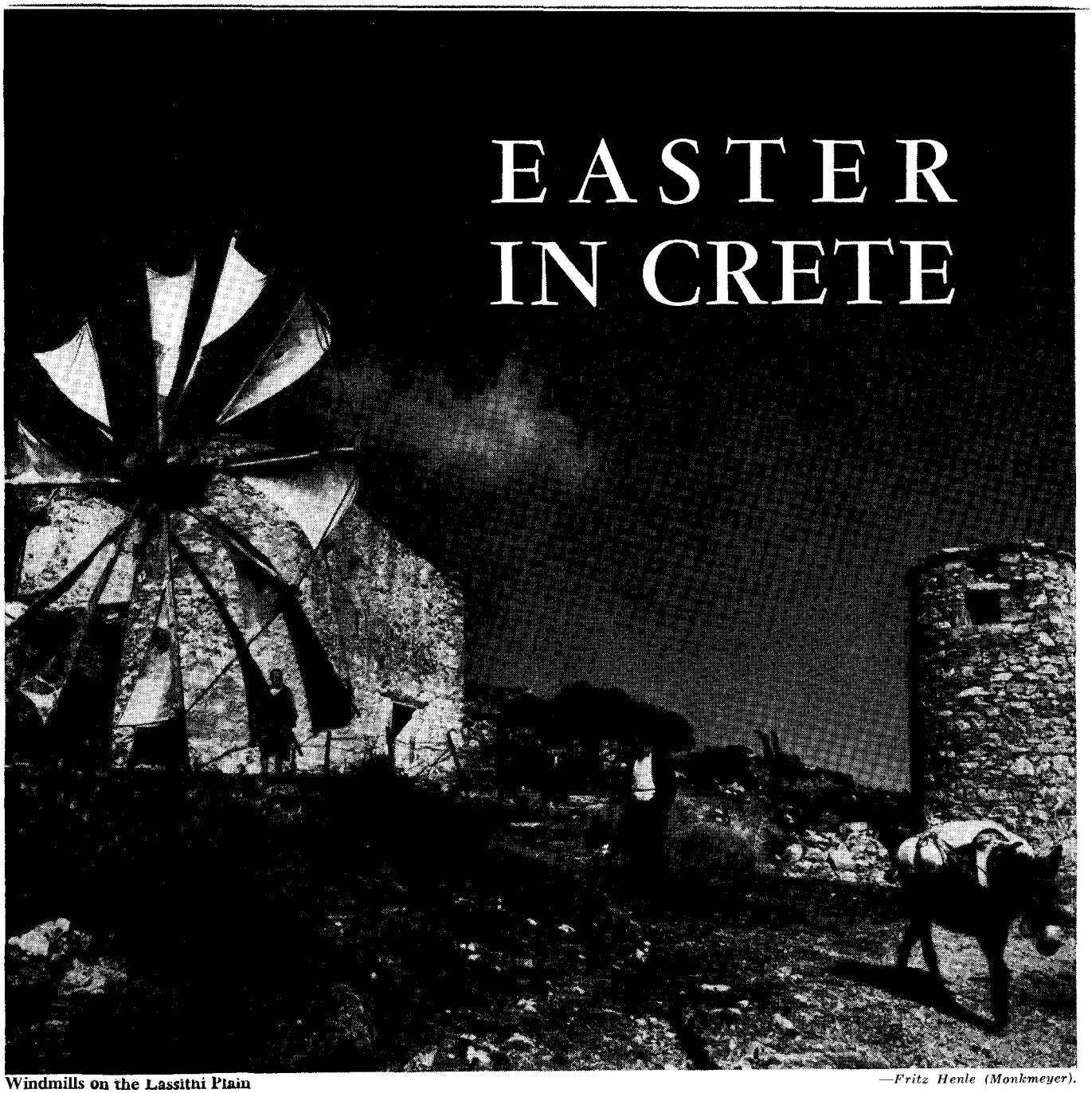
EASTER IN CRETE



Windmills on the Lassithi Plain —*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*

By DAVID MACNEIL DOREN

WHEN Jules Dassin decided to make a motion picture based on Nikos Kazantzakis's novel, "The Greek Passion," he chose the village of Kritsa in eastern Crete for most of his location scenes. It was an appropriate choice, for Kazantzakis was above all a Cretan who knew and understood his native island as no one else has. And, although the novel is set in a Greek village in Asia Minor under Turkish domination, Kritsa fits perfectly the description of the fictional village. The finished film, called "He Who Must Die," became an artistic and popular success on both sides of the Atlantic. When I first saw it in New York I was especially impressed by the austere beauty of the landscapes, by the whitewashed village perched on a mountainside, and by the remarkably expressive faces of the Greek extras.

Last year, on Maundy Thursday, I went to Kritsa to spend Easter. I was curious to see how Cretan villagers have been affected by having taken part in a film; and above all I wanted to see how these people, whose faces had so impressed me, would respond to the Easter drama. For Easter is the greatest celebration on the Orthodox Calendar, far more important than Christmas: a time when all Greece relives the story of Christ with Passion Play fervor.

From my home in the fishing port of Aghios Nikolaos, on Merabello Bay in eastern Crete, it was but a half-hour by bus up to Kritsa—a pleasant ride through vast olive grounds that sweep upward to the foothills of Mount Dikte, the legendary birthplace of Zeus.

It was late April, and the green folds of the mountain valleys were speckled with bright flowers: blue irises, violet orchids, and myriads of deep red poppies. Everything was saturated in mellow spring sunlight; the scene was framed on one side by the dark blue Cretan Sea, and on the other by the still-snowy peaks of the Dikte massif. The highlights and folds of the valleys and hills called to mind the painted

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robes of that Cretan master Domenico Theotokopoulos, El Greco.

Through this wonderland of light and color strode the Cretan country people at their daily tasks: men in knee-high black boots and baggy blue breeches, with yellow-fringed black bandannas wound around their heads; women in dark brown and blue homespun dresses, with black kerchiefs concealing their heads and lower faces. The children were there, too—and the animals: donkeys, mules, goats, and sheep. In plots of land among the olives, the people worked. The men sweated behind ox teams drawing wooden plows, the women carried water on their shoulders in earthenware *stamnoi* exactly like those depicted on ancient vase paintings; for life has changed little for the rural people of Crete in the forty-odd centuries since the Minoan civilization, Europe's first great culture, flourished here.

The return of the sun and the arrival of spring have been celebrated as long as there have been Cretans. Pagan festivals gave way to Christian celebrations, patterned along similar lines—just as Christian chapels arose on the foundations of ancient temples. Thus with Easter, greatest of Christian celebrations; in ancient times, the Eleusinian Mysteries were observed at this season, marking the return of Persephone from the underworld and the restoration of the earth's fertility.

For weeks in advance, the villagers had been making their Easter preparations. Houses had been cleaned within and lime-washed without; new clothes were made; and the women spent hours preparing special cakes which they carried, in great pans on their heads, to the bakers a few days before Easter. The forty-day Lenten fast was strictly observed, and by Maundy Thursday, when I took the bus to Kritsa, the people were in a lean and hungry state, which, however, did not prevent them from working in their fields all day and standing in church for hours every night of Easter Week.

I found a room in the simple village inn for a mere thirty-three cents a night—and just outside my window there was a broad terrace, perched high above the flat rooftops of the village, with a view all down the verdant valley to the distant sea and the eastern Cretan peaks beyond. I was told that I was the first foreigner who had ever slept there overnight. (The Dassin film company stayed, not in Kritsa, but in the town of Aghios Nikolaos.)

In church that evening, I found myself in a crowd of hundreds, the men standing in front, the women at the back, according to Greek custom. All made way for me, and I was shown to a place of honor in a stall near the front; the stranger in ancient times was thought to "come from God," and Cretans today still act on this belief.

A black-bearded priest read from the Gospels and chanted, accompanied by a male choir at appropriate moments. At one point during the services women hung wreaths, woven of sweet-smelling lemon blossoms, on the wooden cross which stood in the center. This was the crucial moment in the Maundy Thursday services, symbolizing the placing of Christ on the cross. Suddenly the air was full of flowers which women were tossing all around the cross. People pushed forward to kiss the feet of Christ. Later they went home quietly, conversing in low tones as they clumped over the cobblestones of the narrow streets. Christ was in agony, and the village mourned.

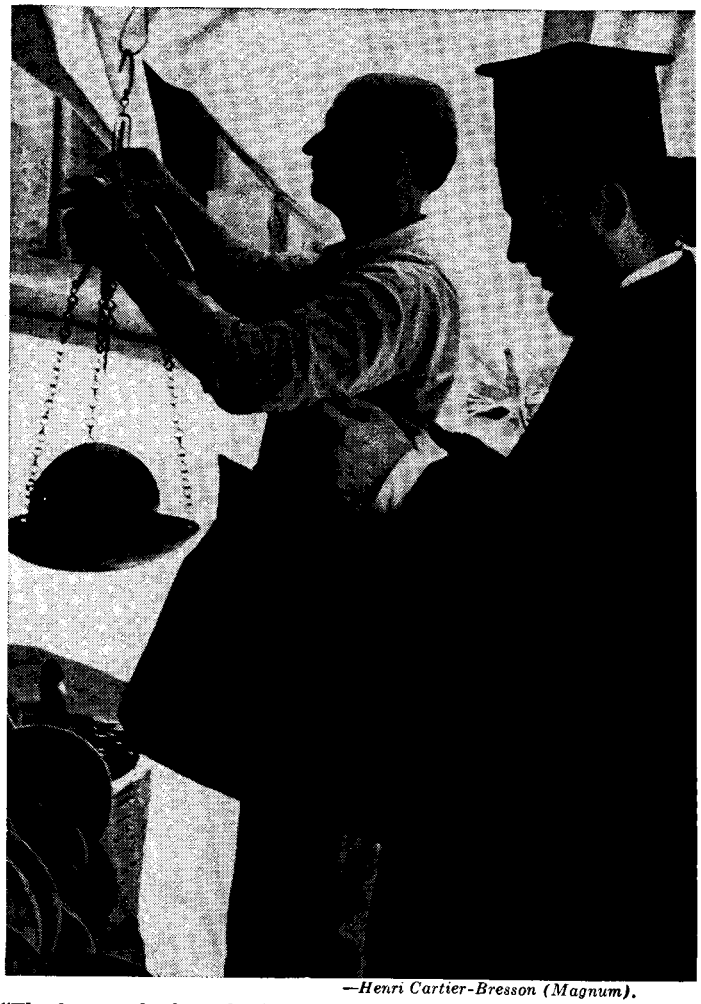
Good Friday morning found the two churches, upper and lower, filled with girls who were busily decorating coffins for Christ. Flowers were strewn on the floors; children ran to and fro, trailing paper streamers; expectation and an incongruous gaiety were in the air. There was a friendly rivalry between the two churches as to which would have the most beautiful catafalque.

Evening came, and services began in both churches: in the big one, lower down, with its tall cypresses standing guard; and in the smaller, more intimate, whitewashed upper church with its commanding view of the whole village and valley. Anticipation was on every face; they were all waiting eagerly for the grand funeral processions.

At last the processions started, one from each church. Young men carried the coffins; priests and choir boys went in advance; the congregations (which consisted of everyone in the village able to walk) streamed along behind. Although they were supposed to be observing Christ's funeral, the villagers appeared to be enjoying themselves in an almost pagan way. Noise welled through the streets; little boys ran ahead, announcing the event by banging hammers on iron bars; bells rang; voices rose in excited chatter. Down through the steep streets wound the procession from the upper church; upward went the parade from the other church to meet it. Resplendent in rose-gold robes, each priest led his flock: black beard on the way up, bushy red beard going down to meet him.

The processions made slow progress, for they were stopped every few yards by pious people who kissed the hands of the priests, while the more superstitious ones performed the good luck gesture of walking (or rather, almost crawling, bent over double) under the upraised coffins. Whether this was genuine religious fervor or mere superstition it is hard to say; but it was popularly supposed to bring good luck for the coming year. Incense filled the air, and silver censers clanged and rattled just as they had thousands of years before, when pagan ancestors celebrated the Earth Mother's return.

Observing that I was taking photographs, the red-bearded priest from the upper church stopped his procession



—*Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum).*

"The fast was broken; the feasting started . . ."

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several times and voluntarily posed for me. This heightened camera-consciousness was the only noticeable effect on the Kritsa people of their recent appearance in a motion picture; otherwise, they were quite unspoiled.

The two processions met in a little square that crackled with light and movement. All the village jostled for a view as the two priests kissed each other. Then they turned around and started back again, to their respective churches; and finally, long past midnight, a melancholy quiet settled over Kritsa, for everyone knew that Christ had died. He had died—and he had had a glorious funeral.

Saturday dawned quiet, hushed, a day of mourning but also a day of muffled excitement in anticipation of the great event to come. The bakers sweated over their work as women brought the last of the Easter cakes to them; butchers in bright red aprons slaughtered lambs for the impending feasts; and children painted gay designs on eggs.

Early in the evening everyone went to the churches. The services droned on and on. Old men's voices joined the priests in chanting. Higher and higher rose the voices, in a rising chorus endlessly repeating the invocation, "Kyrie eleison" ("Lord have mercy"). "Kyrie eleison!" piped a shrill old man with white hair. "Kyrie eleison," sighed another in a near-whisper. "Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleiso-o-on!" confirmed the rich bass of the black-bearded priest.

The voices, vibrant with feeling, were reflected in the faces of the crowd: the work-lined faces of women in black; the proud features of elder men; the round-eyed faces of small children. Every one of them was privately acting a vicarious role in the Easter Drama. Like the characters in Kazantzakis's book and in Dassin's film whom they had once impersonated, they had—for a few hours at least—identified themselves completely with the figures of the Passion story. Everyone in Kritsa was a Passion Player for an evening. Now I had the answer to the question that had been in my mind before I went to Kritsa; the promise of those marvelous faces on film had been fulfilled in the flesh.

Toward midnight the voices and the faces changed. Expectation grew; melancholy gave way to hope. As the moment approached, the people could scarcely contain themselves; they shifted and murmured. Suddenly all of the lights in the church were put out. For a moment all was in total darkness—and then from behind the altar screen there appeared one single bright light, the consecrated candle of the priest.

"Come and receive the light!" proclaimed the priest, and at once from all the dim corners of the church hundreds of hands stretched out their slender white tapers to receive light from his candle. The lighted candles were passed from hand to hand, back into the dark body of the church, and in a few moments hundreds of bobbing tapers illumined the excited faces and cast dancing shadows on the walls.

Then the crowd pressed out through the doors, into the churchyard which was already full of hundreds more, all holding lighted candles. The priest led

—From "Treachery in Crete" (Houghton Mifflin).

a procession three times around the church and then, mounting a small platform, he read from the Gospels. At the end his proclamation "Christ is risen!" evoked an answering shout from the throng: "Christos anesti! Christ is risen!"

In a corner of the churchyard a huge stack of wood awaited this moment. Now it was touched off, the bonfire roared up, lighting the entire yard, symbolizing the burning of Judas. Rockets and Roman candles added their touches of light, color, and noise to the night sky. Round and round the yard in the flickering colored light the people milled, holding their candles high, repeating the joyous cry: "Christos anesti!" Friends greeted one another with the words "Chronia Polla" ("Many happy returns"), and received an answering "Episis" ("Same to you").

The bonfire finally died down, and the people started to walk home through the dark streets. They walked carefully, for tradition has it that if you can get your candle home without its going out, you will have good luck for the coming year. Far into the night the candles flickered along the cobbled alleys of Kritsa.

The fast was broken; the feasting started, and lasted far into the early morning hours in many village homes. The next day, Easter Sunday, the hungry Greeks continued to gorge themselves on roast lamb and other delicacies. As a stranger, I was offered more than I could eat! I could not walk down any street without being hailed from half a dozen doorways and invited to come in and partake of the family meals. The day passed in a daze of eating and drinking, all of it accompanied by the ritual formalities of greetings, departures, toasts, and compliments with which the Cretan peasants surround their hospitality. Payment was out of the question—even to have offered would have been an offense; as a stranger and therefore a guest, my time-honored role in the ritual of Homeric hospitality was to accept everything they gave me with a show of relish—even when I was so stuffed that I could hardly eat another mouthful. Many of the people who offered roast lamb so liberally during this great feast cannot afford meat more than once a month during normal times; the generosity even of the poorest was prodigal.

Late in the afternoon, in the upper churchyard on its airy terrace high above the village and valley, the people expressed their feelings in the way that Cretans know best—by dancing and singing. Music was provided by two young men who played the *luta* (similar to a mandolin) and *lyra* (a three-stringed, viol-like instrument with little bells on the bow, held on the knee while played; not related to the ancient lyre of the same name, but a medieval instrument of probable Venetian origin, and immensely popular in Crete today). The insidious rhythms inspired young men and women to step forward, link hands in circles, and whirl about in the intricate yet graceful Cretan dances. Faster and faster went the bow across the *lyra*; the little bells danced wildly; the musicians' brows were wet with sweat. Young men were inspired to perform feats of athletic bravado when their turn came to lead the line of dancers; they did high leaps and pirouettes and deep knee bends. The Mayor of Kritsa, a stalwart fellow in high black boots

(*Continued on page 77*)

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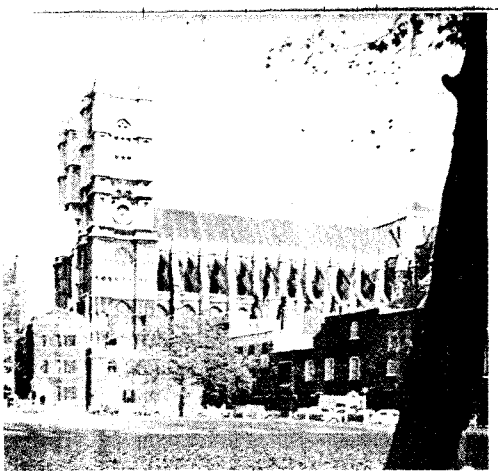
How to spend a day in and around London



9:00 A.M. Start at Westminster Abbey, where monarchs have been crowned for 900 years. Twelve kings lie here. So do Chaucer, Dickens and Handel, who once played the Abbey's organ.

"When a man is tired of London he is tired of life"

—SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1777

10:00 A.M. Go through St. James's Park to the Burlington Arcade (above). It's a marvelous place for cashmere and silver. Note: U. S. Customs let you bring home $100 worth of bargains *duty-free.*

11:30 A.M. Watch them changing the guard at Horse Guard's Parade. This spectacle in silver and scarlet happens every day, yet it always makes the heart beat faster—even a Londoner's.

12 NOON. Try a *pub lunch*—quick, friendly and costs less than $1. Discover veal-and-ham pie. Rediscover *crusty* bread and country cheeses. And goggle at the staggering choice of British beers.

1:00 P.M. Board a boat at Westminster Pier and cruise down the Thames, past the Festival Hall and St. Paul's to the Tower of London and Tower Bridge (above). Round trip costs 50 cents.

2:00 P.M. Catch a bus to Hampton Court. Henry VIII's palace has this royal bedchamber, 500 paintings, a maze—and *three* resident ghosts. Take a train back to reality for a London dinner.

6:30 P.M. A good meal *with wine* costs about $4. These two gourmets are at Simpson's, ancestral home of roast beef. After your dinner, make for one of London's *fifty* theatres.

8:00 P.M. London makes theatre-going easy. There's no language problem, you seldom have to book ahead, and good seats cost about $2. Prices for the Royal Ballet (above) start at 84 cents!

For free illustrated 20-page booklet, "London," see your travel agent or write Box 455, British Travel Association.
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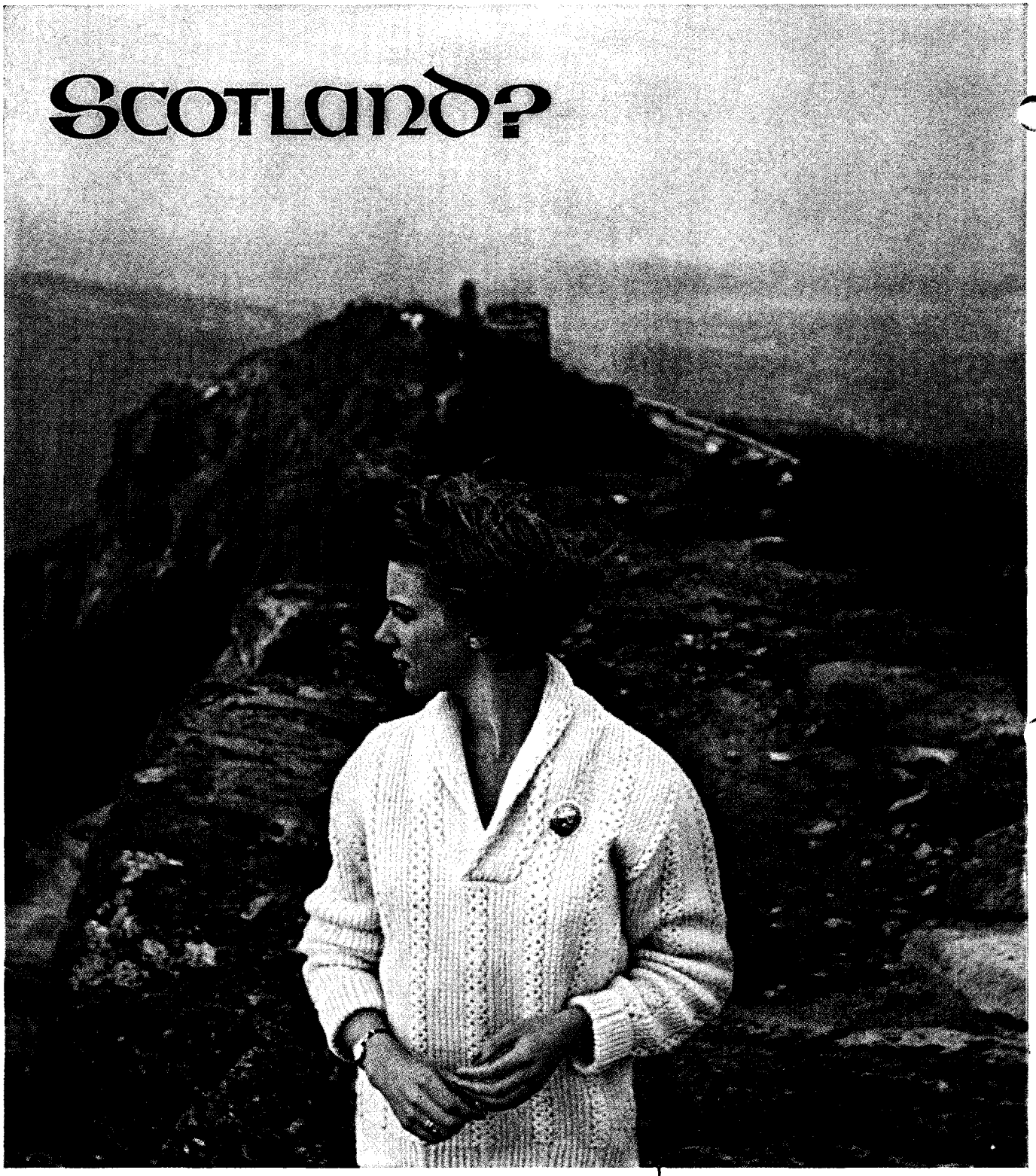

No, New York State! From this ridge, you can see a hundred miles. Glittering ribbons of lochs and glens . . . crags capped with bleached heather. Yet this is not the Scottish Cairngorms. It's the spectacular Adirondacks, just a few hours from Manhattan! There are dozens of these colorful "Continental" places in New York State. Centuries-old French Fort Niagara. English colonial windmills still turning on Long Island. Come and see them this summer. But first, write for the beautifully illustrated NEW YORK STATE VACATIONLANDS GUIDE. It lists hundreds of recreational and historic attractions—and it's FREE—from the New York State Department of Commerce, Room RE-11, P. O. Box 1350, Albany, 1, N. Y.

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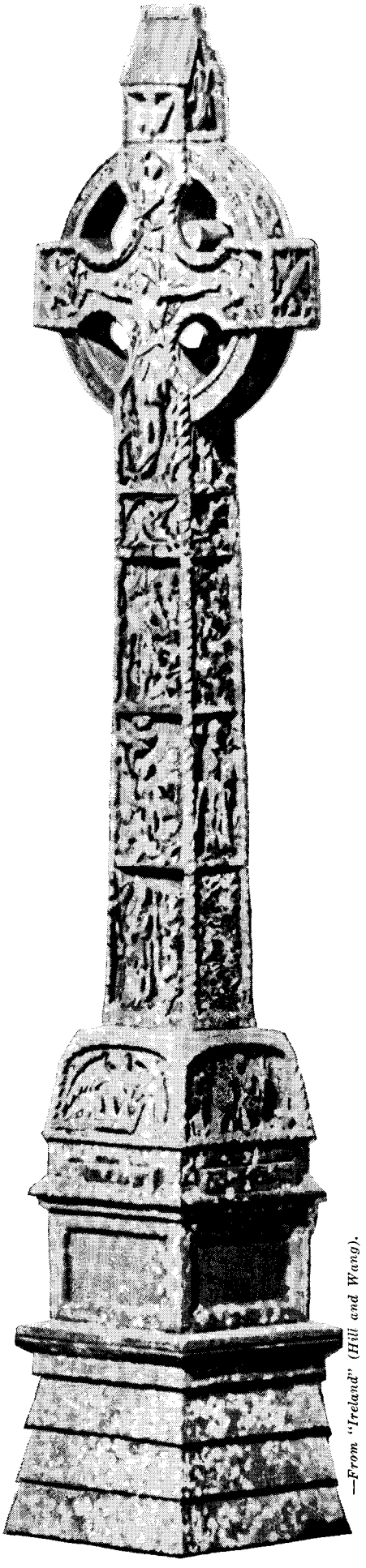

—From "Ireland" (Hill and Wang).

THE OTHER ISLAND

By NANCY MITFORD

IRELAND has changed its name to Eire and its charming people, whose qualities of heart and mind were so cruelly misused for so many centuries, are busily making a nation, but it is still the Emerald Isle of nineteenth-century literature, exaggeratedly itself. I go there every spring to stay with various friends; my spirits rise with my body as the little Aer Lingus plane flaps away from Le Bourget like an owl. It is well named Friend Ship; whereas other airlines are beginning to follow the horrid maxim of BEA, "Do not spoil the passengers," the Friend Ship is organized to please. There is a delicious luncheon of hot soup, fresh salmon, and hot coffee, after which the passengers settle down to enjoy the soothing headlines of *The Irish Times* and *The Cork Examiner*: "Dublin Nun Found Dead in Drain," "Priest Hurt in Collision with Cart," "Departing Nuncio's Tribute to Ireland." The new, restless Europe is already far away. The Friend Ship's wings are above the cabin so that one can see out as from a helicopter. England is a jewel wrapped in cotton wool, but over the Irish Channel a blue horizon glimmers and in it lies the dark green velvet land. A cold sun shines on the fields; they are dotted with small houses like the ancestral home of President Kennedy, that whitewashed box with two tiny windows which has figured on many a Christmas card. The Irish are naturally proud of this local boy who has made so very good.

There is an hour or two to spend in Dublin before catching a train to the south. It is a prim little eighteenth-century town, sometimes compared to Bath, though this is doing it too much

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honor; and unspoiled. So, come to think of it, are most capital cities in Western Europe—hard to name another that has suffered like our poor London. (How can a rich and civilized race, devoted to its own history, have come to allow such destruction? Once a charming city, London is now a heap of rubbishy jerry buildings. No wonder the young citizens march about and sit down proclaiming that they do not want it to be defended and have no intention of dying for it.)

A little wait at Dublin station, time enough to write one's name in tin for a penny and weigh oneself for another. The May wind is bitter. Some American women are shivering on a bench, huddled in their plastic cloaks. One of them goes to the refreshment room in search of hot coffee—comes back and says: "Don't go in there, it's just dismal." The train is an omnibus. Four nuns make a quick dash to install themselves by the four front windows, which they open. The wind rushes in; it beats on the plastic garments of the Americans and disturbs their hair nets; they suffer for a while and then one of them goes forward: "Pourdon me, could you close the windows?" But the nuns, in their veiling and men's boots, are feeling the heat; they observe custody of the eyes and pretend not to have heard. If the temperature totters into the forties the Irish, as it were, reach for their solar topees. There are many farmers in the train who have been to an agricultural show; they, too, are feeling the heat, there are sighs and groans and mopping of brows. They scrape manure off their trousers with knives and talk like an Abbey Theatre play. "I've had another anonymous letter from Dooley O'Sullivan." Delicious dinner of bacon and eggs and then we arrive at Limerick Junction. The cold sun is still shining, though it is now half past nine.

The plain of Tipperary is the richest farm land in Western Europe, so fertile that farming there requires little skill; beasts are simply left in the fields until they are fat enough to be sold. It is beautiful beyond words and empty. People leave Eire as they have always left Ireland, at an enormous rate. Every village, however small and poor, has a luggage shop. The plan on which the villages are built, one long, immensely wide street which can be used as a market, bordered by tiny houses, accentuates their emptiness. The admirable roads are bare of traffic—for miles and miles there is nothing except, occasionally, an enormous man spanking along in a donkey cart or a Rolls-Royce with American tourists buried in white satin luggage. The cottagers' dogs are so unused to motor traffic that they crouch and spring dangerously at passing cars. The green deserted fields lying beneath blue deserted mountains; the windowless mills dripping with creepers; the towers for captive princesses inhabited by owl and raven; the endless walls surrounding ghostly demesnes, the lodge gates, rusted up and leading into hay; the roofless churches, with elegant neo-Gothic spires rising out of nettle-beds make a melancholy but enchanted impression. Everywhere are nettles and those black birds, rooks, crows, ravens, jackdaws, which, in France, are indiscriminately known as *corbeaux*.

Historians of England record with surprise that Anglo-Saxons were never known to dwell in Roman villas left vacant by the fall of the Empire and the departure of their owners. The villas were solidly built of stone with such conveniences as central heating and baths, but the natives preferred to live out their short and brutish lives in horrid little wooden or wattle huts. This situation is strangely repeated to-

—From "James Reynolds' Ireland."

day in Eire. What was good enough for President Kennedy's ancestors is good enough for the Irish. Within a stone's throw of their cabins there may be a great beautiful house deserted by its owners during the Troubled Times, positively inviting tenants. Why does not the whole village move in—plenty of room for everybody? But it remains empty. Eventually such houses are pronounced unsafe and blown up with gunpowder; sometimes the stones "go on the roads," but often they lie in great heaps on the beautiful sites (walled or terraced gardens, lakes, avenues, carefully planted arboreta), monuments to the oddity of mankind. The Irish government is not interested in "ascendancy architecture" and would exchange any amount of Wyatt houses against one Celtic cross.

Those of the Anglo-Irish who have held on to their places are now happy in them again. An occasional reminder of the civil war, such as machine-gun marks in the nursery passage, framed, with the date, is only the relic of an historical past. If the Irish still hate us they show no signs of it, beyond an understandable gloating when President Kennedy turns the screw. Country house life resembles the French *vie de château* more than the quick weekend dash of the English. As in France, small unfortified country houses are called Castle. Guests move in for a good long stay, with their dogs, children, embroidery, and fishing rods. There is generally an invalid to be tenderly inquired for. "She was wandering this afternoon and then went into such a very sound sleep that I sent for the doctor. He hopes that next time the chemist won't muddle up the labels." A couple is invited from another part of Ireland; they reply by telegram: "Bother arrive by car Tuesday." "If it's such a bother—" says the hostess crossly until she realizes that the word should be both.

The houses are beautiful in their provincial way and have such romantic names as Ann's Grove, Dereen, Newtown Anner. They are full of treasures (with the oddest attributions, like "Madame du Barry by Largilliere") in a hodgepodge of rubbish. The china cabinet will contain Rose Pompadour Sèvres cheek by jowl with A Present from Bexhill; old *Tatlers* in a bookshelf are muddled up with Oudry's "Fables de La Fontaine." All this is a happy hunting ground for dishonest dealers. The famous Irish plaster work is often coarse and rather ugly, too much like the plaster in which somebody's leg has recovered from a Swiss accident stuck on the wall. French gardening amateurs, who arrived in a bus, annoyed one of my hostesses by exclaiming: *"Comme c'est charmant, tout ce désordre britannique!"*

There is still a feudal flavor about domestic life, for servants abound, and delightful they are. The kitchen teems with scullions and the servants' hall nourishes many more people than actually work in the house. The atmosphere below stairs is jolly; quarrels are rare. Food is of paramount importance and the houses vie with each other to delight the guests. It is rather too rich for me, based on cream. A typical Irish dinner would be: cream flavored with lobster, cream with bits of veal in it; green peas and cream, cream cheese, cream flavored with strawberries. I crave skim milk from an English coal mine, but then I have not been on the river all day to sharpen my appetite. Sometimes we lunch, on cold cream, in

(*Continued on page* 71)

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... The definitive edition of the Photographic Art of

RENE BARTER-CROISSANT

(as told to Lester and Patricia K. Brooks)

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR-PHOTOGRAPHER: *Barter-Croissant, ASC, BSA, FHA, world traveler and travel photographer, is one of the foremost trail-blazers in his field. His achievements are near-legendary: at seventeen he invented the self-absolving lens cap; in his twenties he pioneered the coated lens when physicians were still reluctant to accept the coated tongue. His exploits on every continent are still spoken of with awe in travel circles. The photographs and travel notes in "Shoot First!" (soon to be published by Beaten and Balding) are vintage Barter-Croissant.*

SEVERAL people have asked how I achieve such unusual results with my camera. Others have wondered if I use special equipment or trick methods. Only yesterday I received a letter from the East Lynn Photographic Company practically demanding that I make my methods public. Apparently they have been inundated with requests from people who have seen my work and now want their equipment changed.

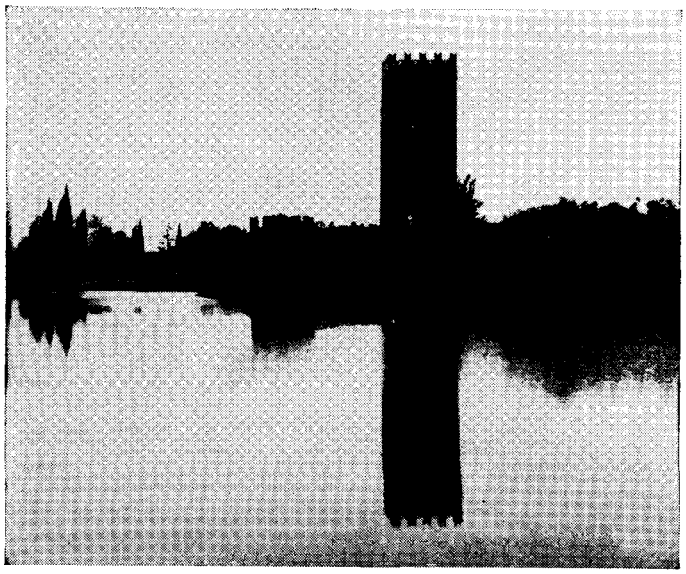
So in response to this urgent demand, I have for the first time assembled a collection of pictures (representative of my best work over the years) with technical advice attached. Underneath the captions,* which identify the foreign locales and reveal my particular creative vision, can be found the practical information which should be of inestimable value to fellow photographers and fellow travelers alike. Who knows what future geniuses of the lens it may inspire?

How well I remember my own first encounter with a camera, lo those many years ago in pre-war Reykjavík. I was sitting at one of the gay, storied sidewalk cafés for which the city is justly famous, listening to the music of the strolling *balalaikaists,*** snapping my shutter happily at the passing parade of locale gentry in their bazaar costumes. Ah, but that's another story, another book.

Today, most tourists abroad quickly develop acute edifice complexes, and start clicking their shutters at every cathedral, castle, or chateau that reels into view. Before rolling and snapping, it would be well for them to keep in mind the immortal words of Gordon "Filmo" Glanspiel, ace cameraman for *Gluten* magazine: "Eye-catching interest depends on the square of the hypotenuse." With such incisive inspiration ringing in their ears, they may be on the brink of exciting adventures in photography. It is possible.

*My captions have been called by that discerning critic-photographer, Edwig Stipend, "poetic extensions of the photographic prose of Barter-Croissant. Anyone can take a good picture. But the essence of Barter-Croissant's work lies in the mastery of his captions." Praise from the Master is pra'se indeed!

**Or *was* it Reykjavík?



"IN A SYLVAN GLEN, I KNOW A WEN . . ." (Craddock)—Ninfe Tower, relic of a romantic baronial past, casts its shadow into Ninfe pond, formed when the gumroot works was abandoned and its diggings flooded. Here the poet Clurdney wrote his immortal lines about ". . . wealth and death and purple health of flea. . . ." Nearby in the gardener's shack the painter Titian had his palette knives sharpened. The sharpener is there yet.

Note the interplay of light and darkness which emphasizes special relationships and perfectly balanced design. Shadows contribute depth and meaning to the intensity of the mood and should be used whenever possible, even if the photographer must resort to his own. Taken with Deltoidflex twin-lens reflex, using Contumely PhenomePan, 1 second at f:81.

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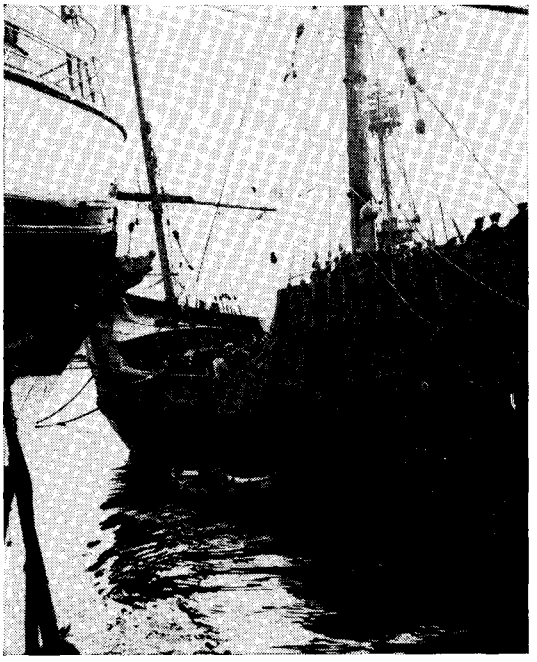


FISH OF THE INNER EYE—This looks like an ordinary, typical harbor scene, but its merit lies in the subtlety of its design. In the long boat Edelberto Ruiz pulls up to Barcelona's grand old clunker, the Santa Maria. Berto is chief barnacle-chipper for the port and is surveying the magnitude of the job on the S.M. Meanwhile, on board ship in the rear, a Brazilian general is welcomed aboard in a state ceremony.

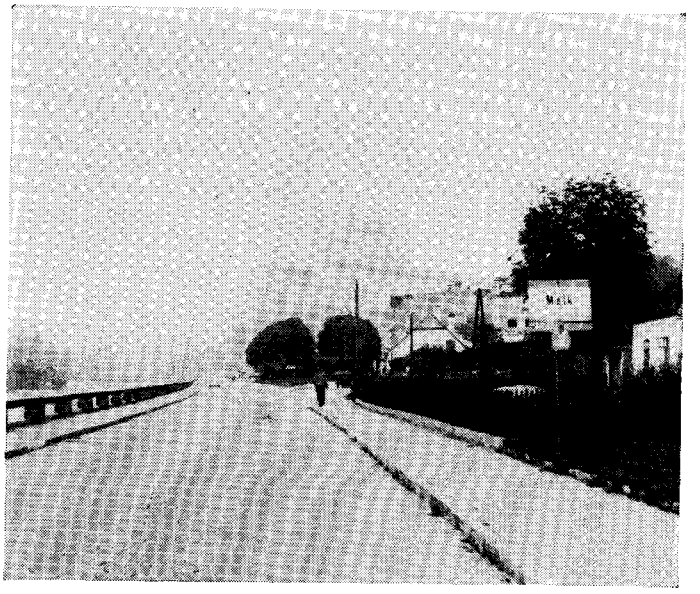
It is in shots such as this that I aim for impromptu views of history in the making. The play of lights and shadows makes graceful arabesques, difficult subject matter for non-pros. To heighten effect, I removed one unit of the three-element lens in my Deltoidflex, shot from the hip as I slid down the mooring hawser (left side of photo), and got this incisive study, plus torn pants and rope burn. Contumely Ortho film, 1/19 second at f:1.

OY!—The warning shout of the intrepid gondolier serves as title for this haunting photo of gondolas under Venice's famed Ponte Vecchio. It's Marino "Shorty" Calucci up on number one gondola, carrying 380 kilos for his 71st win of the 1962 season. "Shorty" uses the interstitial overlapping interwoven grip, so popular now on the continental courses.

"One of the most moving action shots I have ever seen," says celebrated photographer Matthew Bradley. Here we have an example of classical balance combined with simulated soft focus. Soft focus can be achieved without special filters by shooting through nylon stocking. Better results are obtained if stocking is unhampered by leg. For this photo I used Deltoidflex on Ferrovia Panissimo film, 2/17 second at f:3.

ARCADIA XIV (WARWICKSCHMID CASTLE)—Rising above the peaceful Austrian countryside, this castle looks down on the sleepy village below. In the village, sleepy townspeople look at the castle above. This state of affairs has been going on for some time now and is thought to account in part for the economic paralysis in this particular region.

It is in a photo like this that the amateur can really test his mettle. Striking angle used makes this shot a prize-winner. Gray scale was extended to bring out the depth of shadows. This useful trick—extending gray scale—can be accomplished by overexposing with a bit of pocket lint stretched over the lens. Shot was taken with Periplex-X at 1/25, f:9.6, using Mimbley Model S, 35mm camera.



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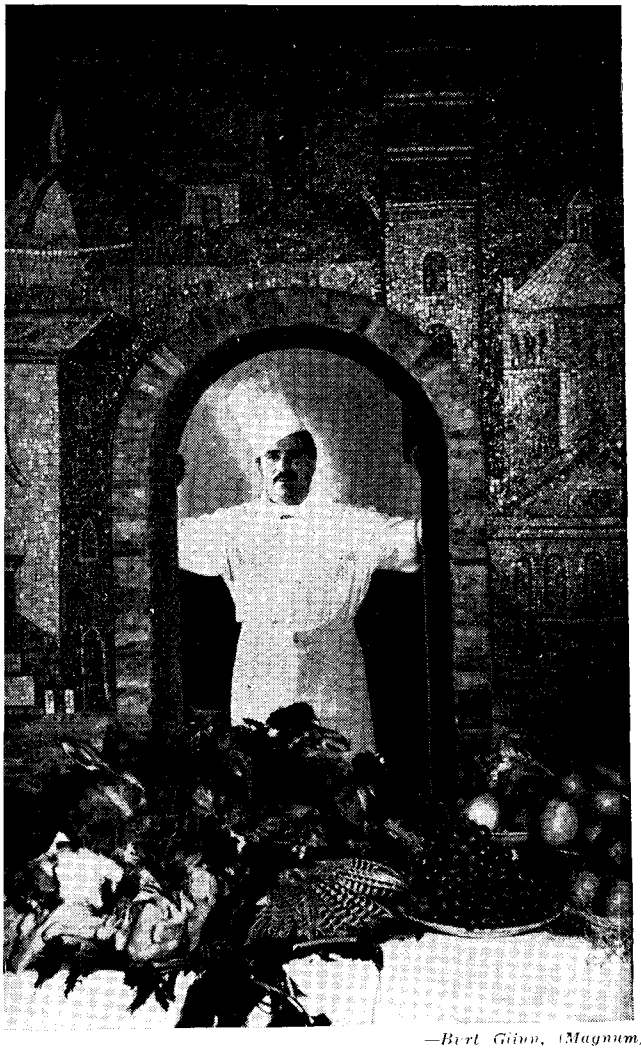
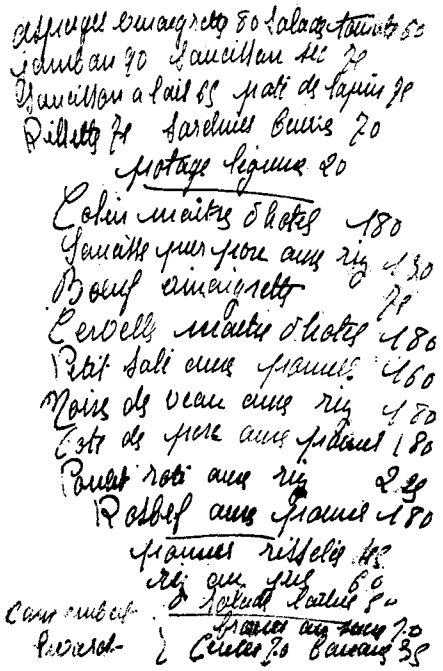
HOW TO DECODE A EUROPEAN MENU



—Burt Glinn, (Magnum).



By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

BACK in 1938 when I came to America as a very, very late pilgrim, I heard the story about the fellow refugee in New York who lived for weeks on apple pie and coffee. People asked him why he didn't eat anything else. "I tried to," he said unhappily. "But every time I go into a drugstore and order a ham sandwich, somebody shouts at me, 'On white toast? Rye? Whole wheat? Ham and cheese? With lettuce?' So I get confused and order, 'Apple pie and coffee, please.'"

The story is perhaps apocryphal but it has a solid basis of truth. The rasping voice of many a Manhattan waitress unnerved me in my early American days. Consequently, I now sympathize with my fellow Americans in Europe who get so terrified at the sight of an enormous, incomprehensible menu under the stare of an impatient, arrogant headwaiter, that they meekly order "steak and French fries." The sophisticated ones order steak and *pommes frites*. Many Innocents Abroad order steak and *frites* even in the great temples of *la grande cuisine*, and then they wonder why people rave about the wonderful food there.

Ordering is half the fun and three-quarters of the success of a meal yet none of the best-selling guidebooks gives a short-order ordering course that would help the timid traveler to decipher the secrets of the menu on their journey through Europe. It's a real

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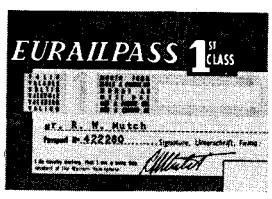

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science, almost as intricate as reading European timetables. In the United States mysterious food terms ("baby beef," "fresh frozen garden vegetables") appear on menus from coast to coast, which is bad enough, but Europe is worse. Every country there has its culinary mysteries, and the countries themselves are subdivided into regional jungles. In France the jungles are well-nigh inpenetrable. The Traveler has heard of *tripes à la mode Caen* but not of *gras-double à la lyonnaise*. How should he know that *aïoli* is a Provençal garlic mayonnaise, *matelote* a fish stew with wine, a *soubise* a purée of onions? He knows all about the *bouillabaisse*, but what about the *chaudrée*, the *cotriade*, the *pouchouse*, the *waterzoï*? All very good, but he didn't take along his "Larousse Gastronomique" on the plane. It's too heavy.

The complexity of the menu increases with the inferiority of the restaurant. Good places don't hide their *spécialités* behind a smoke screen of fancy names. At Madame Point's Pyramide in Vienna the greatest creation is modestly called *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*. Almost anybody can figure out what a gratin of crayfish tails is but no one can really imagine how delicious it will be at the Pyramide.

—French Government Tourist Office.

Gastronome de Pomiane and fish.

In a good restaurant they don't mind your asking questions; on the contrary —it shows that you care. Madame Dumaine will explain to you that her husband's *poularde Bressane Sainte-Alliance* is an admirable dish that was inspired by Brillat-Savarin's "Physiology of Taste." It contains foie gras, ortolans, and truffles, and naturally a genuine Bresse pullet. At La Tour d'Argent you will be told that *Noisettes de Tourelles* are small fillet steaks sautéed in clarified butter, garnished with a *soubise*, arranged with artichoke bottoms, and served with a Madeira sauce. A good maître d'hôtel will suggest that you'd better have only one sauce, and take a grilled fish since you ordered meat with a sauce. They are really quite helpful but don't be afraid to open your mouth.

The obstacles get worse in the small places where the menu is written in violet ink, with the *spécialités* in red ink and the special *spécialités* written upside down to attract attention. In such places the waiter is sometimes too busy to answer many questions. It takes a cool head and a patient stomach to stave off disaster. An American friend once got so flustered that he pointed at the first five items on the menu. The waiter brought him one soup after the other—five soups. Probably considered it just another eccentricity of *ces Américains*.

A rudimentary knowledge of some basic terms is necessary to avoid disappointment and indigestion. The French call a stew either *daube, fricassée, blanquette;* when it's made of hare it's a *civet* and in the case of pheasant it's called *salmis*. A *pâté* is not exactly a *terrine,* which is neither a *galantine* nor a *mousse*. Maybe you should have an omelet instead.

Some things are quite easy, though. *Bordelaise* means with shallots and red wine, *Périgueux* has some truffles in it, *Provençale* includes tomatoes, pepper, and garlic, *Bourguignonne* means with red wine, Moscovite with caviar, *Américaine* with lobster meat, *Choron* is a tomatoed *Béarnaise,* and if you don't know a *Béarnaise,* don't go to France, stay at home. *Normande*—think of the cows there—means "with cream," *Hongroise* "with paprika," *Indienne* "with curry," *Florentine* "with spinach."

So far, so good. But *Cardinal* is not a Vatican specialty but means "with lobster butter," *Nantua* "with crayfish tails," *Demi-Deuil* ("half mourning") truffles, and a Sauce suprème. A *Ravigote* is not a *Rémoulade; pâte* is pastry but *pâté* is a pie; eggs Duxelles are not eggs Duchesse.

Some travelers get lost in the underbrush of French garnishes and are never heard of again. The Larousse names 181 of them, from *Africaine* (with black potatoes and braised zucchini) to *Wladimir* (with cucumbers simmered in butter). Some are called *Béatrix, Camérani, Henri IV, Mascotte, Sagan* (a risotto, no connection with Françoise), and I couldn't care less; I would rather memorize the members of the United Nations, including Burundi and Ruanda. Escoffier's "Le Culinaire," the greatest cookbook of all, lists eighty-six different consommés, from *Alexandra* (with chicken dumplings) to "with wine," and many appear on French menus. So do the forty-six varieties of sautéed chicken from *Archiduc* (with Madeira) to "with truffles," and the forty-five different chicken breasts, from *Agnès Sorel* to *Parmesan*. On second thought better order steak with French fries.

Beware of dishes called *Lucullus, Carême, Epicure, Richelieu, Financière, Gastronome;* they invariably contain foie gras, truffles, champagne, and are very expensive. If you don't like foie gras, avoid Rossini and stick to Verdi (with macaroni and butter). *Tosca* may mean either crayfish butter (with fish) or a wine sauce (with chicken). *Balzac* is a crayfish sauce with fish, but olives and game ragoût with meat. Why? Because!

Yet France is easy compared to the impenetrable wilderness of the menu in Austria or Germany. The French, not invariably logical in their politics, always make sense in their cooking. But the guttural innkeepers between the Rhine and the Danube confuse their customers with endless words (*Kaiserschöberlsuppe, Zigeunerrostbraten, Lendenmittelstück,* which means a simple fillet) or confound them with meaningless names, such as *Lieder ohne Worte*. "Songs without Words" is roast veal with deviled eggs, Béarnaise, crayfish, olives, anchovies, lemon, and caviar; everything is in it except a Volkswagen.

In Vienna they still offer twenty-four different cuts of boiled beef, from *Tafeldeckel, Kavalierspitz, Kruspelspitz* to *Weisses Scherzl, Schwarzes Scherzl, Ortschwanzl*. I advise you to order *Wiener Schnitzel*. Further complications arise when Vienna's *Tafelspitz* (the finest cut of boiled beef) becomes *Tafelstück* in Germany and *Huf* in Switzerland. Vienna's *Beinfleisch* is Germany's *Zwèrchrieds* and France's *plat-de côte*.

Italians, sensible people, know that *la vita* is not always *dolce*, even without menu trouble. You always start out with pasta and it's always good, whether it's called *spaghetti, lasagne, agnelotti, recchietelle, cannelloni,* or *tagliatelle*. Fish soups are called *brodetto* in Trieste, *buridda* in Genova, *cacciuccio* in Toscana, and *zuppa dei pescatori* elsewhere. No fancy names; everything is explained. A few words like *ossobuco, risotto, risi e bisi* (a rice soup with peas), *involtini* (stuffed

(*continued on page* 61)

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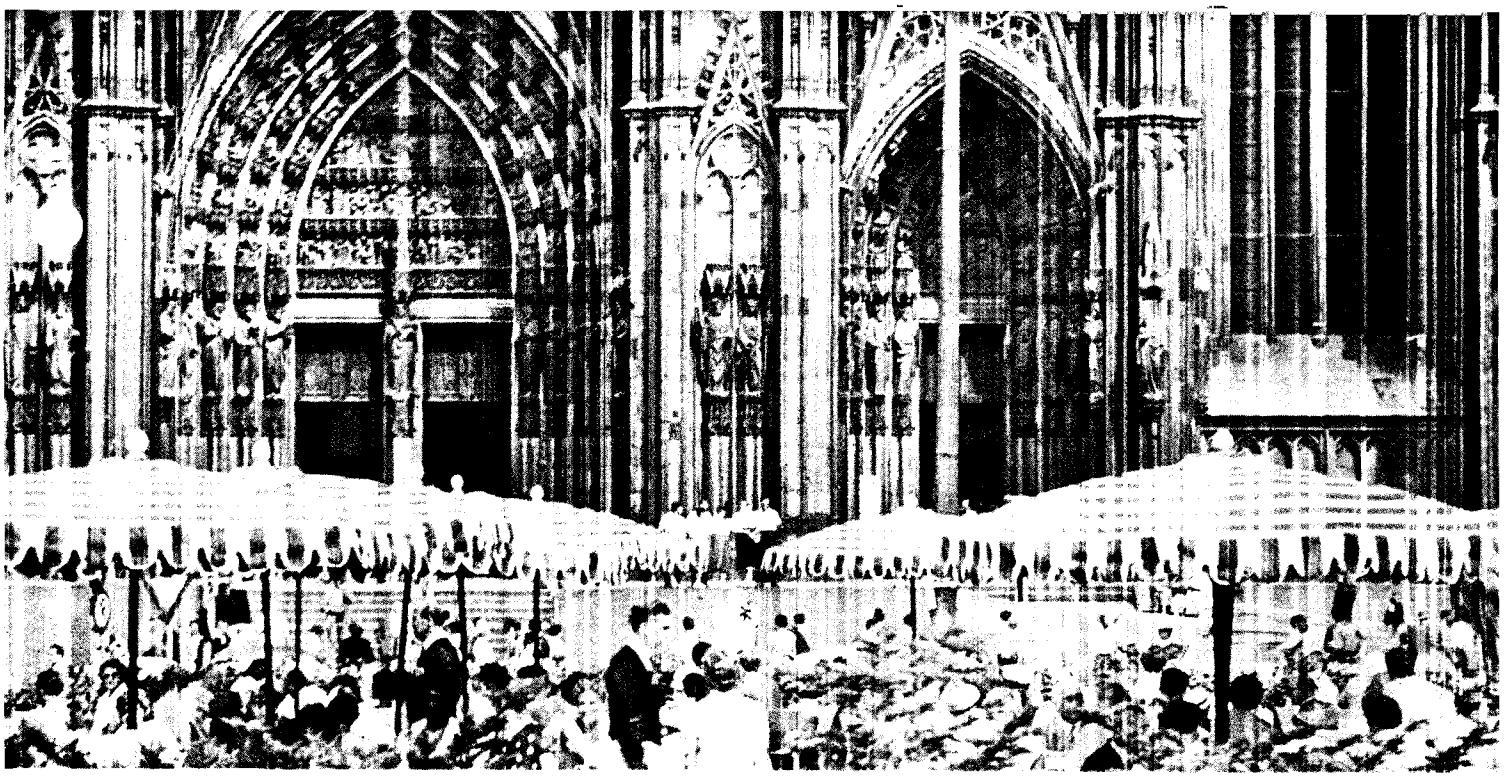

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Fly to Cologne with reliable KLM— the only airline allowed to service NATO jets

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

PEOPLE who really do a lot of flying—hundreds of hours a year—usually agree on the main reason for choosing an airline. *Reliability.*

Below are some new sidelights on KLM reliability, and a quick look at one of the new European tours you can take with reliable KLM this summer.

1. Thirty percent of KLM's maintenance work is done for other airlines—as well as for NATO. There are a good many other ways in which airline operators show their admiration for the careful, punctual Dutch. For instance, no fewer than *twenty* airlines have sent their pilots to KLM's training school, and 15 airlines entrust KLM with the job of preparing their passengers' meals.

Your KLM captain has weather radar that sees 150 miles ahead. Here, an inspector makes sure the scanner works perfectly.

2. KLM technicians scour jet parts with a dozen different cleansing agents. The list includes sand, steam, iron powder, acids, oils, crushed walnut shells, and cherrystones.

To get at especially inaccessible areas, KLM even bombards parts with *energy waves*—at the rate of 800,000 a second.

3. KLM keeps an individual history of every single instrument on each jet. This way, technicians know precisely how many hours every instrument has flown, how it performed, the name of every man who has ever worked on it, and his report of exactly what he did, when, and why.

4. KLM even has precise standards for its chickens. Chefs at KLM insist that their roasting chickens must be absolutely identical in size and plumpness and flavor. Every ounce of caviar they serve must come from the Black Sea. And the steaks they grill are nearly always filet mignon.

New motorcoach tour to 22 European cities—$998

KLM's tour experts have just announced a 24-day tour that takes you to dozens of the most famous sightseeing spots in Europe, from the Alps to the Riviera, all for a remarkably low $998—with your round-trip transatlantic economy fare from New York on a KLM jet included.

For more details about this and 26 other tours, see your travel agent or mail the coupon below.

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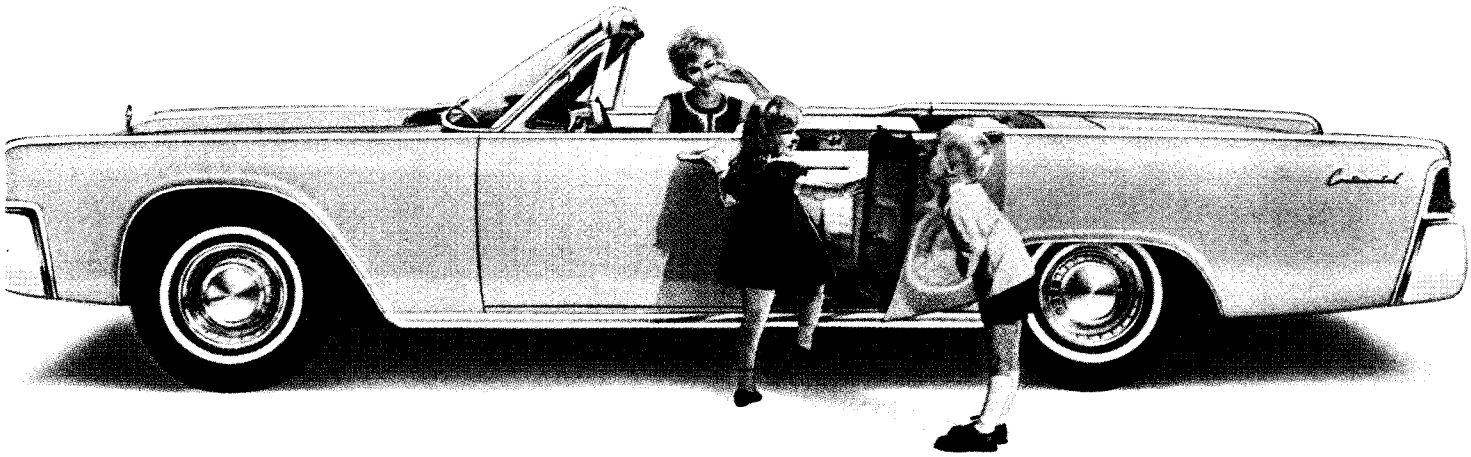

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Notice the doors. Four. This is America's only four door convertible. And notice how they open. From the center, to make everyone's entrances graceful.

Inside, there is greater safety. All four doors lock automatically when the driver flicks a single switch. And inside there is luxury: in fine soft leathers, rich looped carpeting, exquisite details like the walnut inlay on the glove box and door panels. And there is extra space. This is the only convertible whose rear seat is wide enough for three adults to ride in comfort . . . wider than in any other convertible.

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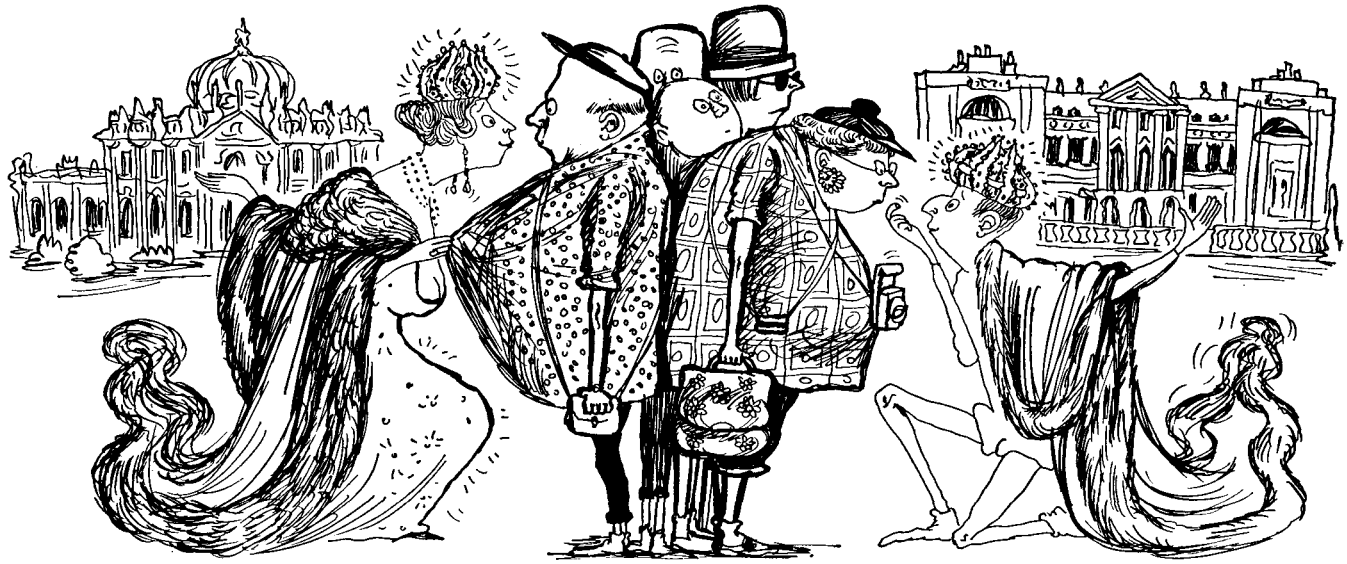

—*Drawings by Susan Perl.*

THE BARNUMS OF OLD BLIGHTY

By LAWRENCE & SYLVIA MARTIN

IN THE 1800s, sentimental poet Felicia Hemans sang:

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

These four tra-la lines proved imperishable. Stately Home has become the generic term for the manse of the aristocracy, from the modest manor house to the vast, ornate palace of Blenheim.

More than 500 country mansions are open to the public for a small fee —usually about thirty-five cents. An attraction of these sumptuous residences of the highborn is that, unlike museums, they are lived in. They are alive. The present owners of the proud name and elegant pile may have had to crowd themselves into a thirty-room wing, but when all the trippers are gone they issue forth to put the place tidy and count the day's take under the family portraits.

Except for Scott's Abbotsford, where she was often a guest, Felicia, the scrivener of the quatrain, saw only from a yearning distance the gate-keeper's lodge, the sweeping driveway, and the tall trees in a dreamy park screening the many-chimneyed great house. Deep within the ancestral acres, in hallowed privacy and fabulous splendor, lived the lord and his lady, peers of the realm, contributing in person to History.

Today you can pick and choose among the grandest of the Stately Homes. Dukes and barons beg you—literally—to visit them. Pinched by taxes and death duties, they are keeping the wolf from the grand portal by opening it to everybody. Their distress is your gain. You see more than your money's worth of marble and parquetry, gilt and brocade, carpet and tapestry, porcelain and gold plate, Old Masters, period furniture, paneling and carving, crystal chandeliers, and miscellaneous knickknacks any of which would fetch the price of a round trip across the Atlantic.

The real estate is magnificent, too. The noble house stands in a park often greater in area than a town is able to maintain for its total population. Woburn Abbey, for example, the most popular house on the coronet circuit, is surrounded by 3,000 landscaped and lagooned acres. Within roam 2,000 animals and, in the course of a year, half a million sightseers. Beyond stretch 18,000 acres of Bedford farms worked by tenantry.

In Felicia Hemans's day the Bedfords owned Covent Garden and much of Bloomsbury in London, but the Duke of the time traded these properties for Czarist bonds, now about as valuable as Confederate money. That is one reason John ("Call me Ian"), thirteenth Duke of Bedford, spends his days welcoming the crowds to Woburn and his nights thinking up new ways to extract more shillings per visitor.

On our tour of Woburn Abbey, we lingered in the Souvenir Hall while Sylvia scribbled in her notebook. One of the young women behind the counter demanded to know what she was doing. Embarrassed, Sylvia confessed she was making notes.

DUKE'S HENCHWOMAN: You generally secure permission of the Controller of the House to take notes.

SYLVIA (quavering but firm): I generally take notes wherever I please.

HENCHWOMAN: Notes and photographs —special permission!

LAWRENCE: Why?

HENCHWOMAN (unbending): Well, y'know, we must be careful. Other Stately-Home owners come looking for ideas for their own business.

SYLVIA: Spies!

HENCHWOMAN: The Marquess of Hertford came with his whole staff, tak-

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From "England: An Uncommon Guide," by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin; published by McGraw-Hill. © 1963 by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin.

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ing notes. But that was all right—he had permission.

LAWRENCE (chummily): And how is business with the Marquess?

HENCHWOMAN: Quite good—though of course not on a par with ours. All the same, Hertford had a splendid lure all his own this summer of diving into his lake wearing deep-sea equipment. He had a very good press and—

But at this point she broke off, fearful of having said too much.

Competition is keen among the bluebloods. Every year fifty or sixty more great houses join the "open." When the Earl of Pembroke had to shut his house for urgent repairs, his neighbor, Sir Westrow Hulse, had his best year yet at Breamore House.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (*Bewly*) Abbey displays a collection of vintage cars as a sideline. One season when it wasn't drawing, he tried a rock-'n'-roll session. This almost wrecked the Abbey.

Knole, one of the most beautiful houses, has a dignified ploy—a Connoisseur's Day for those who want to avoid the crowds and will pay five shillings, two more than on ordinary days.

The Marquess of Hertford, after he had reconnoitered Bedford's operation, pepped up his own show at Ragley Hall. After the diving he performed on water skis on his ten-acre lake. Two pros helped with ski acrobatics, and the Marchioness drove the speedboat. Additional inducements for visitors were swimming and sailing on the lake, and cricket in the park.

But John of Bedford, the Barnum among the embattled peers, outdoes them all. He has of course a really great house, and he and his Duchess try to be on hand to chat with the customers. He has enough attractions in his park so that families can put in a full day—zoo, pets' corner, playground, bingo, flower shop, putting green and crazy golf, tuck shop (candy and snacks), restaurant, tearoom, café. It costs thirty-five cents to enter the park, another fifteen cents for the house, and more again to see Their Graces' private breakfast and dining rooms. Souvenir shops are at both entrance and exit, and among the gimcrackery they sell autographed copies of the Duke's sensational autobiography. An engaging sign says in large letters: I HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED YOUR VISIT. DO COME AGAIN! BEDFORD.

And by the exit door is the ultimate —a wire-screened chest with a card asking you to toss in your spare change

(*Continued on page* 78)

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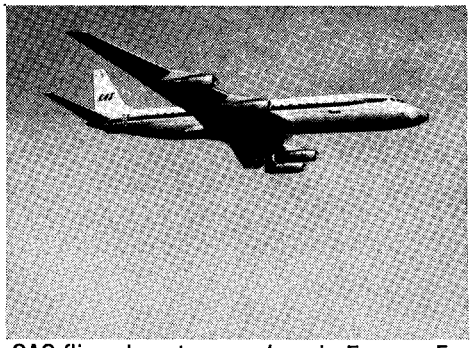
Important P.S. to your trip to Europe



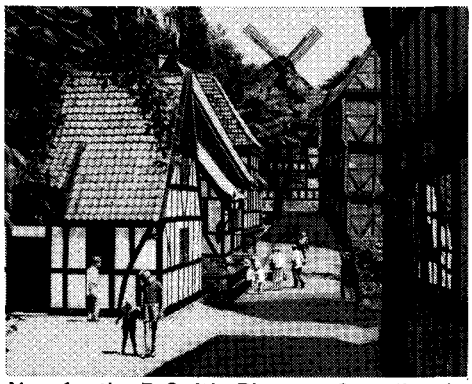
SAS flies almost *everywhere* in Europe. For instance, you can fly New York to Scotland.

From Bonnie Scotland (g-r-r-rand) . . .

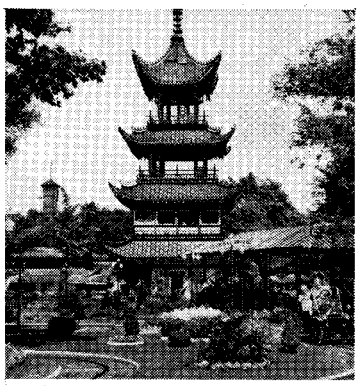
drive down to London (jolly fine) . . .

and hop over to Paris *(formidable!)*

. . . then add the other cities you want to see.

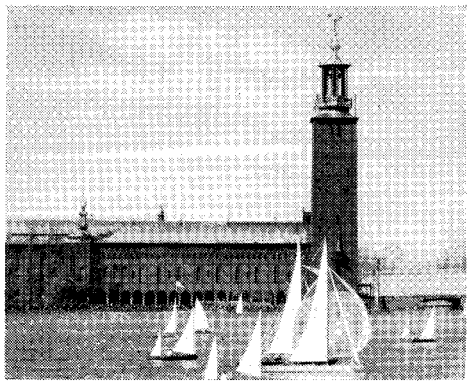


Now for the P.S. It's Pleasant Scandinavia —a *totally different and delightful* Europe. Come to Fairytale Denmark . . .



and wonderful Copenhagen, with its extraordinary restaurants, shopping—and famous Tivoli!

Then go on to hospitable Sweden. You'll love the neat villages and colorful folk customs.



In contrast; Stockholm is a sophisticated city, in a setting of glittering waters.

By this time, you'll be all agog to see your third Scandinavian country. It's Norway, land of fjords and snow-capped mountains—breathtaking!

P.S. *— Pleasant Scandinavia—adds a new world of pleasure to your European holiday. And with SAS, it's a bonus! Chances are it will cost you no extra fare to see Scandinavia on your way home. Ask your SAS travel agent to arrange it for you. Or mail the coupon.*

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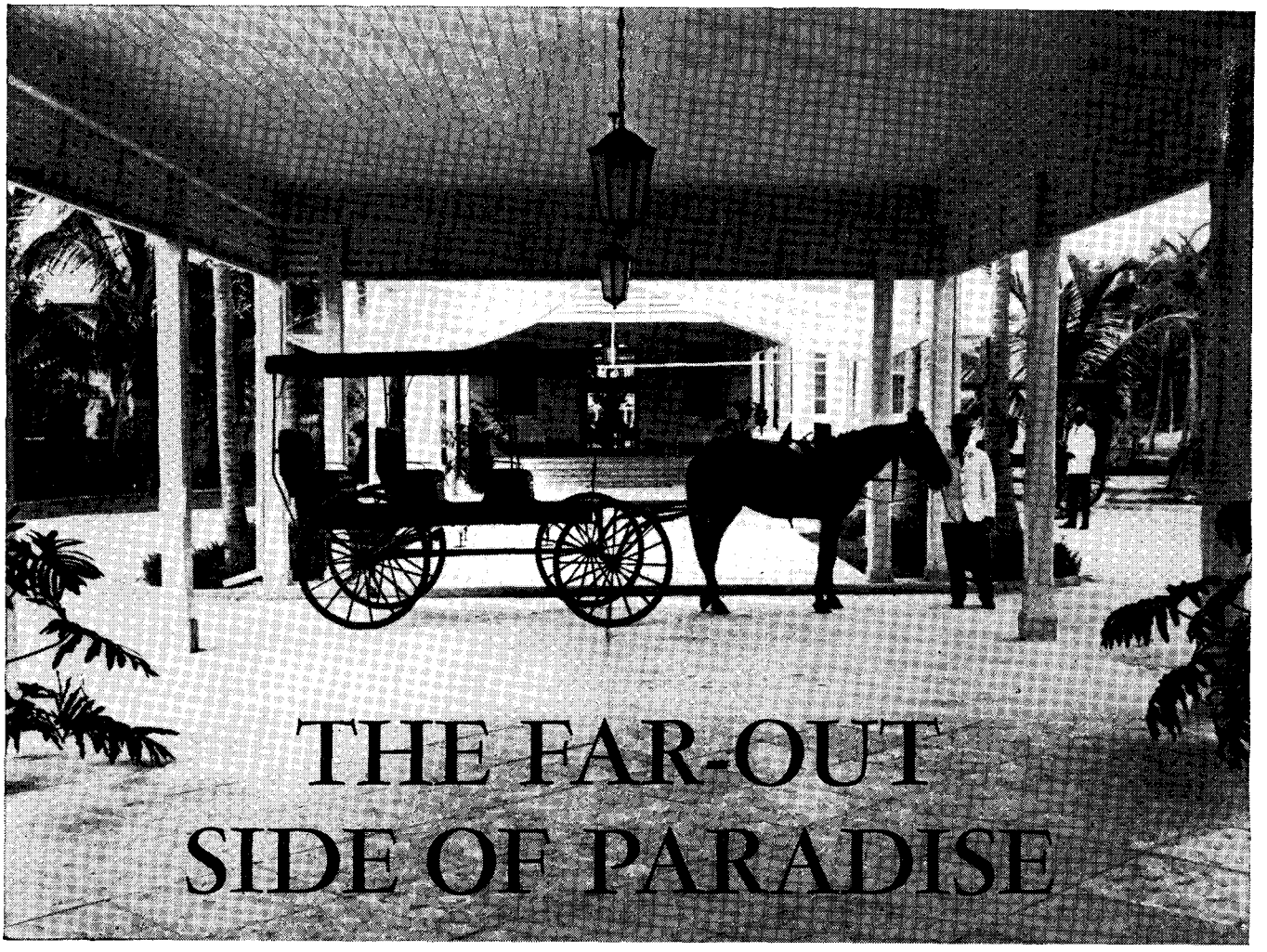

THE FAR-OUT SIDE OF PARADISE

By HORACE SUTTON

And then he holds my hand
mm mm mm mm
And then I understand
mm mm mm mm
*. . . He takes me to Paradise**

THE FINAL abode of the righteous is paradise, and many a man has spent a fortune making sure he would land there. A lesser number have spent their mortal hours trying to create an interim paradise on earth. Not the least of these is the part-time magazine publisher, part-time cultural dilettante, one-time model agency owner, and long-time A&P heir, Huntington Hartford, fifty-one.

Mr. Hartford's choice for an earthbound Eden was handy enough, being a small atoll called, when he first looked at it, Hog Island, about eight minutes by boat from Nassau in the Bahamas. A few years ago Mr. Hartford bought 700 acres of Hog Island from the Swedish industrialist Axel Wenner-Gren, a man with a checkered reputation who had also developed Andros Island, largest of the Bahamas chain. Wenner-Gren had partly developed Hog Island, cleaning up Paradise Beach for public use, cutting a canal across his holdings, and building a manor house on a rise above a private beach. One end of the canal, the terminal that faces the open Atlantic, is still decorated with some strange cement structures which have greatly enhanced the rumors that Wenner-Gren offered the hospitality of such a hideaway to German submarines during World War II.

The purchase of the Wenner-Gren holdings on Hog Island for $13,000,000 was the largest real estate transaction in the history of the Bahamas, an island group whose history includes wrecking, piracy, rum-running, and considerable real estate wheeling and dealing. Since taking title, Hartford has put an estimated $9,000,000 more into Hog Island, quite an amount considering that as of this, his second season, he has only forty-eight rooms and four suites, or room for about 100 people. In case of a mix-up, an overflow, or a delayed plane, there is Hartford's yacht, the 100-foot *Joseph Conrad*, which is tied up at the island marina, a haven known as Hurricane Hole. The yacht is also open for cocktails in the afternoon, a service for visiting yachtsmen who as yet have no other handy place in port to slake their thirst.

In order to service the guests, all of whom, unless they have their own yachts, must come from Nassau by boat, Hartford put another half-million into a beachhead across the harbor. Its pebbled parking areas are dotted with trees and there is the convenience of a minor pink palace called Mermaid Tavern where visitors can dine elegantly without ever venturing across to the island at all. A formidable navy, its officers and men dressed in starched whites, conducts passengers back and forth from the mundane world to Paradise, now the legally accepted name of Hog Island. All but the ancient die-hard residents call it that.

The pleasures of Paradise, as one

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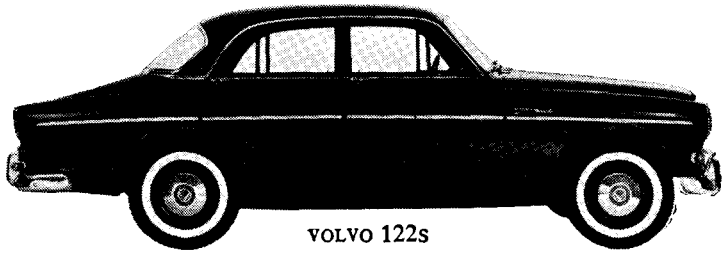

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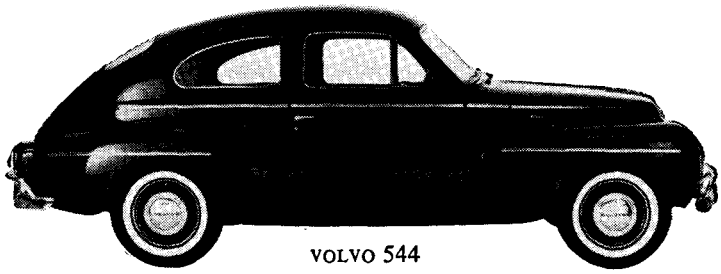

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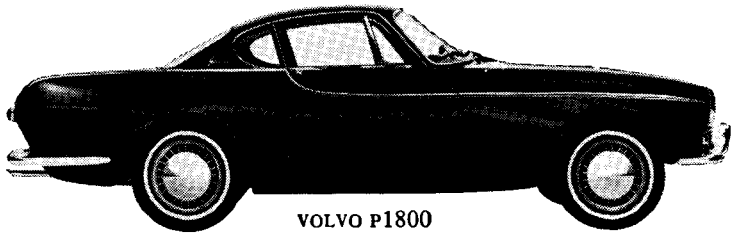

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Road & Track magazine said it best, "The P1800 is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

VOLVO

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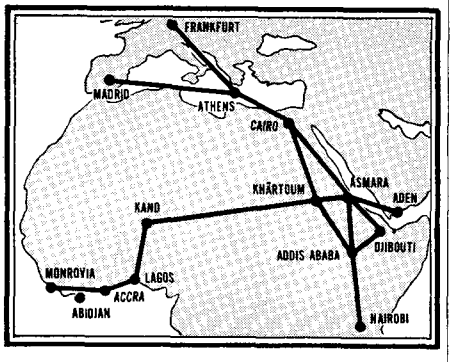

supervised by the Emperor of Ethiopia's former chef. As you fly you may well be greeted by an American Captain from Corpus Christi, Texas, or Pasco, Washington.

Your Ethiopian jet will take you to Cairo and Khartoum. You'll fly over Ethiopia's vast Lake Tana and over the Blue Nile's spectacular Tisisat Falls. You'll never forget amazingly unique Ethiopia where you'll stay in excellent hotels and unsurpassed climate. At Nairobi you can visit famous "Treetops" or, from Addis Ababa, you can fly to the new nations of West Africa.

Ask your travel agent to book you soon on Ethiopian jets.

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might justifiably expect, are varied and many. The hundred guests who inhabit the private digs called Ocean Club have, if you count all the boatswains, potato peelers, nurserymen, and stable sweepers, some 600 people to wait on them. Included in the count are Michael and Nan Higgins, among the most stylish managers in warm-weather ports, whom Hartford lured away from Eleuthera's French Leave. Hartford's weekly payroll is $25,000, a figure hardly dented by the take. Hartford's hundred pay from $60 to $70 a day for a double room, about $115 to $130 for a suite. Lunch is extra.

Wenner-Gren's manor house has become the centerpiece of the Ocean Club. Guests come swirling up from the docks in elongated limousines, to be discharged under a porte-cochère. Within the portals of Paradise, the decor, all of it done by Hartford's full-time personal decorator, is simple and expensive, neither daring nor stuffy and a little better than neo-country club. From the dining terrace that has been fitted on the back of the old Wenner-Gren place, the vista is awesome especially when viewed for the first time at night. Beyond the pool begins a series of stepped gardens, each rise marked by a floodlit piece of sculpture. Far on the end, perhaps five city blocks away, atop a hillock which may well be the tallest point in all the pool-table Bahamas, stands a cluster of columns and arches—Tivoli Gardens with a Greek temple on top. Looking at the splendor which has been wrought since his day is a small bust of Wenner-Gren, which Hartford retains half-hidden in the bushes facing the steppes.

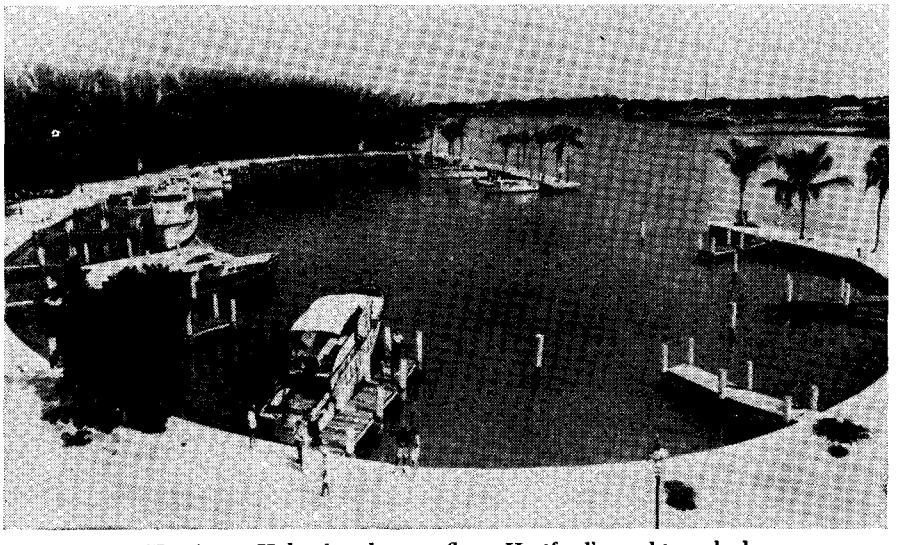
Most guests presented with this vista day after day, feel impelled to make a pilgrimage to the hilltop temple. It is a walk hidden with more surprises than the House of Fun at Coney. Hidden in the cool shade of palmetto and croton leaves stands Reid Dick's massive statue of Livingstone of Africa. He stares across the formal gardens at Roosevelt with cape and cane, a second casting of the Grosvenor Square statue, which stands, equally shaded, on the opposite glen. There is little to disturb the serenity, except perhaps the plunk of tennis balls from the courts nearby and the statue of Hercules in a lily pond midway between Roosevelt and Livingstone, catching a suntan on his marble epidermis.

The Greek temple on top turns out to be a French cloister which Hartford had bought from the Hearst estate. When Hartford took possession the building was packed in parts, just as it had been shipped years before from the village near Toulouse where Hearst had bought it. A Belgian has been working for nearly a year putting it all together. Added now in the center court stands another statue of a shy girl often inaccurately taken for the new Mrs. Hartford. Through the arches, now standing so far from Toulouse, the Gothic lines frame the Nassau Harbor Club and the old seaplane base of Pan American Airways, dating from the days when old Clippers lumbered in from Miami in about twice the time it now takes a jet to streak down from New York.

During the chic winter season Pan Am sends a jet a day from New York, as does BOAC, and runs a near shuttle service from Miami. No carrier takes Hartford, who would sail to Europe in his private yacht, but does not fly.

Wenner-Gren's old living room in the front of his house has been thrown open to a handsome suite of public rooms, lively with red rattan chairs, floors bright with Italian tiles, the card rooms convertible to dressing rooms for

(*continued on page* 73)



Hurricane Hole—for the overflow, Hartford's yacht parked on the premises; coming soon, St. Tropez around the rim.

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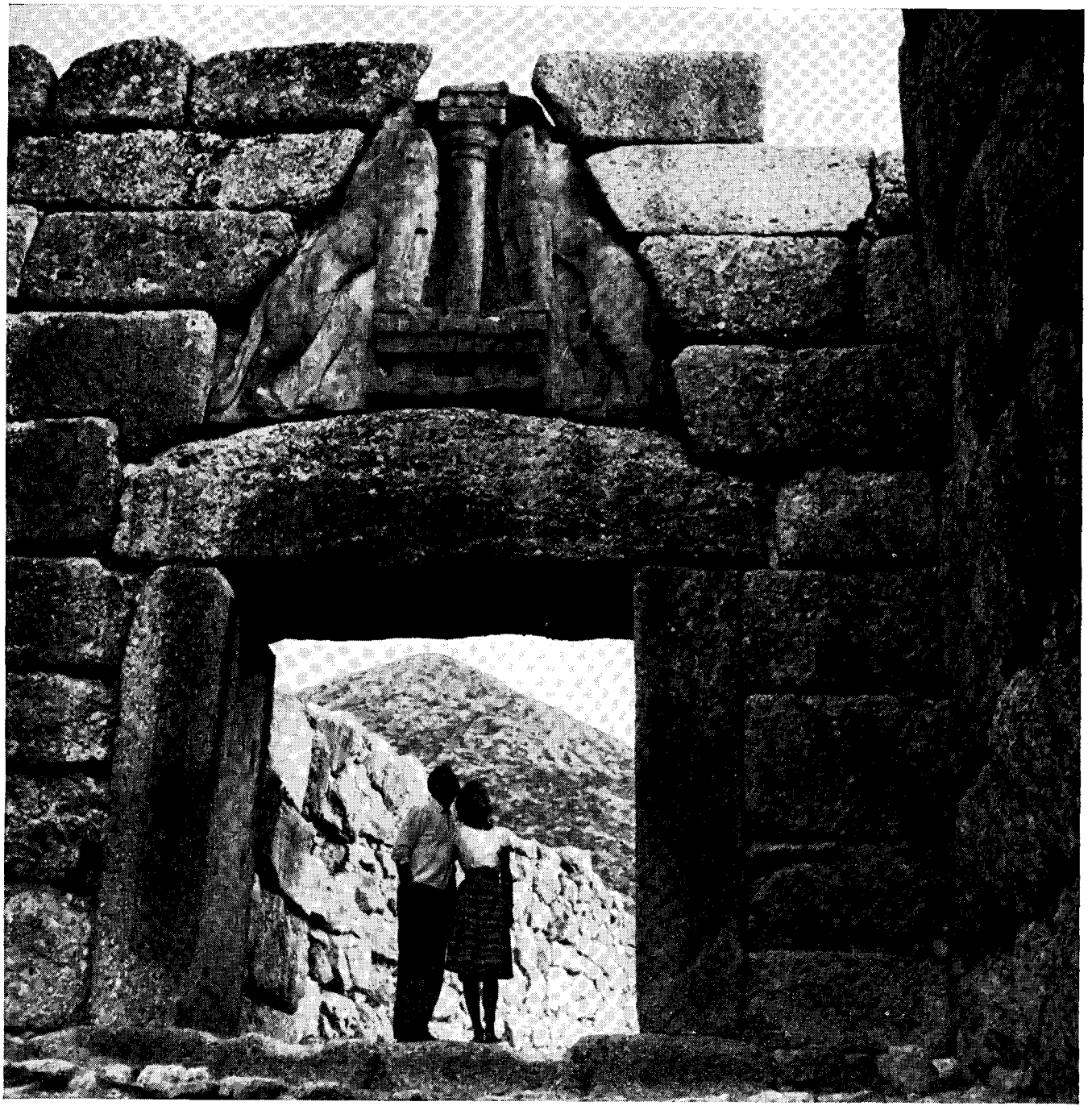

In Golden Mycenae, legends come alive

When they excavated Homer's "Golden Mycenae," they found that his legend was a most glorious fact. And the truth of it is well worth seeing in the Archeological Museum of Athens—a triumphantly glowing collection of gold pieces now over 3000 years old.

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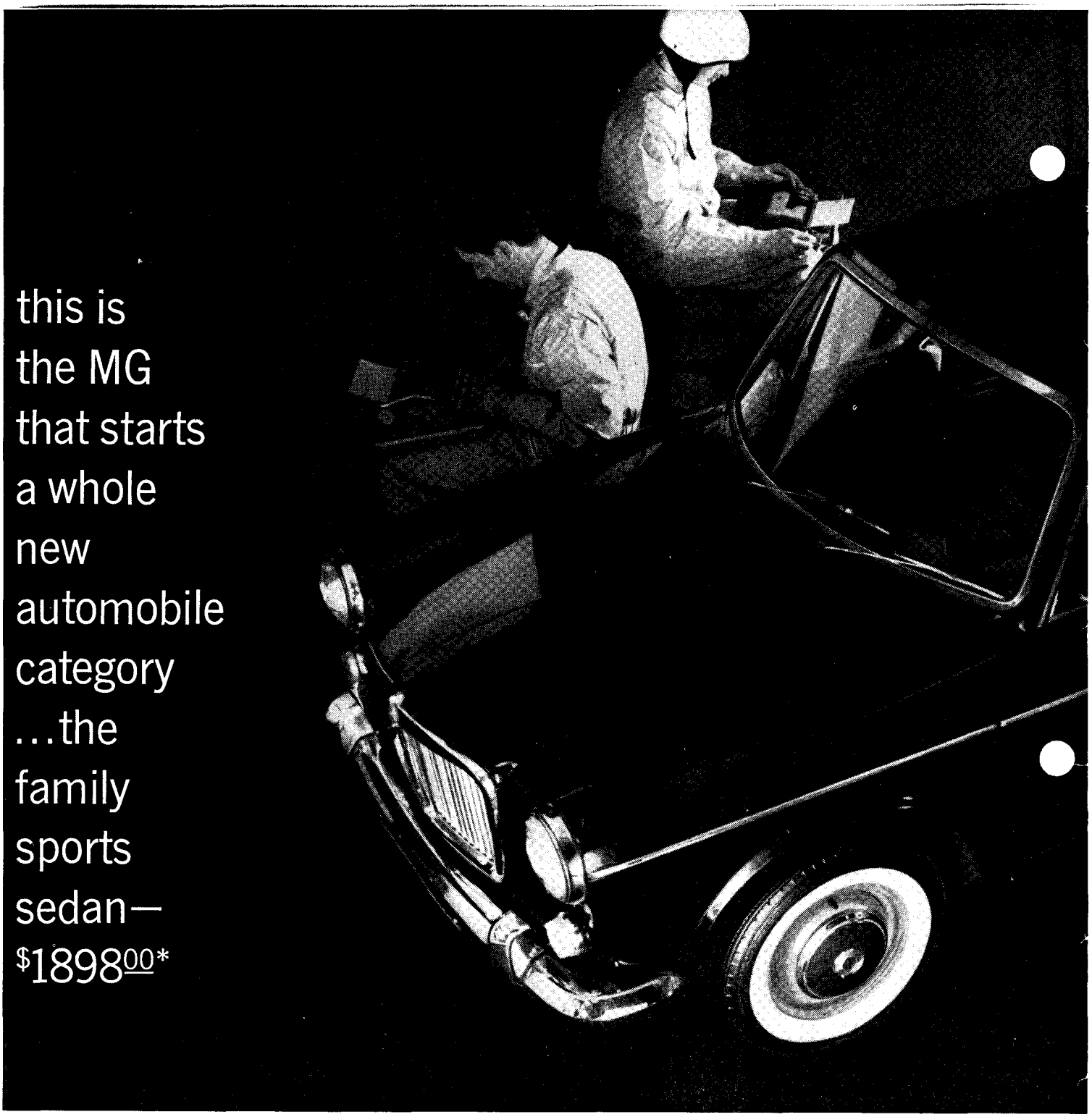

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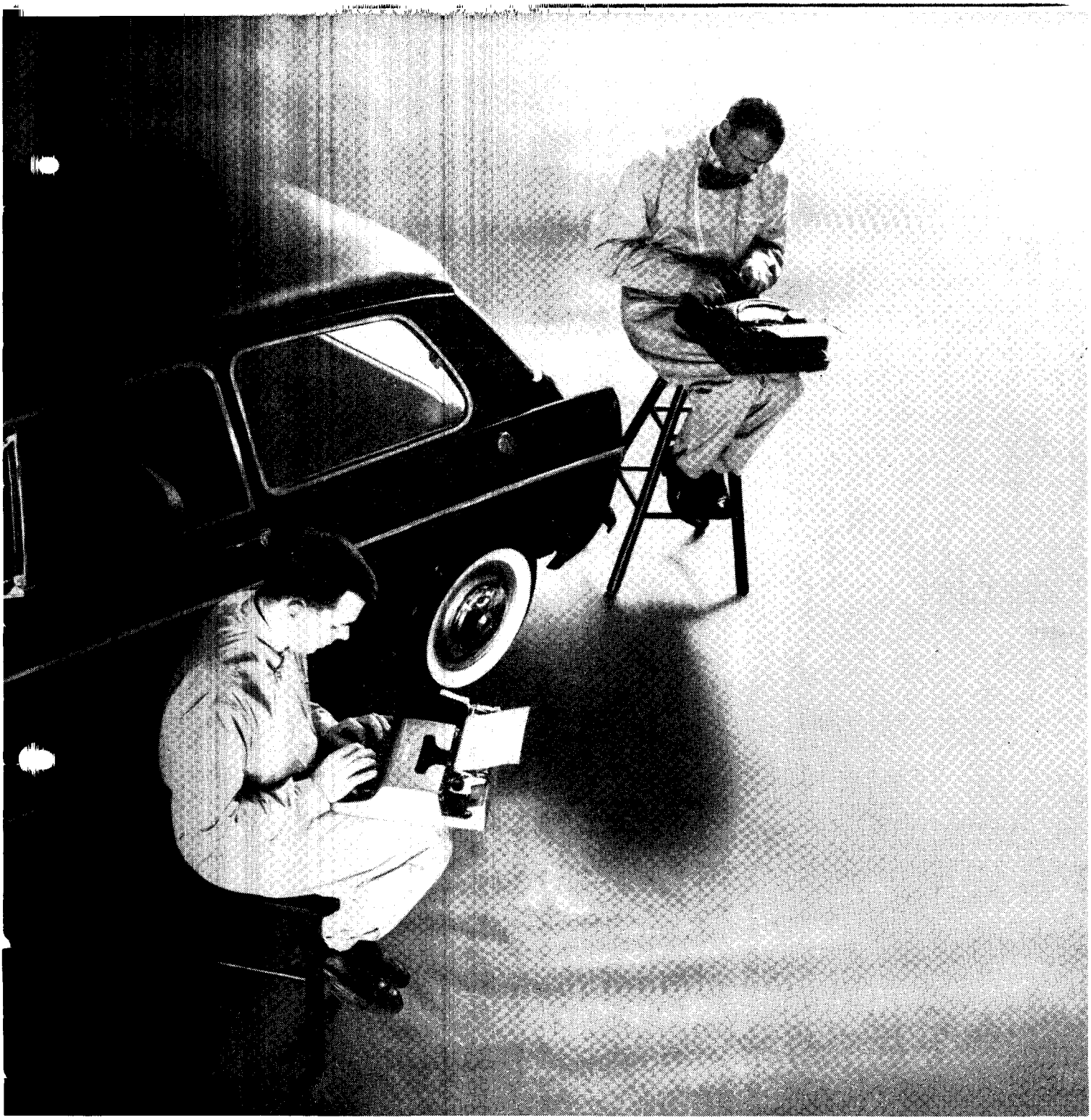

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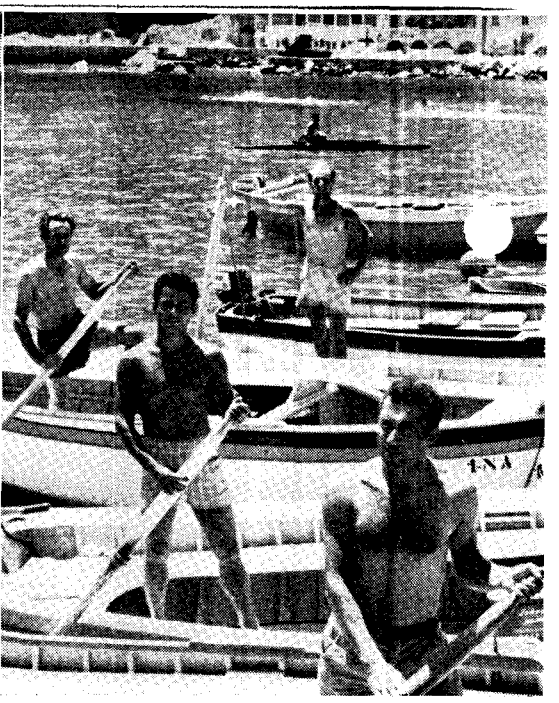
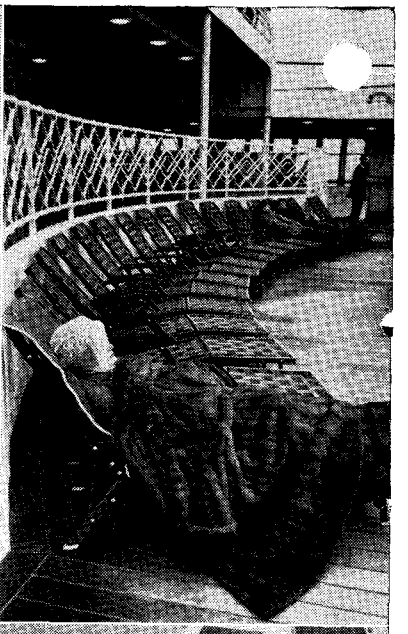
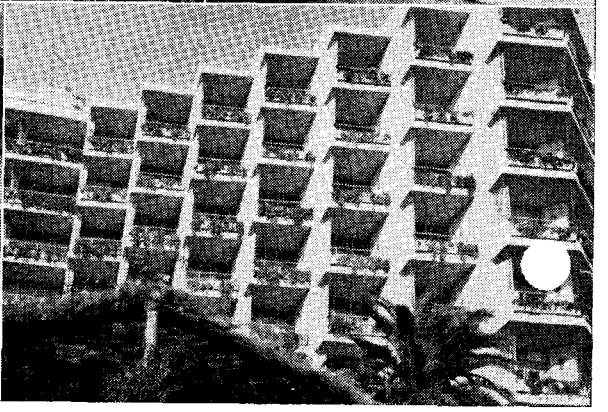


THE YOUNG GRANDEES ON TOUR

By GEOFFREY BOCCA





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THE NEW International Set is the expression of a unique gift of nature. It comes with birth, matures with breeding, and cannot be acquired in later life. It is the rare—and by no means ignoble—gift of total relaxation in the middle of dense crowds.

It is basic to The Set, and it must be understood by anyone who wants to join it, or even merely look at it, because it is only in the middle of dense crowds that it can be found.

I could never make it. I am a crowd avoider, an off-season square. I like the Riviera in October, the Caribbean in May, New York City in mid-July, Paris in August. My ideal holiday used to be a transatlantic voyage on the old *Liberté* in mid-winter when I had four waiters to myself. I avoid the Broadway theatre as if it were not merely a fabulous invalid but a quarantined case creeping with contagion. When I am in front of my television set Casey Stengel's Mets have no more vociferous supporter than I.

This way one can be certain of never meeting a member of the International Set. The initiated member is always at the core of any action at the height of any season, feeling completely at home.

Let us first define terms. The people I am talking about are not those who went with the Windsors. That is a race that has become all but extinct under the weight of its own immobility (it is almost impossible for anyone under thirty to conceive that it was once considered glamourous). The people I am thinking of are kids, either in years or in spirit. They do not necessarily have money—many are chronically penniless—but they are all at ease in the presence of money.

In August they will be in Saint Trop. Now if I, the author, drive to Saint Tropez in August I go through hell. My car edges along bumper to bumper with Opels, Fiats, Zodiacs, and American compacts with Belgian license plates. Once in the main *place* of Saint Tropez, *agents de police* whistle and gnash their teeth at me. I nuzzle through strolling hordes, terrified of doing them damage that may prove actionable. It takes me half an hour to cover the hundred yards from Madame Vachon's *boutique* to the pier head. I can find no place to park, so I manage with agony a U-turn and crawl miserably home.

It is August on the Riviera, where I have a home, and an imperious editor summons me to New York at once. Max Gurney, the able head of Pan American World Airways in Nice, looks grave. "Your only hope is to go to the airport and wait for a no-show" he says. I do so, and find the airport exploding in hot, cross tourists, brandishing tickets and passports. Some weep, and I do believe some are praying. The airport officials are sullen.

The members of The Set are there unruffled as always. They have been ticketed, confirmed, and everything has been taken care of. They are on their way to New York to spend the rest of the summer at Newport, Rhode Island. I swear they did not make their reservations before I did. But how did they? And how did they get processed in the middle of this holocaust of despairing humanity? Don't ask because there is no answer. It is part of the *mystique* of relaxed International Set living.

When the summer is over they will move to New York, and see all the Broadway shows, finding not the slightest difficulty in getting seats at the shows that are booked solid for two years.

The awesome fact is that The Set does not see crowds. Crowds literally do not exist for the initiated. Middle-class intellectuals rail against "tourists" in a language which the International Setters simply do not understand. In Capri during the season, when the island is packed so tight that Swedes keep falling off it into the water, the kids of the International Set are comfortably lodged somewhere in the homes of friends, and attending most amusing parties.

They know no such thing as traffic jams. When they turn up in January for the Monte Carlo Gala they are on time and unharassed, and have found the most convenient places to park their cars. This is no ordinary gift. It is no coincidence that, during the war, in the teeming three-tier bunk POW camps, the morale of the International Set prisoners was always the highest, and their escapes the most spectacular.

I personally think that the grimmest place on earth is the Bahamas during the winter season. The Bay Street pirates are masters of the art of putting one's back up. I tip bellhops at the British Colonial almost a day's wages so that they will refrain from spitting in my eye. It offends me when, in one of Britain's last colonies, I am presented with a bill in dollars and cents, and the American bartender cannot add up in pounds, shillings, and pence.

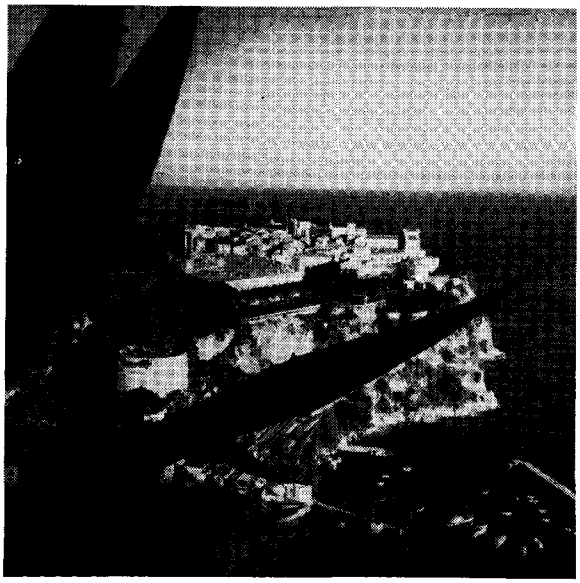
The Set has no such problems, sees no ghastly tourists, hears no ghastly tourists, smells no ghastly tourists. They are invariably having a marvelous, as their English members would term it, a simply *marvelous* time. After the aborigines of New Guinea the English traveling deb set possesses the most limited vocabulary on earth.

They return *en masse* to Europe for the major events. The *paquebot France* has not yet caught on socially. Of course it's always marvelous to see Bob Bellet, the Chief Purser, again, but nothing can replace the old *Liberté*, and one member of The Set tells me he has switched back to the *Mary*, or else he flies. Oddly enough, there is very little social *cachet* attached to the European airlines, with the possible exception of KLM. International Set members fly by American carriers whenever possible, and never, *never* by Air France.

A social must for the International Set is one or other of the Formula One Grand Prix. I should say that in social order, the French Grand Prix at Spa comes first, followed by the Italian Grand Prix at Monza and then the English Grand Prix at Silverstone or Aintree. Germany not being on the Set's grand tour, the only members one is likely to see at the German Grand Prix at Nürburgring will be the peripatetic society girl friends of the drivers.

Set members who attend the Grand Prix are never seen in the grandstands. They have pit passes, so that they drift into and out of the pits of the Ferrari, BRM, Lotus, and Porsche *écuries*, and chat with Stirling, Innes, Graham, Phil, and darling Jo Bonnier with his little beard.

One Grand Prix is enough. This is perhaps the only way The Set conserves energy. One



—*Fritz Henle-Monkmeyer.*

Grace's Place—on time at the gala.

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of almost anything is enough. The final of the men's singles is enough to cover Wimbledon. If they go to the Epsom Derby they feel no compulsion to watch the Oaks or the French Derby.

But otherwise they never weary, never miss a major event. Their minds are quick, keen, curious, and amazingly open to new ideas when the ideas are really important. Overnight they become adept at the bamba, twist, Madison, and Bossa Nova, each of which in turn they forget as soon as they fall out of fashion. They all water-ski, and are likely to amass an honorable number of points at the Monte Carlo Rally, the great winter endurance test of automobiles, which each member of The Set feels compelled to enter at least once.

When the snow falls they head for the ski resorts of Saint Moritz, Gstaad, Chamonix, and Mégève. The current International Set, incidentally, is more heterosexual than it has ever been before. The reason for this, according to my own personal theory, is that its spiritual headquarters is Saint Tropez. Saint Tropez dictates its manners, tastes, and morals, and Saint Tropez abhors sexual deviation. At Mégève, however, there is quite a large enclave of what the French call *pédales*, and even, I have observed, tr*nsv*st*t*s-- in ski clothes yet, if you can imagine such a thing.

The kids ski as nimbly as they do everything else, and in just as relaxed a manner. They never seem to have to stand in line for the ski-tow or *tappe-fesse*, but they are oddly prone to broken ankles, an unexpected chink in their brilliant armor.

Sometime in the early summer, late May, or June, members of The Set equipped with yachts will set out from Antibes and head for Portofino, then Ischia and Majorca. Couples will leave the boat en route and spend a week or two with friends who have a villa in Positano, but other couples will come aboard to take their place, and photograph the girls sun-bathing on deck in the nude.

It is mid-winter as I write, and on my desk is a postcard, with a photograph of the Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico. It is written in the copper-plate taught to the young ladies of Cheltenham Ladies' College and it comes from an old friend in The Set. "Having a marvelous time in Puerto Rico. Wish you were here," it says.

I am in New York. There is a newspaper strike, and outside it is freezing. I think of Puerto Rico, not only of the sun, but the noise and the people and the people and the people, and the swinging hotel prices, and I'm so, *so* glad I'm not there. Don't have what it takes, as I said earlier.

Photos Page 58 — Left to right, top: St. Tropez by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Magnum; Boatmen for hire at Ischia, Rizzoli Press-Pix; center: La Biblioteca, Rome, by Burt Glinn, Magnum; St. Moritz, Switzerland, by Fritz Henle, Monkmeyer; aboard the SS France by Elliott Erwitt, Magnum; bottom: Silverstone, England, by Jack Esten, Camera Press London, Pix; Fenix Hotel, Majorca, by Daniel, Pix.

—Silberstein (Monkmeyer).

Portofino—also the Italian Grand Prix at Monza.

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European Menu

Continued from page 46

meat), *saltimbocca* (veal escalopes with ham and sage) will guide you safely on your Italian journey. A lovely country. *Polipi in purgatorio,* grilled octopus, should be ordered only in purgatory.

The English add to the culinary confusion in their own splendidly isolational way by the invention of trifle (which a German food lexicon defines "some pastry mixed at random") and offering savories of which Escoffier wrote, "I consider their use opposed to all gastronomic principle—they have no *raison d'être* on a good menu." Neither have various tapioca puddings and rabbit pies, bubble and squeak (cold roast warmed up with cabbage) and mutton collops (breaded mutton chops). British authors write with morbid fascination about British cooking—overcooked meats, oversalted sauces, watery vegetables, and false piecrusts ("The Landlady's Friend"). Somerset Maugham was probably right when he recommended that you should eat breakfast three times a day if you want to eat well in England. Still, there are good places in London, good fish, good steaks, good cheese. There are restaurants like Wheeler's which serve over 70,000 Dover soles a year in twenty-eight different ways (how about that, Howard Johnson?).

Wanderer, when they hand you a menu in Europe, don't be afraid. Ask what they mean by *Chef's Geheimnis* ("secret of the chef") and if the waiter shows the slightest hesitation, don't order it. Don't be baffled by an enormous menu decorated with early views of the historic inn. Ask whether the trout for the *truites au bleu* is still alive, and whether the *Butterschnitzel* is really made with butter. Look the menu over as a general looks at a map, order the main dish first and then work your way back to what comes first. Ignore dishes with doubtful nomenclature and high prices, which cover up second-rate ingredients and the nightmares of a misanthropic saucier.

Sometimes ignorance will create a nice element of surprise. It's always a pleasure to discover another fine French cheese when they bring you the *plateau* with a large selection. There are said to be 450 of them in France, and de Gaulle once said quite rightly you should be patient with a nation that is divided into 450 different cheeses. Incidentally, don't order dishes that come with a *sauce de Gaulle.* The ingredients are sometimes mysterious and not easily digestible for Americans with a sensitive stomach.

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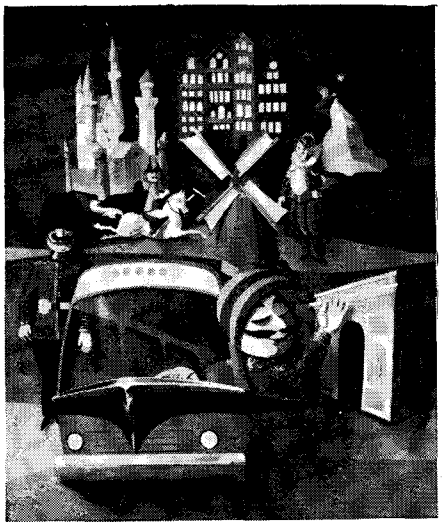

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TRAVELERS' TALES

By BARNETT D. LASCHEVER

WOMEN travel book writers, it would appear from two current offerings, are setting the early trend for 1963. Naomi Barry writes endearingly of a love affair she has been carrying on for many years with a city, the City of Light on the Seine. Mrs. Barry is no newcomer to travel writing; for years she has delighted American tourists, and expatriates, with a column in the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*. But "Paris Personal" (Dutton. 282 pp. $4.50) is her first book.

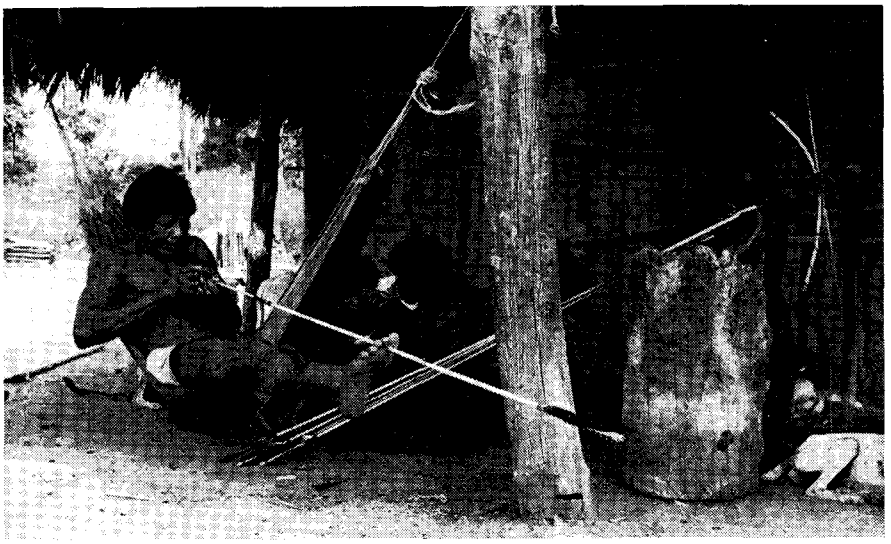
Kate Simon burst into the travel writing field just a few years ago with a book that became an immediate best-seller, "New York Places and Pleasures." Her latest entry, "Mexico Places and Pleasures" (World. 447 pp. $6), is based on seven trips to Mexico, including stays of extended periods.

The women's technique: essays, anecdotes, and vignettes interpolated with the hard facts of tourism. Both are witty, perceptive writers of taste.

In one artfully written volume, Mrs. Simon combines the best aspects of a good guidebook, a collection of descriptive essays, and a lively history book. As in her first work, she proffers all the facts the perceptive tourist will need—without overwhelming with the tedious details that make reading so many other guides a wearisome burden.

Most important, the author writes with good taste and a deep feeling for the country and people she knows so well. Hers is a deep involvement with her subject; she writes not from the lofty perch of the observer—though she certainly sees all with a sharp eye, but rather as a participant in the life that swirls around her. In one of the several chapter-breaking interludes, called "Mexican Hours," she writes of a small incident at 2:15 P.M. on a summer day. An American woman on a bus (obviously the author) is baking in the sun next to a window that has no shade. "She sits in molten somnolence, not bothering to look out or ask why the bus has made another of its short eccentric stops." Suddenly the driver's assistant leaps back on the bus and offers her an ice pop, because he felt so bad the shade was broken, and for *amistad* (friendship). She refuses: "If ameobic dysentery has a color, that of the ice is it. He is crestfallen and she, realizing it would be doubly tactless to give her reasons, is miserable."

Mexico City, the principal target for most North American tourists (with the notable exception, perhaps, of Tijuana, but then that's not really Mexico), has



The Tapirapes—One of the most graphic chroniclers of far places to emerge in recent years is the Swiss photographer Emil Schulthess. His colors often shriek, his effects, especially when he takes long looks at sunsets, are often startling; a pair of attributes which have surely been abetted by daring cropping and stunning Swiss reproduction. Hemmed in by the limits of black and white, he is equally dextrous. His clouds on the plains shout thunder, and his stampeding horses kick dust across the page. Latest of his works (Africa and Antarctica were the first two) is "The Amazon," which he displays magnificently from Tatu Tupuja arrowheads to Brasilia's blocks. A salon selection of his photographs was recently shown at New York's IBM Gallery, will now go on a nationwide tour for a year. Simon and Schuster is the publisher.

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the most space devoted to it. But there's no skimping on the rest of the country. She covers what she calls "The poster route—Taxco and Acapulco," rather perfunctorily. She does not criticize or disparage, but after all Acapulco differs from other famous seaside resorts only in its startling scenic beauty. "It is great fun," writes Mrs. Simon, "a gold-plated Disneyland for large tots, and there are people who take one good look and turn quickly back to three-dimensional, earthly Mexico."

But excursions to other parts of Mexico are carefully laid out, with evaluations and recommendations of hotels, restaurants, and shopping possibilities. Guanajuato, Tehuantepec, Veracruz, Cuernavaca, and the Yucatan —their moods, their contrasts, their people, all are discussed with relish.

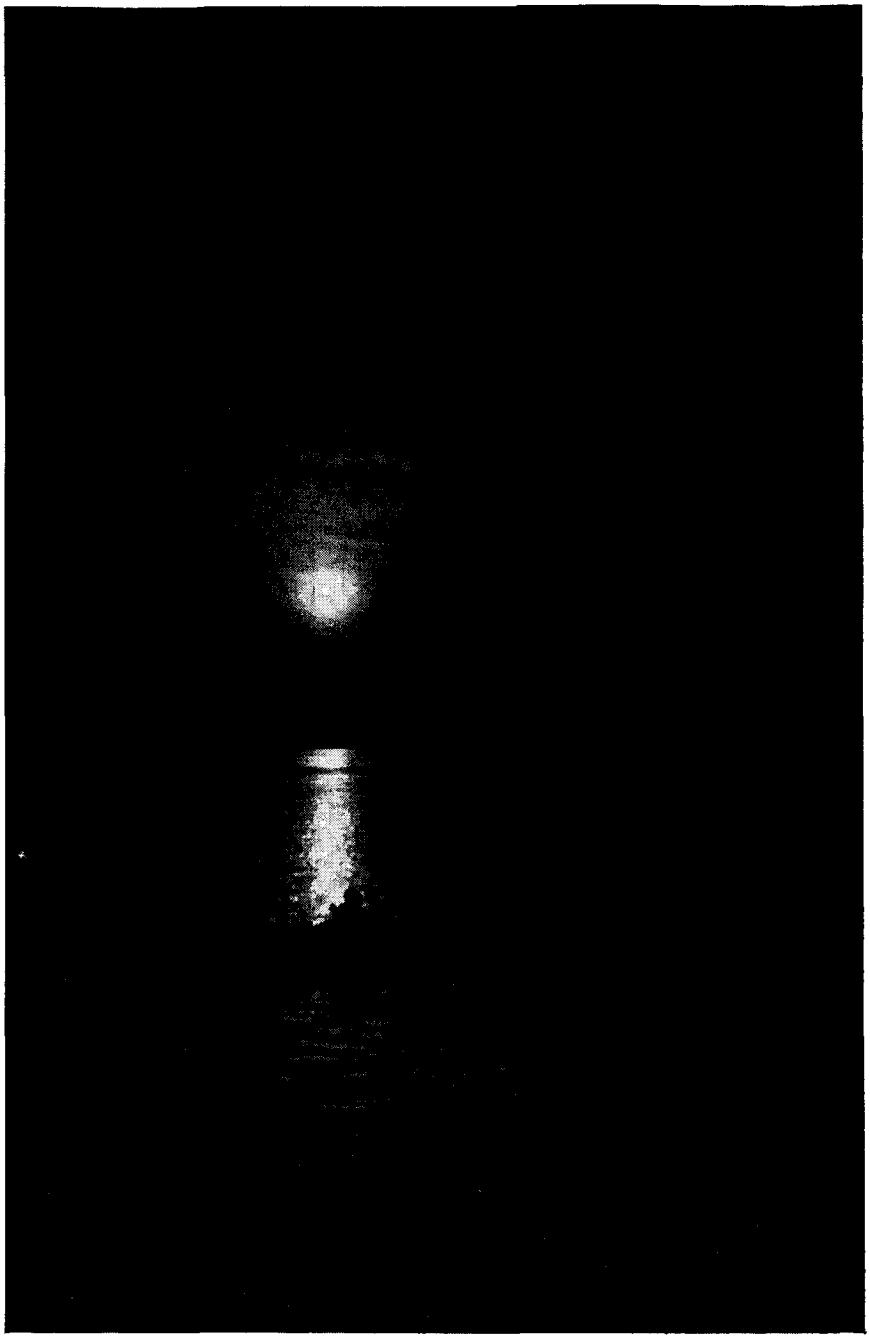
Follow Mrs. Simon into a shop or market, and you will leave with items that will give pleasure for many years, to you or to those who receive them as gifts. Again, there is no mere listing, but a loving description that almost places the gift in your hand as you read about it. Looking for guaraches? You'll find an endless supply in any resort town, but, "for the fascinating crude ones with soles of discarded rubber tire, joints of metal and scraps of thick, indestructible leather which stinks forever, wait for the country markets you may pass. Can't stay away from second-hand stores and "their promise of glorious bargains"? Mrs. Simon points the way: "You may find many things disappointingly priced, or you may find a treasure cheaply wrested from a great household fallen on evil days."

The reader of this uncommon guide also can share with Mrs. Simon a truly uncommon experience: the hallucinogenic effects of eating certain mushrooms in an obscure mountain village. Others have sampled the magical fungus —and reported glorious visions. Not so Mrs. Simon: "Our group suffered inordinate anguish, each in his own way, as abysmally black and suffocating as the earlier, perfect happiness had been supremely, vaultingly beautiful."

Mrs. Simon writes knowledgeably of customs and folkways, of mythology and food, humor and *machismo*, that unrelenting impulse that compels Mexican men to assert their masculinity in nearly every situation and encounter in life.

Mrs. Barry's book is likely to raise a question in the mind of any Paris fancier. Surely, one might contend, the harvest has been bountiful and the larder overflows with books that purport to tell the inside story of the City of Light. Yet the fact is that Naomi Barry is no ordinary guidebook writer, and this is not just another collection of warmed-up, well-known facts.

Restaurants? Mrs. Barry, a distin-



Indeed, you may hear a lament from a mermaid

"Beware the magic spell of Venice" may sound like an old wives' tale to you.

But better heed the warning when you view Venice beneath a full moon. Then, the centuries-old grandeur so enchanting by daylight becomes bewitching.

Unless you take care, the play of light upon the water may play tricks on your imagination. You may see the ghost of Casanova stalking the balcony of the filigree Doges' Palace. Indeed, you may hear a lament from a mermaid languishing on The Lido or a sigh from "The Bridge of Sighs."

By daylight, too, you'll become so imbued with the beauty of Venice you'll never want to leave. But take heart. You can take home treasures of glass and heirlooms of lace as mementos of your magic moments.

Risk a sojourn in Venice this Spring or Fall when there's a full moon. Ask your travel agent for details. Or write: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Ufficio Comunale Turismo, Venice, Italy.

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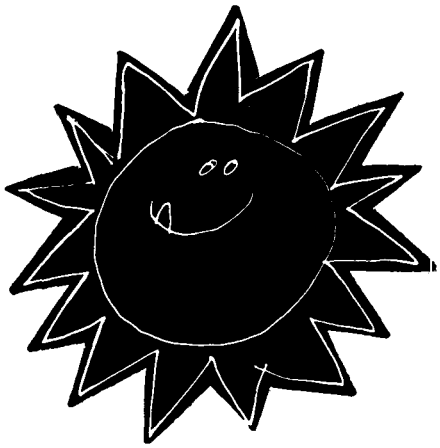

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guished journalist and long-time resident of Paris, will direct you to her favorites, to those that have endeared themselves to the French, and even to some that have notable reputations. But, as she writes, "a few world-famous restaurants have been omitted on purpose, because I positively hate them."

A listing of bistros not frequented by tourists? Here it is, but it's more than just a listing. With loving care, Mrs. Barry briefly sketches a biography of the bistro and its owner and describes in mouth-watering phrases the specialties of the house.

In rollicking good humor, Mrs. Barry gives ice-watered Americans some sophisticated pointers on the selection and drinking of wine. She takes the tourist on a night tour of Paris that manages to include considerably more than the usual string of high-priced clubs where the performers strip and the customers are sheared.

In a chapter headed "You Can Take It Home With You," she directs the shopper—and that includes just about every traveling American—to many of the older shops with long traditions of craftsmanship, and to places where the proprietors still have a deep sense of pride in offering personal service. The purchase of a single pair of gloves at Hermès "is like a contract of marriage. You are now entitled to bring back your gloves for repair, for washing, for cleaning, for transformation from elbow length to wristlet." Antiques, jewelry, old wallpaper, eyeglasses, tablecloths, porcelains, and even buttons—all come under the discerning eye of the author, who has obviously spent many happy hours ferreting out the true bargains for the sophisticated shopper in Paris.

The high fashion houses, we learn, are not just for the wealthy. Don't be intimidated by famous names. Said one of the top designers to Mrs. Barry: "Just tell all those nice little people who are afraid to come into the couture houses that we want to make just as much money as everyone else. . . . business houses love clients, and we are in business."

In the warm prose style that has delighted readers of her column in the Paris *Trib* for years, Mrs. Barry delves into the art galleries and museums, bookshops and food markets; she rhapsodizes on the special pleasures of just walking the streets of Paris and making discoveries of her own, of the pleasures—and multitudinous opportunities—of just sitting down outside in Paris, a pleasure denied us to a great extent in most American cities.

Among the other seasonal entries:

GRECIAN CALENDAR. By Christopher Rand. Oxford. 203 pp. $4.75. A warm-hearted ramble across the Greek countryside and among its storied isles by an inveterate traveler. Not an organized guidebook in the traditional sense, but full of useful information on food, sigh seeing, festivals, history, and the character of a people described as among the friendliest in the world. Much of the material was gathered by the author during his many walking expeditions. Unfortunately, the writing is a bit pedestrian, too.

BAEDEKER'S GUIDEBOOK—ITALY. Macmillan. 548 pp. $10. The first, and apparently still the last, word in guidebooks, this worthy tome leaves no sight unseen, no church uncharted, no fact unfathomed in its relentless pursuit of everything there is to know about touring Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia. For the serious tourist who leaves nothing to chance and wants to see all and know all. The extensive hotel listing categorizes by class but makes no further evaluation. Maps, history, suggested tours, conversion tables, tire pressures: all in all, the ultimate in guidebooks, even though its mass of information makes it somewhat difficult to curl up with in front of a fire on a cold winter's night.

CALIFORNIA. By Keith Monroe. Dutton. 256 pp. $4.50. Information and anecdotes dished up in an engaging prose style by a long-time resident of California who obviously has poked his head into most of the nooks and crannies of his beloved adopted state. Much good advice also on job, home, and business prospects for those who think California is a good place to live, not just to visit. Discussed by regions, but separate sections are devoted to the major cities. An excellent guide for both tourists and prospective immigrants, whose lemming-like flow to the Coast in postwar years has boosted California's population to pre-eminence in the United States. Illustrated with enticing photographs.

FACE OF NORTH AMERICA. By Peter Farb. Harper & Row. 316 pp. $6.50. A weighty work that deals, as its subtitle says, with the natural history of a continent. A detailed analysis of America's woods and rivers, prairies and mountains, fields and seacoasts—and how they all came to be and what's likely to happen to them in the years to come. The amateur naturalist who asks, "What trees are these?" as he drives across the country will find it profitable to dip into this scholarly exposition. Illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs. Scientific in approach, yet highly readable, it takes the mystery out of our natural sur-

(*Continued on page* 80)

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A beach on Puerto Rico's western shore—great spot for dunking ***junior executives.*** *Photograph by Tom Hollyman.*

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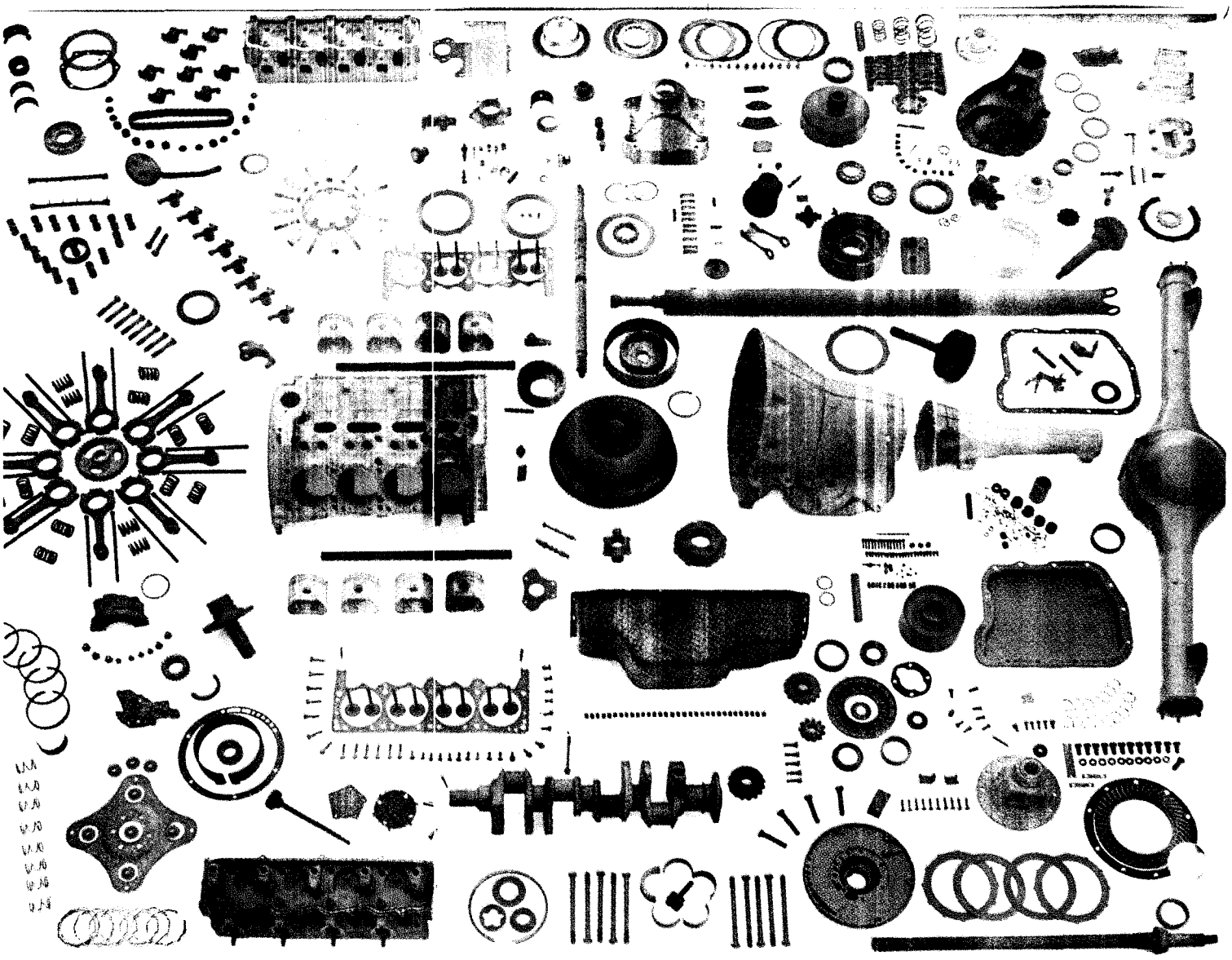

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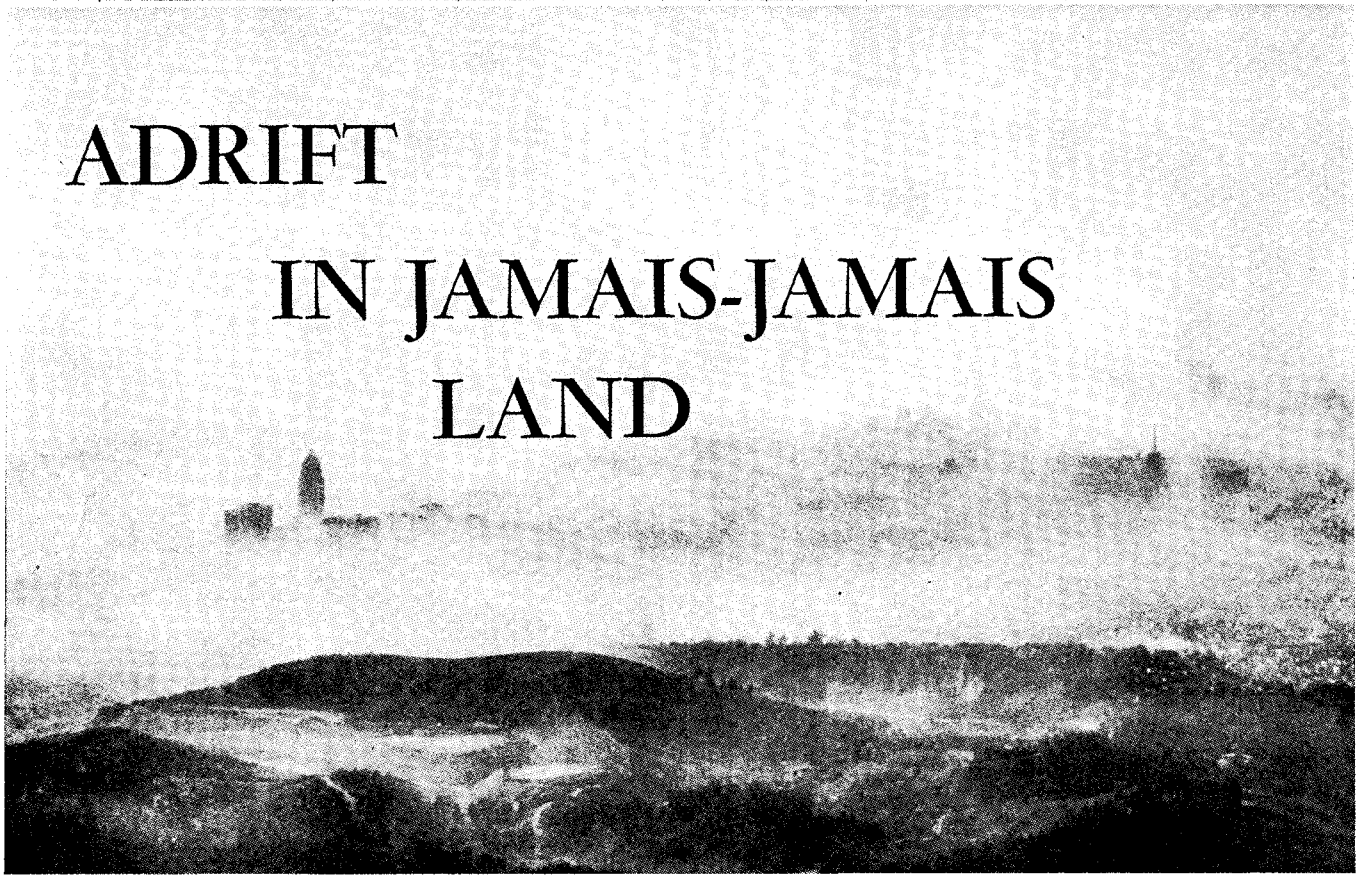

—*William Garnett in "This Is the American Earth."*

By MARGARET BENNETT

WHEN I lie awake nights in European hotel rooms, my head comfortably jackknifed at a ninety-degree angle by the bolster, my ears caressed by the steady plop-plop of the drip-drys dripping dry, my mind tends to wander. Most often it comes to rest in the mythical city of Rien, France—the city which is famous for absolutely nothing.

This unpicturesque town, located somewhere in Jamais-Jamais Land, is a convenient overnight stop for weary travelers en route from France to Germany, from Switzerland to the Netherlands, from Belgium to Italy, or from Spain to Denmark—and vice versa.

In Rien the tourist can relax completely, his conscience clear because there is nothing in this town he should be seeing, doing, or having done to him. He can be certain that when he gets back to the States no one will ask with an incredulous sneer, "You mean you were in Rien and didn't . . .?" (As, "You mean you were in Nottingham and didn't visit the grave of Lord Byron's dog?" "You mean you were in the Canary Islands and didn't go up a volcano on camelback and fry egg in volcanic heat?" "You mean you were in Helsinki and didn't have a coeducational sauna?")

Historically, Rien, because of its singular lack of beauty and natural resources, has been ignored by all civilizations from the Cro-Magnon to the present. The Romans passing through the area didn't pause long enough to drop a single coin or weapon.

No person of note or achievement was ever born, died, or spent the night in the town. The sons of Rien have been 4F since Henry I, and have been so ever since. Because the Riennais are orthodox agnostics, they have never built a cathedral. And, hand-in-hand with this lack of religion has gone a colossal disinterest in art, exemplified by the fact that within the city limits there cannot be found even one painting of St. Sebastian or one sculptural representation of the Three Graces.

Riennais cuisine is unique on the Continent and particularly delightful to the tourist. There are no regional dishes based on beans, sauerkraut, or pasta and featuring crustaceans or the internal organs of any beast or fowl. Here one eats the simple fare of meat, potatoes, and a vegetable with no nagging sense of guilt. ("You mean you were in Caen and didn't try *tripes à la mode de Caen*?")

For those who are seeing Europe through a viewfinder, Rien provides a respite from that leather harness supporting thirty-eight pounds of photographic equipment. Not only is the town itself nothing, but the surrounding countryside—a solid stretch of cabbage fields and pig farms—tempts no one to remove his lens cover. Not even the Riennais with their characterless faces and unimaginative native costumes (somber business suits for men; shirtmaker dresses for the women) are worth recording on Kodachrome. It is this particular feature of Rien that also endears it to the folks back home.

But the greatest pleasures in Rien are to be found after dark. As night falls, the slow-moving life of the daytime city comes to a complete standstill. There are no "*son et lumière*" spectacles, since there is neither anything to illuminate nor anything to tell about. Without a Roman amphitheatre, there is no place to hold festival performances of "Otello" or "The Abduction from the Seraglio." Naturally, a provincial town of the caliber of Rien would have no night clubs with *déshabillées* dancing girls or gambling casinos. The tourist can, therefore, crawl contentedly into his bed right after dinner, secure in the knowledge that he is not missing a thing. He is also assured of an uninterrupted night's sleep, because in Rien no ancient clocks clang the quarter hour, no jukeboxes play "Never on Sunday," nor do Vespas explode on the cobblestones at 3 A.M.

But always, as the first lights of dawn illume the *bidet* in the corner of my room, the image fades. I sigh, knowing that Rien, like every other Shangri-la, can exist only in the mind. And, donning my still-damp drip-drys and my sensible walking shoes, I pick up my guidebook and camera and stride purposefully out the door.

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BUZZARD DAY. On this date each year the buzza return to Hinckley, Ohio, to rear their young and to be greeted by a community spring festival.

Mar. 18—Monday

NATIONAL SHOE CARE WEEK. "To inform people on how to care for shoes so they will look better and wear longer."

Apr. 1—Monday

APRIL IS RUG CLEANING MONTH. "To educate the public to the merits of professional rug cleaning and the need for such professional care."

Apr. 14—Sunday

CHERRYVILLE EASTER EGG FIGHT. "Opponents test durability of their dyed hard-boiled eggs by tapping them against each other in 150-year old custom." Cherryville, N.C.

HONEY FOR BREAKFAST WEEK. "To promote honey as an important part of the breakfast menu and to educate the consumer as to honey uses and benefits."

Apr. 21—Sunday

MOTHER-IN-LAW DAY. "You can get along better with your mother-in-law if you humor her."

YOUTH TEMPERANCE EDUCATION WEEK. "The truth for youth on the alcohol question."

Apr. 28—Sunday

NATIONAL RAISIN WEEK. "Promotion for bakeries and a broad publicity campaign."

May 1—Wednesday

NATIONAL FOOT HEALTH MONTH. "To encourage bette foot care and prevent foot defects which if neglecte become painful deformities."

May 5—Sunday

HUMANE SUNDAY. "To promote proper care of animals and to publicize the community services offered by humane organizations, SPCA's and other AHA affiliates."

NATIONAL INSECT ELECTROCUTOR WEEK. "To publicize Insect Electrocutors and to promote a wider use of Insectocutors for the control of flies and flying insects."

May 13—Monday

NATIONAL COOLING SYSTEM MAINTENANCE WEEK. "To encourage motorists to have vehicles prepared for summer driving, paying attention to draining, cleaning and protection of cooling systems . . ."

June 1—Saturday

WEAR A GARDEN FLOWER WEEK.

MUTE YOUR MUFFLER MONTH. "To make car owners aware of the importance of a safe, silent, non-leaking muffler on their cars."

PORTABLE RADIO MONTH. "To emphasize the fun of outdoor radio entertainment and to urge owners of portable radios to make sure they are ready for out-of-doors summer listening."

FIGHT THE FILTHY FLY MONTH. "To promote the destruction of dangerous disease-carrying flies."

SUMMERTIME IS BANANA TIME. "To promote banana in picnic and barbecue entertaining throughout the summer months."

June 16—Sunday

NATIONAL MARBLE TOURNAMENT. Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.

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June 17—Monday NATIONAL FIDDLERS. FESTIVAL. Weiser, Idaho.

July 1—Monday RYE BREAD SALES MONTH.

PICKLES FOR PICNIC TIME. "To stimulate interest in picnics and the serving of pickles as a picnic food."

July 4—Thursday KAYAK RACES. Kotsebue, Alaska.

July 16—Tuesday SNAKE RIVER STAMPEDE. Nampa, Idaho.

Aug. 1—Thursday NATIONAL CLOWN WEEK. "To promote a sense of humor on the American scene and to pay tribute to the clowns in all fields who have kept it alive."

NATIONAL DAIRY DAN CONE MONTH. "To promote the consumption of soft frozen ice cream cones to alleviate summer doldrums."

ANNUAL PHONOLA PHUN FESTIVAL. "To stimulate interest in home activities through greater appreciation of home music played on phonographs the Phonola way."

Aug. 3—Saturday JAYCEE BRATWURST DAY. Sheboygan, Wis. "Tons of Brats."

Aug. 30—Friday HUEY P. LONG'S BIRTHDAY. Louisiana.

Sept. 1—Sunday HOME SWEET HOME MONTH. "To promote use of soda bicarbonate in sweetening and refreshing home equipment, major appliances and housewares."

MEASURE YOUR MATTRESS MONTH. "To introduce people-size bedding to Americans who are growing too big for the older standard."

Sept. 14—Saturday NATIONAL POPCORN FARMERS DAY. "To show appreciation of popcorn farmers."

Sept. 25—Wednesday MITCHELL PERSIMMON FESTIVAL. "To celebrate persimmon harvest." Mitchell, Ind.

Sept. 26—Thursday PRESTON COUNTY BUCKWHEAT FESTIVAL. "To promote Preston County, its argiculture, its scenic beauty." Kingwood, W. Va.

Sept. 28—Saturday NATIONAL BAREFOOT FREEDOM WEEK. "To interest women in sensible shoes so they can enjoy barefoot freedom."

Oct. 1—Tuesday YAMBILEE. "To spotlight the contribution of fresh yams to family meal planning."

Oct. 17—Thursday NATIONAL MACARONI WEEK. "To pay tribute to elbow macaroni shapes for adding appeal to the American dining table."

Oct. 21—Monday INTERNATIONAL WHALE WATCHING WEEK. "To gain recognition from man that his brother mammal was smarter when he renounced the land to swim free and think big."

—From "Chases' Calendar of Annual Events," published by Apple Tree Press, Flint, Mich.

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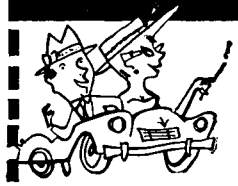

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Polynesian Palmistry

AT OUR house there are periodic thumpings all day long as the heavy coconuts hit the grou The falling breadfruit also make a loud thudding noise, and there are lesser thumps as the mangoes and the avocados come down. The tempo of this thumping and thudding increases during the night when cooling air causes a contraction of the stems.

I continue asking people if they know of anyone being brained by a coconut, and the answers are always negative, as if there were a civic conspiracy against ever revealing the truth. The natives say there is a natural reason why a coconut never hits a human head. The coconut itself has eyes, which are clearly discernible, and as it falls it can see when it is about to hit someone, and so it veers off. If it *should* ever hit a person, it would be a deliberate criminal act on the part of the coconut and so its parent tree would be condemned, and cut down, and the stump covered over. I can almost believe that a coconut has a certain malevolent intelligence concealed in its milk. A couple of nights ago one was lying in the middle of the driveway and I was upon it with the Dauphine before I realized how big it was. That coconut leaped upward and embraced the underside of the little car a sounded as if it were trying to rip through the floor and attack me, and rattled and banged around halfway down the long driveway and then gave up and dropped back to the ground. I stopped the car and got out and picked it up and shook it. It still had plenty of milk in it. Clabbered, probably.

Coconut oil begins with the grated meat which is loaded in wooden bowls, covered with leaves and set in the sun. The meat ferments, freeing the oil which settles to the bottom. It is then scented with gardenia juice, or the perfume of some other native flower. For generations the girls of Tahiti have used this oil, rubbing their bodies and dressing their hair with it. I have read that it sometimes becomes rancid and gives off an evil smell but nobody is offended by this—a girl with a rancid smell is given credit for at least trying.

Have I slighted breadfruit? We have had little traffic with it, except for hearing it thump in the night. We ate it a few times but didn't care much for it. Captain Cook tried it when he was here and wrote in his journal that it tasted like "the crumb of wheaten bread mixed with a Jerusalem artichoke." Captain Cook had his barmy moments.

—H. ALLEN SMITH, in "Two-thirds of a Coconut Tree" (Little Brown).

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The Other Island

Continued from page 40

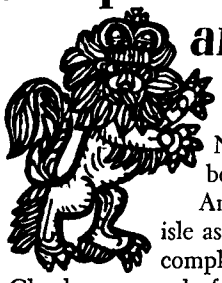
a fishing hut. There is a sheaf of telegraph forms hanging up in case somebody feels like having a bet, when a boy on a pony is sent off to the nearest post office.

The village is a splendid shopping center. It has not yet got a boutique (pronounced bowtike), like Clonmel, but the draper, whose white china horse in the window proclaims him to be a Protestant, has a range of lovely cotton dresses for 12*s.* 6*d.*, and I stock up with his nylons for the whole year. Medical Hall keeps French cosmetics and scent. Next door to where it says "Yoke Your Team to a Pierce Machine" there is an exciting new notice: "Modern Hairstyling." I ask about it in Medical Hall. Oh yes, there are two young ladies trained at New York and they wash your hair backwards. The young ladies have already lost some of the transatlantic hustle, I note. It is half past eleven when I ring their bell; the receptionist is still in her dressing-gown. However, my hair is beautifully washed and the bill is 6*s.*

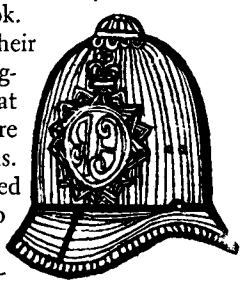
THE Troubled Times are wonderfully over, but can never be forgotten. Their history is that of all resistance movements, ruthless and terrible, with internal factions and betrayals that engendered the blackest hatreds. It seems strange that the kindly, gentle, rather lazy Irish should have been the first to prove that in our modern communities violence always pays. The nation which now comes into being after such revolutionary birth throes, has some unexpected features. It is prim like Dublin architecture; it submits to Rome; it is old-fashioned. When *The Irish Times* publishes the titles of current successful novels, including at least one book which has been warmly praised by Catholic writers in other lands, it is not "for holiday reading"; it is a list of the books banned in Eire on moral grounds. In the same issue a letter from Mr. John Moore complains that a novel of his, which *The Irish Times* itself has described as "unremittingly pleasant" and which has been read out on the English wireless as "A Book at Bedtime," is on the list.

The piety of the Irish has often been turned to patriotic ends and still has a nationalistic flavor. To this day there is not much fraternization with Protestants. I asked my hostess what would happen if she asked the priest to dinner. "If he came," she said, "he would very soon be moved to another parish." A pagan element, too, remains and it is sometimes difficult to know whether saints are being honored or the Little

A spot of tea, some potted ham, and thou!



Not since *My Fair Lady* has anything been so disarmingly calculated to lure Americans to a certain tea-logged British isle as this outrageously honest, witty, and completely enthralling book.



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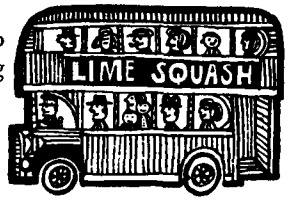

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People. Rags tied to thorn bushes are said to be for the latter, but they look like the ribbons which French peasants tie on the Virgin and the thorn tree surely has a Christian association. I would like to hear more of the Little People, but nobody talks about them very much and they seem to have gone underground. The barrows and prehistoric earthworks still may not be excavated for fear of disturbing them. I asked an old keeper, but he had only seen their pipes—when I looked disappointed he said: "I saw a sow where never a sow there was," and that was the nearest I have ever got to them. There is said to be a fairy's shoe in the Dublin museum. It was found in a bog and the fact that it is worn out proves it is not a doll's shoe.

THE rulers of Eire want the people to speak Irish. It is taught in the schools as a second language; all official notices and forms are written in it, with an English crib. It is really rather easy, the sort of language one could invent oneself. *Corneal* = corner, *telefon* = telephone, *aerphort* = airport, etc. But parents do not approve of their children being made to waste time learning Irish at *scoil* and there is a good deal of resistance to it. Some Common Market language would certainly be more useful. In fact, Eire does not live with the times. Before the English ascendancy Ireland ignored "the new restless Europe with its Crusades and Hildebrandine movements, its stone castles, cathedrals, its feudalism, its charters, its trade routes and all the stir of modernity," and now that the ascendancy is over she turns her back on the atomic age.

It might be easier to foresee the future of Ireland if one knew the inwardness of her past. She has had no Michelet, no Trevelyan, of her own. Perhaps historiography is not an Irish talent; an Englishman might well find the close scrutiny of his own ancestors at their very worst rather depressing. For reasons of space, historians of England can only present this strange people, in its fairy-like island, as John Bull's worrying neighbor; this is not good enough. Some young genius ought now to begin his life's work, a great History of Ireland.

"The Other Island" appears in "The Water Beetle," a collection of essays by Nancy Mitford to be published by Harper & Row next month.

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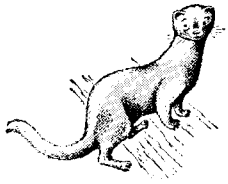
Paradise Island

Continued from page 54

models in case of a sudden fashion ...w. Each tabletop flips over to be...ome a mirror, an evidence that Hartford has not altogether forgotten his days as a model agency entrepreneur. The old open verandah has been glassed in, the Wenner-Gren pool made into a fountain, his beach house into a bar. The nearby sand strip, called Hartford Beach now, a short walk under the pines, is a gorgeous arc decorated with striped sheik's tents, each with two circular canvas dressing rooms inside. On the pads, soaking up the benefits of Paradise, lies an assortment of aristocracy—landed, café, and celebrated.

For guests who tire of the nightly fare with nothing to look at except each other and the five-block view of lighted gardens, Hartford has installed a complete three-star French restaurant called the Café Martinique that would certainly hold its own in the center of Gallic gastronomy. Guests of the Ocean Club roll up in limousines, but it is also open to anyone from Nassau who have merely to take the fast boat from the Mermaid Tavern. The approach is reminiscent of an arrival at Lido Venice, for the sea skiff with its cushiony airplane seats slides under a Venetian ...idge and slowly enters Wenner-Gren's ...d lagoon. A Bahamian in *flic*'s dress takes the ropes and assists the customers across the landing. The air is Paris 1890. Diners have cocktails in a paneled den fitted with enormous overstuffed chairs covered with black glove leather. There in the shade of an aged espresso machine they consult the traditional violet menu, anything from *cuisses de grenouilles Provençale* ($4.50) to *Coupe de Fraises Romanoff* ($3). The best of France's cuisine is served from silver tureens which Hartford bought for $1,800 each. Café Martinique uses two, the Ocean Club, six. The staff, imported en bloc from the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo and the Hotel de Cap at Antibes, works with such exquisite finesse that any other dining adventure in Nassau seems like camping out. No corner at Café Martinique has been overlooked. The men's room is fitted with silver fixtures, the ladies' with gold. Even the cabinets are paneled and hung with prints.

The first nine holes of the golf course, strung like a fringe along the sea in the celebrated manner of Pebble Beach, are open and playing. The back nine is ...aiting only for a firmer growth of ...ass. Under Pancho Gonzales, the tennis courts get a steady play and so, for that matter, do the tables of Paradise Tennis, an elongated form of ping-pong evolved by Hartford and Gon-



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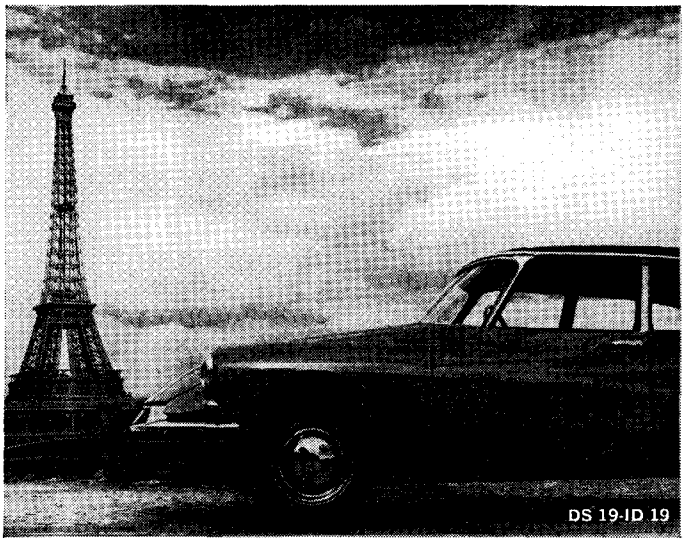

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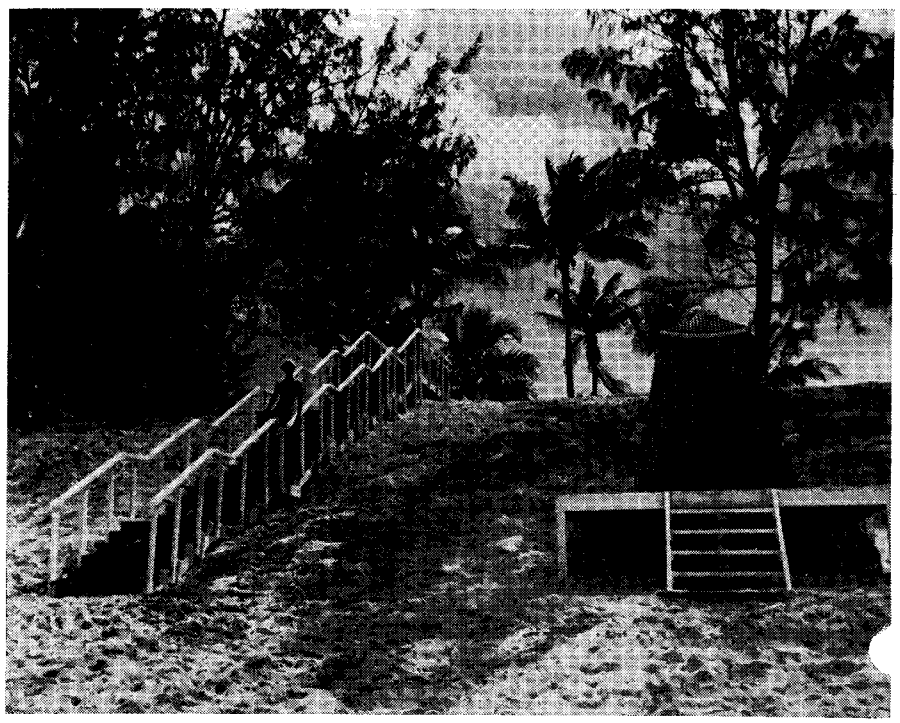
zales. Hurricane Hole, the yachtsman's marina, is being dredged to make more room. Eventually it will be edged with small piano bars and shops after the fashion of Saint Tropez. The only piano at the moment is in Hartford's own yacht, but he staffs it with a player who tinkles from 4:30 to 8:30 each day while the management sells drinks.

During his tenure Wenner-Gren developed beautiful riding trails, and they wind today for three easy hours over pine beds shaded by majestic casuarinas, then high above the beach, along the canal, past unsung beaches, and alongside those odd cement structures at the edge of the Atlantic. By order of Mrs. Hartford, an interested equestrienne, all trail riders must first prove themselves in the show ring. The stables house ten horses and three ponies, one of whom has already foaled. The name of the first born: Diane of Paradise.

Hartford's original plan had been to allow no automotive traffic on the island, but the urgencies of modern travel scotched those ideas. The carriage house still holds surreys, buckboards, and little wicker governess carts that can be engaged for outings.

Paradise Beach, always a public, pay-as-you-go sand crescent, and one of the world's best, has been greatly improved under the Hartford regime. Debarking from boats, guests ride a sort of zoo train down great boulevards of casuarinas. For two dollars they get large lockers, marble showers, and a swim from the same beach occupied by the Porcupine Club, an immensely snooty combine whose forty-four regular and fifty-two seasonal members include Pierre du Pont III, Mrs. I. W. Killam, allegedly the richest woman in the world, Richard K. Mellon, Laurence Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, and Lady Eunice Oakes. Oddenough it does not include Huntington Hartford, whose admission was allegedly denied. Still, the two-dollar Paradise people swim in the same sea from the same beach, and the Porcupiners, up the strand a bit, can tune on the calypso band that plays every day for lunch and once a week for the barbecue. While the Porcupine people are not about to embark on bald fraternization, they have sent along a tentative query wondering if their members could be permitted to play the Paradise golf course at a slight reduction.

Hartford's island seems, indeed, to have everything except inhabitants. Yet there must be a limit to how long anyone can sustain a $25,000-a-week payroll in a resort that has room for only 100 guests. There are rumors that Hartford is already bored with the whole project. On the other hand, there are plans to build an enclosed theatre at the public beach, a $9-a-day 200-room hotel near the casuarina boulevards for the young and thin-in-pocket, and a medium-priced hotel for the better-to-do somewhere near the fourth green at the sea's edge. The Ocean Club is supposed to get another hundred rooms. But the empty trails, the sparsely settled sands, the trees with no one to shade seem to say, when? when? After all, what's a paradise without people?



Hartford Beach—on the pads, soaking up the benefits of Paradise, an assortment of aristocracy; on the table, cuisse de grenouille Provencale.

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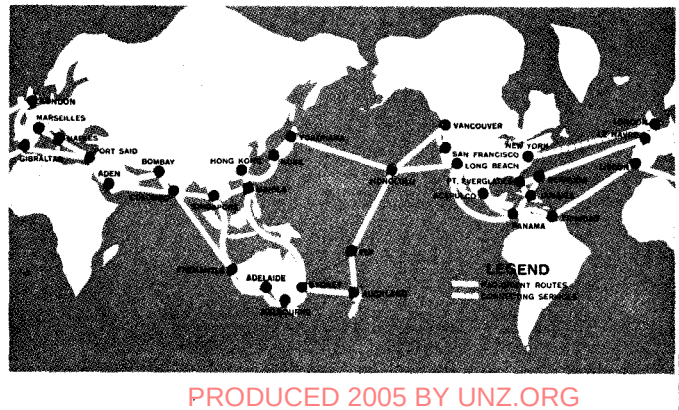

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Easter in Crete

Continued from page 36

and riding breeches, led a circle of , with their arms around one another's shoulders, in the wild *Pentozali* —the Cretan warriors' dance, which is said to be based on the ancient Pyrhhic dance.

Dusk descended on dancers, players, watchers; a row of village boys leaning on a wall made a silhouette against the dim background of gaunt peaks and lonely valley. There was a timeless quality about the scene that made me wonder: Where have I seen this before? Then I remembered—the dancing figures on Greek vase paintings of the fourth and fifth centuries B.C.

Later, in all the taverns and coffeehouses there was singing, dancing, and drinking unparalleled. The shepherds had come down from the heights of Mt. Dikte for this occasion; lean and tall, they wore their *sarikis*—tasseled headbands—at defiantly rakish angles over their bronzed brows. When they

—From "Treachery in Crete."

danced, they did it with demonic vigor, stomping, whirling, slapping their boots as they leaped in the air, while the watchers whistled loudly and shouted an approving "O-pah!"

A little man with a wispy mustache, who had been singing with angelic devotion during the preceding days and nights in church, suddenly blossomed as a rollicking shouter of bawdy songs. Hoarse-voiced and bleary-eyed, he sang and sang, while his mountainous wife sat silently smiling, occasionally refilling her husband's glass with wine.

Several young men, home from the army for the holidays, strolled the eets playing a violin and a mandolin d singing *mantinades* (rhymed couplets, both traditional and impromptu, sung to ritual tunes). At midnight I went to bed; at 2 A.M. I heard the strolling singers, and again at 4. All night long the insistent, insinuating Cretan music drifted on the air above the darkened village, telling of love, war, death, and the struggles of Cretans for freedom. The next morning when I went out for coffee they were still at it, sitting under an old plane tree, singing their hearts out.

In the mauve light of Easter Monday morning I followed the villagers down the hill to the graveyard. There, under tall cypresses, beside a white chapel facing the long valley leading to the sea, the people were assembled near their family graves. The living had feasted; now the dead were to have their meal. Like reanimated figures from an ancient *lekythos*, the women of Kritsa had come with baskets of food to the graves. The baskets, covered with white cloths, lay on the graves while services were conducted inside the chapel.

The wind blew up the valley from the sea, rustled the cypresses and ruffled the hems of the women's brown homespun dresses. It blew gently over the crowd like a sigh and then died away, leaving the old mourning men and women leaning against trees and against the chapel wall in absolute silence, unbroken by any sound save the muffled chanting of the priests. They were remembering—remembering those who had gone, the ones they were honoring with gifts of food and with the silent dignity of their presence in this place where they would all rest some day.

The winds of Crete change quickly, and so it is with the moods of the people. Services ended, and the mourners were transformed in an instant from their mood of sadness and gravity to one of light-hearted generosity. The women opened their baskets and handed the cakes and red eggs to one another and to children and beggars who clamored for their share. There was animated confusion as everyone hastened to give away her basketful of food. A ragged beggar sitting alone near the chapel saw the lap of his cloak fill quickly with cakes, bread, and eggs. Within a few minutes all of the baskets had been emptied.

Then they all walked back up the hill to the village.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. heyday. 2. hobnob. 3. hoodoo. 4. hubbub. 5. humdrum. 6. *hoi-polloi*. 7. handy-dandy. 8. hocus-pocus. 9. hodge-podge. 10. hoity-toity. 11. hokey-pokey. 12. holus-bolus. 13. hurdy-gurdy. 14. hurly-burly. 15. harum-scarum. 16. hurry-scurry. 17. hubble-bubble. 18. hugger-mugger. 19. helter-skelter. 20. higgledy-piggledy.

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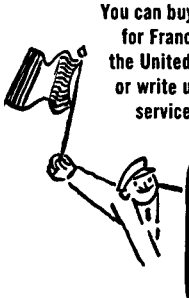

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Stately Homes

Continued from page 50

to help Bedford maintain his abbey. We had been sympathetic toward the Duke and his gallant battle for his home, but that chest, the tin cup on a ducal scale, shook us.

We emerged to read this story in the *Daily Mail*, appropriately headlined "Woburn Mugs":

> The Duke of Bedford, who is in America, has been giving a dissertation on the souvenirs he sells to tourists at Woburn Abbey.
>
> "They're horrors," he said. "At first I chose only the things I liked. There were few sales.
>
> "Then I chose the things I didn't like, and the people couldn't wait to grab them. There's just no bottom to people's bad taste.
>
> "The Duchess doesn't believe in giving change. Instead, when they've bought two horrible items, she gives them two other horrible items."

Candid chap, His Grace.

The Stately Homes business has brought fierce argument into upper-class circles; whether to go into it in the first place; and, once in, how far to go. That Honorable Nancy Mitford (daughter of a baron) is indignant at what she calls the "sad commerce."

"The lowest peasant of the Danube," she wrote, "would stick at letting strangers into his house for 2*s.* 6*d.*, but our dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons not only do this incredible thing, they glory in it . . . and compete as to who among them can draw the greatest crowds. It is the first topic of conversation in noble circles today, the tourists being referred to in terms of sport rather than of cash . . . the bag counted after the shoot.

"'I get twice as many as Reggie, but Bert does better than me.'

The baiting of the trap is lovingly considered.

"'Mummy dresses up in her Coronation robes, they can't resist it . . .'

"'We've started a pet's cemetery . . .'"

Bedford has an answer to Miss Mitford: "I have been accused of being undignified. I am. If you take your dignity to a pawnbroker he won't give you much for it."

Most of the bluebloods, however, leave the business to the non-profit National Trust, which conducts it with dignity.

You go through a Stately Home in company with other assembled trippers, mostly British, and usually with a group guide. These house guides are well trained for a difficult job. They must round up stragglers with voice

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and eye, quell the little old lady who has a mania about ancestral love affairs, scoop up the lively toddler who is trying to crawl under the bed Charles I slept in, see to it that nothing es into a pocket as unauthorized souvenir. They must talk well and steadily, and be able to answer all manner of questions. Most of them are very good.

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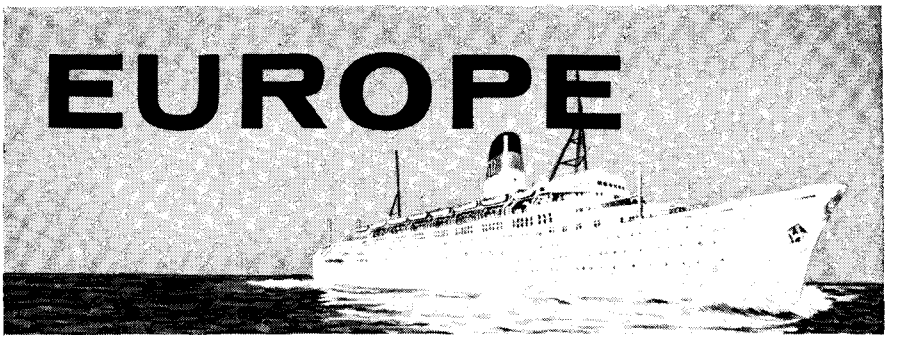
The second is Syon House of the Dukes of Northumberland, in Brentford near Richmond. It was filled by Robert Adam with such a wealth of interior charm and beauty that it might be called an eighteenth-century ducal palace, although its basic structure is much older. There are Adam walls, ceilings, fireplaces, mirrors, carpets, and furniture. The Long Gallery in Syon House is an Adam masterpiece.

Knole is open April to October, and Syon from May to October. Before you go, check days and hours; they re subject to change.

But you can overdo S. H. visiting. The magnificence becomes oppressive, even tedious. When you find yourself saying, "But I wouldn't want to *live* there!" the time has come to stop.



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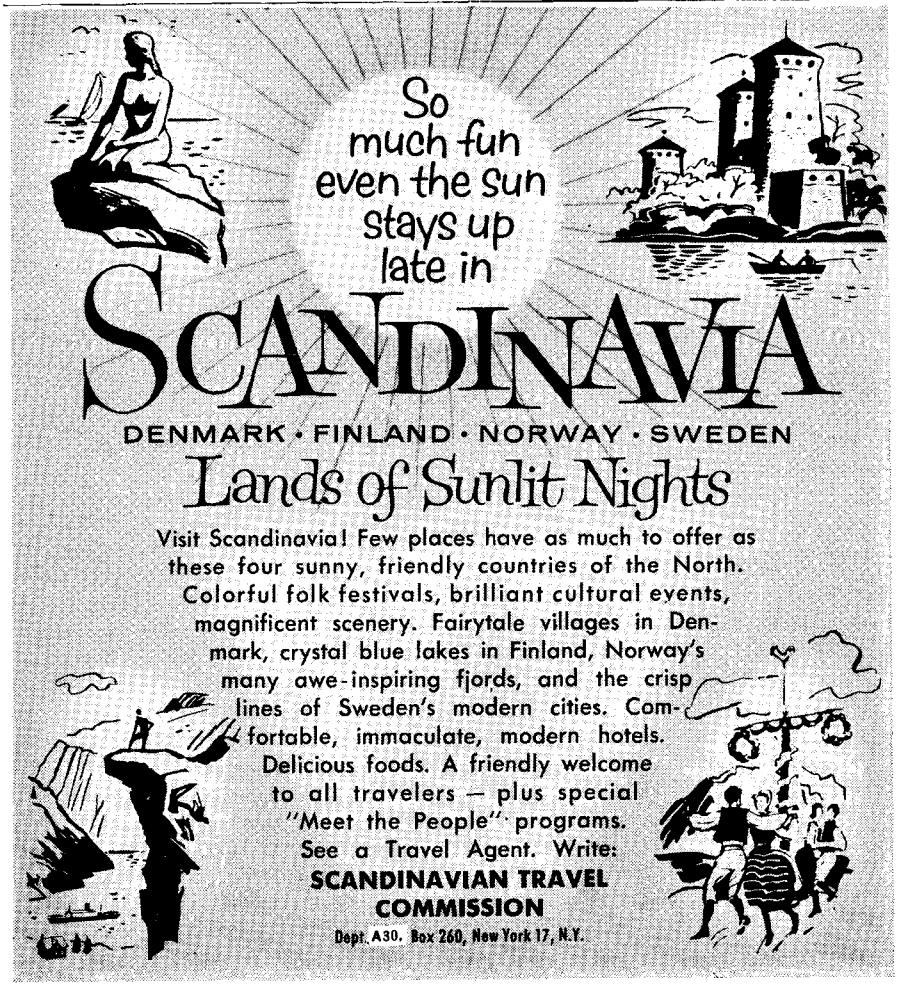
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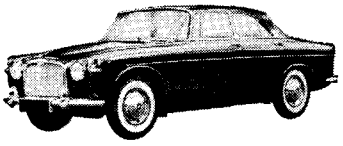

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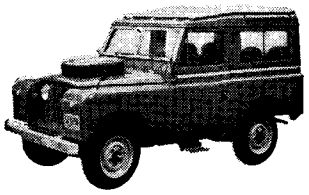

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Travelers' Tales

(*Continued from page 64*)

roundings and will help enliven auto tours now dulled by superhighway sameness.

PARIS ON THE SEINE. By Blake Ehrlich. Atheneum. 375 pp. $12.50. A promenade with many side trips, pauses, and visitations along a waterway that has been witness to many of the most exciting and pivotal moments in the history of the Western world. Handsomely put together, with history told in terms of the passionate—and often cruel—people that made it. Not a guidebook, but a guide. The blood that was spilled on them brings dull gray stones to life. A façade is penetrated, and a family, a prince, or perhaps a cardinal long since dead breathes and moves and reacts again. Profusely illustrated with drawings, reproductions of sketches, and paintings and photographs of modern Paris. The photographs are the least interesting; indeed, we found them depressing, for the camera stayed too much in dark alleys and under bridges where Parisian hoboes tamp down their beds in bundles of straw.

FODOR'S GUIDE TO INDIA. Edited by Eugene Fodor and William Curtis. David McKay. 650 pp. $6.95. Another in the series of highly regarded Fodor guidebooks. Like its predecessors, this thick volume is detailed, accurate, and honest in its appraisals. In view of the complexities of so vast a subject as India, an enormous amount of material has been collected, organized, and interestingly presented. The history of India and a scholarly and sympathetic exposition of the religions of the country should be particularly useful to the Westerner whose schooling leaves him, as a rule, woefully unprepared to understand and appreciate the first-glance strangeness of India. Hotels and restaurants are convincingly evaluated, not just classified and listed.

HONG KONG. By Martin Hurlimann. Viking. 139 pp. $8.50. Brief history, one big map, and many photographs. Actually, this is primarily a picture book of the teeming British Colony that still manages to conjure up in Occidental imaginations visions of Oriental mystery. The photographs range from beautiful scenics of one of the world's most scenic harbors to sensitive close-ups of impoverished Chinese children playing in the crowded alleys. Reproduction of the plates is excellent but placement of caption material is exasperating. Instead of attaching caption to picture, a page of five or six

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captions is followed by several pages of photographs and the reader, alas, must keep thumbing back and forth to match them.

HONG KONG. By Gene Gleason. John Day. 318 pp. $5.95. An in-depth study of the "fabulous enclave," entertainingly written by an experienced reporter with a lively sense of humor. History of the unique colony is traced, with wit and illuminating anecdotes, from the days of the opium wars to its present precarious perch on the shores of Red China. The miracle of Hong Kong's rebirth as a center of manufacture after its decimation at the hands of the Japanese during World War II is vividly described. Concludes with a ramble around the colony that should entice tourists off the beaten track. Tips on shopping for Hong Kong's world-famed bargains are helpful.

OLSON'S ORIENT GUIDE. By Harvey S. Olson. Lippincott. 1,008 pp. $6.95. The peripatetic Mr. Olson—he's a well-known Chicago travel agent—has drawn on years of travel experience in the Far East to compile a complete, albeit unusually organized, guidebook to an area of the world that fast is becoming a new frontier for American tourists. No detail of travel is omitted: obtaining visas, a complete discussion of *all* the airlines and ship companies serving the area; wardrobe suggestions for men and women; shopping; hotels and restaurants; money conversion; sightseeing, and even a small helping of history. Our only quarrel is with layout. Mr. Olson has chosen to break his book into subjects, rather than dealing completely with each country. Thus the tourist in Japan must thumb from section to section as his inclinations shift from restaurants to nightclubs to shopping to sightseeing. A minor flaw, though, in an otherwise excellent guidebook.

ENGLAND! By Lawrence and Sylvia Martin. McGraw-Hill. 405 pp. $6.95. A very professional work by two veteran travel hands. Expertly covers town and country in a light, breezy style, but there's no mincing of words—or opinions. When a restaurant is a horror, the Martins spell it out. Helpful chapters devoted to such subjects as "Their Language and Yours," food, sports and gamesmanship, stately homes (see page 49), British reserve, and best methods of transport. Shopping advice for men, as well as women. Tours out of London are laid out in sufficient detail to inspire many adventures. Explains such manifestations of self-imposed masochism as "morning tea" and the unheated hotel room. Brrrrr, it makes you cold to read about it.

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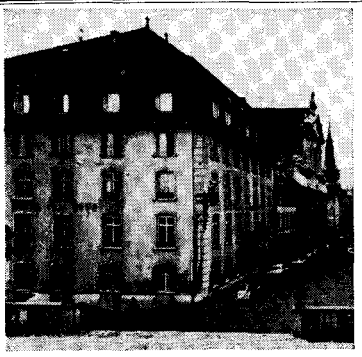

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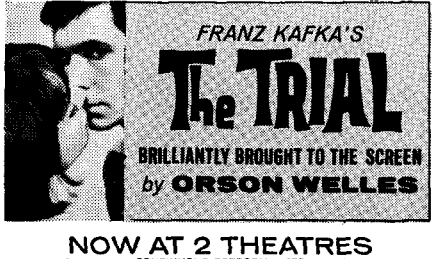

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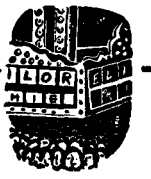

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Evil and Retributi

GERMANS have been growing weary of films that cast their World War II soldiers and leaders as atrocious, vicious, and stupid beings, invariably inhuman, and usually monstrous. But the catalogue of horrors the Nazis and the German army perpetrated is a large one, and memories persist wherever their heavy boots tramped. Present-day Germans have protested, and presumably in vain, against a new Italian film, **"The Four Days of Naples,"** which was "inspired" by the revolt of the Neapolitans just prior to the city's liberation by the American Army advancing from the South. Oddly enough, the movie has caused controversy in Italy, too, a portion of the right-wing press claiming that it has distorted historical fact.

Its director, Nanni Loy, claims that basically the facts occurred as he recounts them, that he used still photographs taken at the time as a basis for reconstructing certain episodes of the revolt, and that 4,000 Neapolitans took arms against the German forces in the city and managed to get them to retreat sooner than they might have otherwise. The population of the city was entirely behind the revolt, says Loy, and by the time it was over, the dead numbered 465, not including several children—to one of whom the film is dedicated.

There are undoubtedly distortions in "The Four Days of Naples." The Italian Fascists are not shown to any real extent, and it is not mentioned at all that several Allied warships showed up briefly on the horizon of the Gulf of Naples, perhaps triggering the uprising. But what is shown is stirring, graphic stuff, all of it done in Naples, with several hundred non-actors participating, and a couple of dozen very good actors playing the principal roles. The street fighting has an authentic look, the many glimpses of individuals caught in the backwash of violence are, for the most part, realistic, too, and Loy's direction is highly effective, his long shots as powerfully evocative as his close-ups. Here we have yet another Italian director of consequence, and if he has strayed now and then from strict adherence to documentary truth, he has at least come up with a valuable portrait of civilians, sickened to death by oppression, deciding to stomach it no more.

A Danish film, exceedingly strange, called **"A Stranger Knocks,"** has to do with a former collaborator coming upon a lonely woman living in a house by the sea. He happens to bear on his arm a scar, like a brand of evil, which identifies him as a torturer and murderer during the time of the German occupation. The woman, as extraordinary circumstance would have it, is the widow of a man put to death by this very stranger, and she learns this fact at the height of a moment of sexual ecstacy with him. The blend of evil, eroticism, and violence is obviously meant to have significance, but it is also meant to shock. The acting by Brigitte Federspiel and Preben Lerdoff Rye is very good, and the direction by Johan Jacobsen slowly builds its mood of tension, but it is all very, very suspect, its contrivances far too obvious.

I'm inclined to think that melodrama (a perfectly respectable movie form) should be treated as melodrama, and not as "serious," for the mixture seems unhealthy. The director, here, has treated his subject portentously, and he has carried two of the erotic scenes about as far as any remotely acceptable concept of taste will allow—and perhaps farther. For this he has been both attacked and defended in Denmark, with an important Catholic weekly coming out for the defense. The film is on view here, so far, only in a Washington, D.C., theatre, and it will be interesting to see how it fares with censorship boards elsewhere. I'll make my own position clear: I think the film should be shown; patrons of art cinemas are, in the main, perceptive adults.

It is a mystery to me why **"Five Miles to Midnight"** was made, unless again, it was to prevent Sophia Loren from having any free time or bank balance trouble. She appears with Anthony Perkins in a sorry, soggy Peter Viertel tale of a young man, sole survivor of a plane crash, who wants to collect his own insurance, and who promises to free his wife (Miss Loren) if she will help him get it. When she discovers that he, perfidiously, intends to keep her with him, she runs over him several times with a small European car. An American model, Milt Kamins commented, would have dispatched him much more quickly. The director, Anatole Litvak (how did *he* get mixed up in this?) dispiritedly settles for suicide as the only proper retribution for Miss Loren. Otherwise, you see, she'd have all that life insurance.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Isak Dinesen

(*Continued from page* 29)

/ to him was that I was not going to call her "Butch" at the first meeting. I said, "I feel the best thing is 'Baroness' so I will call her 'Baroness,'" which I did until we were on a first-name basis and she asked me to call her Tanya, which is her English name.

How can one think of a radiant being? I had only seen a picture of her when she was in her twenties: strong, live, wonderfully beautiful, and with one of her Scotch deerhounds in the shade of the African jungle. I had not thought visually about her person. When I met her, she was very, very frail and old but as she talked her face was lit like a candle in an old church. My heart trembled when I saw her fragility.

When she spoke at the Academy dinner that evening, something happened which I had never seen there before. When she finished her talk, every member rose to applaud her.

At the dinner she said she would like to meet Marilyn Monroe. Since I had met Marilyn several times, and since Arthur Miller was at the next table, I told her I thought that could be very easily arranged. So, I had the great honor of inviting my imaginary friend, Isak Dinesen, to meet Marilyn Monroe, with Arthur Miller, for luncheon in my home.

Tanya was a magnificent conversationalist and loved to talk. Marilyn, with her beautiful blue eyes, listened in a "once-upon-a-time-way," as did we all. Tanya talked about her friends Berkley Cole and Dennis Finch-Hatton. She talked always with such warmth that the listeners didn't have to try to interrupt or change her marvelous conversation.

Tanya ate only oysters and drank only champagne. At the luncheon we had many oysters and for the big eaters several large soufflés. Arthur asked what doctor put her on that diet of nothing but oysters and champagne. She looked at him and said rather sharply, "Doctor? The doctors are horrified by my diet but I love champagne and I love oysters and they agree with me." Then she added, "It is sad, though, when oysters are not in season, for then I have to turn back to asparagus in those dreary months." Arthur mentioned something about protein and Tanya said, "I don't know anything about that but I am old and eat what I want and what agrees with me." Then she went back to her reminiscences of friends in Africa.

It was a great delight for her to be with colored people. Ida, my housekeeper, is colored, and so are my yardmen, Jesse and Sam. After lunch everybody danced and sang. A friend of Ida's had brought in a motion picture camera, and there were pictures of Tanya dancing with Marilyn, me dancing with Arthur, and a great round of general dancing. I love to remember this for I never met Tanya again. Since writers seldom write to each other, our communication was infrequent but not vague. She sent me flowers when I was ill and lovely pictures of her cows and her darling dog in Rungsted Kyst.

When I was asked to go to lecture at the Cheltenham Festival in England last year, I wrote Tanya and asked if she could possibly join me in London. I received a letter from Clara that she not only could not come to London but she could scarcely move from room to room. Soon afterward, I read that this most radiant being had died.

In London, Cecil Beaton called me and said he had spent an afternoon with Tanya two weeks before her death. He invited me to tea. I went to Cecil's extraordinary house. The walls of the sitting room were black velvet and there was a magnificent orange portrait of Cecil by Bebe Berard, whom I loved very much, and who died about a decade ago. In that setting I could see vivacious Tanya with her delicate gestures, drinking champagne instead of tea, enchanting her listeners, enjoying her tales of long ago. I can imagine that she would have enjoyed the chic of the decor.

Cecil said that he was in Denmark two weeks before her death and had called Tanya. He told her he had an appointment in Spain. Tanya said then, "Well, that means, Cecil, I will never see you again and it makes me very sad." Thereupon, Cecil broke his appointment in Spain. Before he had time to hire a car to go to Rungsted Kyst, she called back and said, "Cecil, we have always been such good friends and I hate to have our friendship end on such a disappointing note." Cecil said, "I am just leaving for Rugsted Kyst, and I shall see you this afternoon." Tanya met him at the door, and the driver, seeing her, took off his hat and gave her a full bow from the waist. Cecil asked if she was suffering and she said that the drugs they had given her were sufficient and that she was in no pain. Cecil gave me copies of the last photographs of her: aged and exquisite, she was among her beloved possessions, portraits of her ancestors, the chandeliers, and the beautiful old furniture. Clara wrote me later that she was buried under her favorite beech tree near the shore of Rungsted Kyst.

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Loaded Dice from Olympus

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ASIDE from the fact that she is a very good writer, I know nothing about Sybille Bedford, and not many people, I think, know more. When "A Legacy" was published in 1957, I assumed, there being no evidence to the contrary, that it was in some concrete way autobiographical. Nobody, I felt, could write so authoritatively about the life of well-to-do Germans before the First World War without having had some experience of that life.

Now Miss Bedford's second novel—she has also written three books of nonfiction—raises a perplexing problem. **"A Favourite of the Gods"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) is in some ways like "A Legacy," but in more ways quite dissimilar. Like its predecessor, the new novel has a narrator who keeps pretty much in the background, but Flavia is at least fifteen years younger than the girl in "A Legacy." Moreover, she is of mixed Italian, American, and British descent, whereas the other is German and Jewish. The novel deals with prosperous people and in part with the early years of the century, but the characters, settings, and incidents are completely different in kind from those in the earlier book.

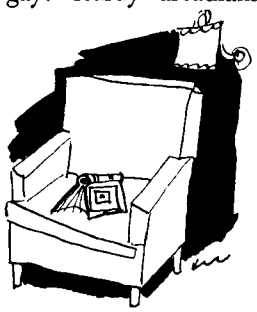
Both books cannot be autobiographical, and yet "A Favourite of the Gods" is just as knowledgeable, just as circumstantial, just as intimate as "A Legacy." One gathers that Miss Bedford is not young, that she has lived a good deal in various parts of Europe, that she has mingled with the upper classes; but beyond that she remains mysterious. If, however, we are puzzled about her, we can have less doubt than ever about her literary gift: wherever her material comes from, she has the imaginative power to give it not merely the illusion of reality but the very breath of life.

The prologue begins with this sentence: "One autumn in the late nineteen twenties, for no particular reason at all, as it would seem, we began to live in France." This is Flavia, who was fifteen at the time, speaking of herself and her mother, Constanza. Soon after crossing the border from Italy to France, on her way to Brussels, where she was to be married for the second time, Constanza discovered that she had lost a ring she valued, and so much time was spent in looking for it that she and her daughter had to spend the night in a small village. "As a matter of fact," Flavia concludes the prologue, "we stayed for eleven years."

Constanza is the "favorite of the gods." Daughter of a Roman prince and an American woman of means, she was fortunate from the moment of her birth. "Constanza's early youth," Flavia says, "must have been a singularly flawless one. Born into surroundings of great physical beauty, into a society both easy and confined, well loved and splendidly endowed herself, her large advantages might have imposed curbing limitations; yet all the dice seemed to have been loaded in her favour, and every discordant circumstance combined to leave her undivided, free, untouched by convention, perplexity or trouble."

The mother of this fortunate woman was born Anna Howland, daughter of a distinguished jurist who brought her up in the best New England tradition of liberal humanitarianism. While visiting Italy after her father's death, she met and fell in love with a prince, Rico. Enthusiastically welcomed by his family, she dominated the household. ("It was she who soon ruled the roost and everybody the merrier for it.") Her adaptability was great, but not great enough to reconcile her to Italian views on sexual behavior. A kind of Jamesian heroine but without the capacity for resignation and abnegation so many of James's American women have, she secured a legal separation from the prince and took Constanza to London.

Constanza, who had been having love affairs since she was sixteen, could not have been less in sympathy with her mother's ideas on the subject of sex, but was in general devoted to her, and they lived together happily. Constanza took an interest in literature and politics, liked to hunt, and had no lack of male companionship. "The men who attracted her were vigorous, detached, subtle, gay: sturdy arcadians whose spirit matched her own. A rake herself, she looked for brother rakes, and even in that England found them. With these she was generous. She gave an expected sensuality, a measure of passion, *gentilezza*: a light tenderness, and comradeship. Any one attachment while it lasted—for some weeks, some months, a season—held her entirely. When it was over, it was over."



So the two lives went on, through good years and through the bad years of the First World War. Constanza married, chiefly to make her mother happy, and had a daughter, Flavia; but the marriage ended badly because her husband could not accept her on her terms. The following years, when Constanza was living here and there as she pleased, are passed over rapidly. "Life was still good to her. Exceptionally good. She had what all mortals pray for and unfortunately few are given. She had health, she had looks, she had money for her needs. If she was free is too large a question, but it can be said that in terms of our common lot she was her own master." So the story moves down to the time of the prologue, and then moves beyond it, to suggest something of the character of Flavia, to describe the end of Anna, to give us a final glimpse of the favorite of the gods.

The novel, like "A Legacy," seem artlessly and arbitrarily put together but is actually shaped with great skill and assurance. Again as in the earlier book, the narrator is never obtrusive, and much of the novel is in effect written in the third person, and yet there is an "I" to give immediacy. As has been intimated, the narrative has the air of absolute authenticity, even though the life it describes is strange and romantic. As for style, I hope the passages I have quoted sufficiently demonstrate that Miss Bedford writes with originality, precision, wit, and grace. Reading the book is the pleasantest sort of experience.

In addition to great technical skill and stylistic power, Miss Bedford has wisdom. She makes us see, for instance, that there is in Constanza, along with her capacity for enjoying life, a typically pagan strain of melancholy. If she knows anything, she knows that human beings are not simple, that always there is a mystery within a mystery. A constant awareness of human absurdity is balanced by a noble tenderness. Whoever Miss Bedford may be, wherever and however she acquired her experience, she has learned how to use it t excellent literary effect. England at the moment has many gifted women writers, and Sybille Bedford is not far down on the list.

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Witness in the White House

"The Ordeal of Power: A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years," by Emmet John Hughes *(Atheneum. 372 pp. $5.95), views the ex-President's Administration as a personal and political tragedy of lost opportunities. Henry Brandon is Washington correspondent for the London Sunday Times.*

By HENRY BRANDON

EMMET JOHN HUGHES vaguely reminds me of Upton Sinclair's fictional hero, Lanny Budd. He is a sympathetic figure with a driving desire to be a sort of Man Friday to men of power and influence, whether they be Presidents, publishers, or governors. He usually does not quite share their outlook, but that seems to be only an added incentive; for he is essentially a crusader who on the whole manages keep both feet on the ground, who wants to improve the ideas Americans live by, and who finds satisfaction in improving the ideas of those men he attaches himself to and exerting influence through them.

Again like Lanny Budd, Hughes can be profound or superficial, idealistic or skeptical, sophisticated or naïve, brilliant or half-cocked; but mostly his instincts are sound. He is the kind of American who makes this nation attractive to foreigners. He is endowed with enormous enthusiasm, a drive to engage himself intensely in the interests of his country, and a restlessness with things as they are, which the younger generation in Europe today lacks or rarely has an opportunity to apply. He best expresses his own feelings when he says in this latest book, his fourth, that "doubt and ire alternate with compassion and hope." In the end, playing *eminence grise* via the pen is frustrating and disillusioning.

This "political memoir"—an apt subtitle—was inspired by his own experience of more than two years as a speech writer for President Eisenhower. The main title, I presume, refers to the deal it was for Eisenhower to exercise power; but in the end, I felt, it tells us more about Hughes's ordeal of trying to define both what he calls his "intense comradeship" with Eisenhower and the latter's elusive character.

Hughes first served as a speech writer for the President during the election campaign in 1952, following which he joined the White House staff in the same function; but, as he puts it, the President's ways and views and his own "steadily grew more gravely apart," and early in 1954 he resigned. The book therefore loses some of its special interest as an "inside report" rather early; but, thanks to the intermittent contact he kept with the President, either by letter, by an occasional personal visit to the White House, or by helping on a speech here and there, he maintains the impression of continuing to be an "insider."

He brings the contradiction in Eisenhower the man to life better than anybody else has succeeded in doing so far, essentially, perhaps, because he is a trained and quite brilliant reporter with the capacity for writing and judging perceptively from both inside and outside the ring. He takes the reader with remarkable skill through his own emotional ups and downs with the President, without, however, telling us of his own personal disappointments that led to his resignation. He lights up with obvious affection Eisenhower's many attractive traits, but he also brings out the opportunities that the President had, and lost, to do great things. Under him, Hughes believes, American conservatism could have rejuvenated itself, could have caught up with this century, as conservatism has done in Britan and on the European Continent; but his harsh conclusion is that Eisenhower failed in his historic role:

> He offered no leadership that could be hailed by a grateful nation as imaginative, bold or memorable. As a politician he set forth to remake the blurred image of the Republican Party, but he merely ended by suffering himself to be remade in its image.

Eisenhower's negative and passive attitude, I think, had its uses during his first term, when this country had somehow lost all perspective in the Cold War. He pacified the country then, but in his next term he failed to take advantage of the base he had created for a more activist policy. Hughes blames this on his utter reliance on two men, the villains of this book: John Foster Dulles and George Humphrey. He shows how Eisenhower and Dulles, such opposites in character, at first clashed in their outlook on how to conduct foreign policy; how gradually Dulles took complete command in this area, mainly because the President had "an unafraid but slightly dismayed awe for it"; how after Dulles's death Eisenhower suddenly felt liberated and, prodded by Hagerty, was anxious to take the initiative, and how his actions ended in disaster. At the time of the Korean War Dulles told Hughes that he could not accept a Korean settlement until the U.S. had given the Chinese "one hell of a licking." When Hughes mentioned this remark to Eisenhower, the President snapped: "If Mr. Dulles and all his sophisticated advisers really mean that they cannot talk peace seriously, then I am in the wrong pew."

Hughes fought for a Presidential initiative in developing a peace program, but Dulles's and, finally, Churchill's counsel to delay won out. "Dulles rather lived at intellectual ease with the conviction that in his historic litigation he might have to appeal to force and war," Hughes writes; and then he recalls the remark by Dulles that, among others, led him to this conclusion: "I guess I don't think the chances of war are more than one in four. But in my job I've got to act is if they're fifty-fifty." This suggested to Hughes a "disconcerting readiness to invoke martial power to prove a diplomatic point."

Once during the Dienbienphu crisis, I remember, Dulles called me to his office to give me what was meant to be an exclusive piece of information: that the U.S. Fleet had been ordered to

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steam close to the Indochina coast and was ready to go into action. I did not believe at the time that Dulles would go to this extreme; I thought that this was part of a psychological warfare campaign he was conducting with the British Government. Somehow I always had a feeling that John Foster Dulles had to talk about war to make himself feel he was the real power in the American Government. When at a press conference on the eve of the German elections in 1953 Dulles endorsed Adenauer, everybody — including myself — thought he had committed an absurd blunder. But one of the principal leaders among the German Socialists told me a year later that Dulles had been very astute. "The Germans," he said, "consider the United States God and since they want to be the deputies of God they wanted to know where God stood, and Dulles made it clear to them."

The U.S. under Dulles conducted a status quo policy in a world that was moving fast, and as a consequence we fell behind. This immobility was compounded on the home front by George Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose gauge of U.S. strength was the "soundness" of the dollar and the "freedom" of the economy, not its growth. Here again Hughes cites some interesting scraps of discussion out of Cabinet meetings to prove his point.

Finally, Hughes produces more evidence than I have so far seen anywhere else that Eisenhower really disliked Nixon, but in the end had no alternative candidate: again, he did not want to make a choice. According to Hughes, Eisenhower's unqualified choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1960 was the new Secretary of the Treasury, Robert Anderson.

This book is not a history, but rather a weaving together of telling vignettes of personal impressions. The narrative flags when it dwells on the obvious, and it could have stood some cuts. "America, the Vincible," Hughes's last previous book, was written with a pathos and emotion that often seared the delicate and complicated web of history. Both this time are under better control, and the glutinous content in his style is also reduced.

What gives this personal memoir its inner impetus is the slow crescendo of the tragedy of the man Eisenhower, who had the confidence of the American people, the trust of the Allies, and even a great deal of sympathy in the enemy camp; yet who failed to use these great and unusual assets—who served, as Hughes puts it, as "a passive witness." It is the compassion Hughes feels for the President that brings this story to life.

THE AUTHOR: Emmet John Hughes has occupied a world conning tower for all but twenty of his forty-one years. More than a decade in Europe as *Time* bureau chief in major capitals and service with the U.S. Embassy in Madrid gave him a rare objectivity. Thus, although intellectually a New Deal Democrat, Hughes thought it necessary to elect a Republican President in 1952 and accordingly took leave of absence from his duties as a top *Life* editor to help make the Eisenhower campaign train roll like a juggernaut. As he saw it, the primary problems were to save the two-party system from breakdown; to get an almost exponential increase in U.S. initiatives on domestic and foreign problems. "The Democrats had become prisoners of their own critics," he explained at lunch. "Initiatives would be choked off by instant Republican opposition, charges of appeasement and recklessness. Only a Republican administration would have the freedom and chance to, in Lincoln's phrase, think and act anew." The first step required ridding the Republican Party of "domination by xenophobes." Hence his support for Ike.

Was the effort to rejuvenate and modernize the Republican Party an exercise in futility? "Essentially yes. The party today is in as much trouble as it was in '52." Why did Hughes serve such a short hitch in the White House? (He was a leading Presidential speech writer for only a year.) "There's no mystery or backstairs intrigue about it, although some like to think so. When I took leave from *Life* I was assured that I would not be pressed to stay more than a few months. Sherman Adams had urged me to come in 'just to help get things started.'"

When Hughes returned to *Life* as articles editor, he brought in some of the most distinguished lead pieces ever published by the magazine, including those by Graham Greene, James Michener, Evelyn Waugh, Lincoln Barnett.

In 1959, Hughes holed up for four weeks to produce a white-hot polemic on the weaknesses of American foreign policy. After reading "America, The Vincible" J. F. Kennedy called Hughes "an artist among our journalists" and said he would "keep the book close at hand." Hughes, however, considers Kennedy's decision on the Bay of Pigs "a stupid adventure—like trying to get half-pregnant." But of the 1962 Cuba quarantine he had this to say: "Not only did we get Soviet offensive missiles out of Cuba, but we demonstra U.S. readiness to use nuclear weapons if necessary."

Of "Black Irish" descent, son of a New Jersey judge, Hughes is tense and intense, alternately sanguine and saturnine. He refuses to disdain the demands of his material, alters his style, painful as it may be, to suit the substance. "You can't talk about everything in the same tone of voice," he said in the manner of a conductor pleading for less vibrato. "I don't have a set style and never will. When I wrote the polemic 'America, The Vincible,' an eighteenth-century baroque style seemed appropriate. It came easily. The laconic, nonrhetorical mode of 'The Ordeal of Power' didn't."

The Eisenhower speeches, masterpieces of that genre, were also painstakingly chiseled and polished. He considers himself fortunate to have been able to work *à deux* with the ex-President ("All you get when a committee writes a speech is garbage.") He is most satisfied by the talk written for Eisenhower to deliver before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in April 1953. In it Eisenhower put forth a set of principles for disarmament and spell out the advantages to be gained.

Did Hughes think a U.S.-U.S.S.R. accommodation possible? "We must continually remember that the colossal Soviet peace propaganda is just as real and insistent inside the Soviet Union. The Russian people are being told with drumbeat insistence that their government wants and will bring peace. If this is the way to gear a poorly fed, poorly housed, war-sick people for the savage sacrifices of a major war—well, I'm back in the sixteenth century again."

Last January *Newsweek* publisher Philip Graham invited Hughes to become part of the team, for which he was offered a bi-monthly column (to alternate with Walter Lippmann) as an incentive.

Often misunderstood because he refuses to be compartmentalized, Hughes is something of a neo-Renaissance man. The phrase etched on the dedication page of his new book, "*ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*" ("out of the shadows and symbols toward the truth"), will no doubt continue to be both his sextant and North Star as he proceeds in the years ahead to ser as a self-appointed witness and recorder of history-in-the-making.

—Mary Kersey Harvey.

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Baron of the Northwest

"Yankee from the West," by Burton K. Wheeler with Paul F. Healy *(Doubleday. 436 pp. $5.95), is a blow-by-blow description of the career of the Montana Senator who loved nothing so much as a good political fight. William E. Leuchtenburg is author of "The Perils of Prosperity, 1914-1932."*

By WILLIAM LEUCHTENBURG

Burton K. Wheeler—no "copper collar."

FEW AMERICANS in the 1930s held more impressive credentials as spokesmen for liberalism than Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. He had been a union attorney in Butte, had opposed the spy hysteria in World War I, and had fought the Anaconda Copper Company's domination of Montana politics. Shortly after he arrived in Washington, he had led the investigation that resulted in the removal Attorney-General Harry Daugherty. In 1924, he had broken with his party to run as Vice-Presidential candidate with Robert M. La Follette on the Progressive ticket. In April 1930 Wheeler was the first nationally-known Democrat to come out for the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. During Roosevelt's first term he fathered the Wheeler-Howard Act, which won a "New Deal" for the Indians; he also played an important role in placing busses and trucks under federal regulation, and sponsored the Wheeler-Rayburn Bill, which was enacted as the Public Utilities Holding Company Act of 1935.

In 1937, Wheeler made the crucial decision of his career. He not only refused to support President Roosevelt's plan to "pack" the Supreme Court, but served as the Senate strategist for the opposition. Thereafter, Wheeler was the most powerful of the anti-Roosevelt Democrats. He concentrated his attention not on new reforms but on fighting Roosevelt's foreign policy. It was Wheeler who said: "The lend-lease program is the New Deal's triple-A foreign policy; it will plow under every fourth American boy." Roosevelt, incensed by Wheeler's remark, told reporters: "That really is the rottenest thing that has beeen said in public life in my generation."

Political analysts have been hard put to explain Wheeler's *volte-face*. Some have contended that the Senator was antagonized when Roosevelt funneled patronage for Montana through the conservative Anaconda lobbyist, Bruce Kremer. If so, there is no evidence of it in this book. Some have suggested that Wheeler resented Roosevelt's claims to pre-eminence. "Who does Roosevelt think he is?" Wheeler is supposed to have asked a White House aide. "He used to be just one of the barons. I was a baron of the Northwest. Huey Long was baron of the South." But Roosevelt turned first against Long, then against Wheeler. "He's like a king trying to reduce the barons." But most writers have been content with a simpler explanation: that Wheeler is a classic case of the "liberal" who, in his later years, moves "to the right."

THE Senator's autobiography reveals nothing about any ideological consideration that might have moved him to break with the New Deal. It suggests rather that Wheeler was far less concerned with questions of ideology than with fighting for fighting's sake. At every stage of his life he engaged in combat. As a law student, he recalls, "What excited me most was the verbal cut and thrust in the arena of the courtroom." He repeats with relish the tribute of a Washington correspondent who called him "the best fighter in the U.S. Senate," and the report that Churchill said of him: "He is a fighting man." Indeed, Wheeler's book reads less like the life of a public man than the recollections of an ex-pugilist: "We could not have had a smarter or more powerful antagonist. Roosevelt was a fighter . . . I harbored no bitterness after the scrap was over."

Wheeler's joy in fighting was linked with his pride in independence. In Montana, he would not be "a Company stooge" or wear "the copper collar." As a Senator, he boasts, "I certainly never felt I had to touch my forelock to the executive branch." One correspondent noted shrewdly that Wheeler, "a two-fisted fighter," was "at his best when he has someone fighting against him . . . His speeches were best when they were delivered to an antagonistic crowd. He was most brilliant when he was heckled. When he met no opposition he lost his fire and his speeches sounded commonplace."

WHEELER was a typical mountain state progressive, antagonistic to corporations in his own state but suspicious of Executive power in Washington. The American people have made this kind of Senator their *beau idéal*. Appropriately enough, Wheeler was the prototype for "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Yet a man like Wheeler has decided limitations. The rebellion against subservience often masks a fear of involvement; the need to be, at all times, a Great Opposer denies the need to discriminate between men and institutions that should be fought and those that should be embraced. The fetish of independence, too, leads to mischievous analogies. Wheeler's isolationism was partly the consequence of the conviction that no nation should interfere in the affairs of other nations; hence America need not concern itself with events elsewhere in the world. Most of all, the mystique of the loner against the interests offers an inadequate system of thought for twentieth-century politics. Wheeler never grasped what New Deal liberalism was all about, and he is still bewildered by why foreign policy should be a test of his liberalism. When his public career was cut short in the Montana primary of 1946, the only explanation the old reformer could find was that he had been victimized by "Montana labor leaders" and "noisy liberals."

Wheeler's fast-paced autobiography captures much that was admirable in the man—his spunk, his willingness to battle for the underdog, his refusal to truckle—but it reveals too that statesmanship demands more than combativeness and rebellion against authority.

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Like Pleasure, Like Pain

"Get Ready for Battle," by R. Prawer Jhabvala *(Norton. 224 pp. $3.95), satirizes a certain level of New Delhi life and at the same time sympathizes with its tensions. Born in Madras, Santha Rama Rau is the author of "This Is India."*

By SANTHA RAMA RAU

WITH the light touch, the gentle but wicked irony, the sharp eye for social manners and sociological mannerisms that have given her the honorary title of the Jane Austen of India, R. Prawer Jhabvala once again presents us with a novel about modern India as penetrating as it is merry. Her earlier works—ranging from the delightful and outrageous spoof of Indian marriage customs, "Amrita," to the sad-funny-satiric saga "The Householder" (now being made into a film in India)—have provided her relatively small but almost entirely enthusiastic audience with a special view of a country that is usually considered, if not "inscrutable," at the least dour.

Born in Germany of Polish parents, educated in England, married to an Indian, and living in New Delhi, Mrs. Jhabvala brings to her writing an objective viewpoint. As a foreigner she can grasp social absurdities few Indians care to recognize. Her opening chapter in "Get Ready for Battle" is a hilarious description of a party given by a prosperous Delhi businessman, ostensibly for the fun of it. But, one quickly learns, underlying the frivolous motive is the greed or ambition of the host and his guests: the others engaged in commerce, the government representatives, and the sole maharaja, invited for reasons of prestige, "an imposing figure who, now that his kingdom and a good deal of his income were gone, was taking an interest in business affairs." Meanwhile, "these being modern times, many people had brought their wives, who sat in a semicircle at one end of the room and sipped pineapple juice . . . stiff in their best saris and jewelry, and patiently waited for their husbands to say it was time to go home. They accepted their boredom . . . for they understood it comprised the social life which, as modern women, it was their duty to take part in."

But, along with her caustic and amusing picture of a certain level of New Delhi life, Mrs. Jhabvala has more serious points to make. Significantly, the source of her title and her opening quotation from the Bhagavad-Gita is "Treating alike pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, then get ready for battle." Gulzari Lal, the hero of the novel, is battling for financial success in his public life and some kind of emotional satisfaction in his private life. His wife has in effect left him because her battles involve her in noble causes—the clearing of slums, the saving of her hopelessly derelict brother. This situation opens up a new series of interior and exterior battles. Longing to marry Gulzari Lal, the widow Kusum is confronted with the impossibility of saving both her respectability and her power over him until he can win his personal battle and divorce his wife. At the same time Gulzari Lal's so Vishnu, is fighting for his priv existence: he must come to terms with a boring marriage, the need to work on his father's property and provide for his child, all against the pressure from his mother, whom he loves and who urges him to devote himself to "good works." Inevitably, Vishnu's wife is forced into silent and overt battles of her own—against an impregnably dominating mother-in-law, an indifferent husband, and the futility of a situation that she cannot cure except in daydreams of her girlhood in Bombay. The family, its friends, enemies, and acquaintances are all laced with like tensions and the need to win in small (but really vast) battles.

However, if I have made "Get Ready for Battle" sound like a solemn book, I have done Mrs. Jhabvala a disservice, for she has the ability to present deep and saddening situations with an eye for their ironies, to entertain, instruct, and expose with wisdom and wit.

Return Passage to India

"The Serpent and the Rope," by Raja Rao *(Pantheon. 407 pp. $5.95), piles fantasy over fantasy, story upon story, in its consideration of God, truth, love, art, and nature. K. Natwar-Singh, a critic of Anglo-Indian literature, is currently working on a study of E. M. Forster.*

By K. NATWAR-SINGH

RAJA RAO'S second novel, "The Serpent and the Rope," is a whale of a book. His first, "Kanthapura," appeared in 1938 and was hailed by thoughtful people both in India and England. A collection of short stories, "The Cow of the Barricades and Other Stories," was published in India in 1947. The output may be small; the quality is excellent.

Raja Rao has said somewhere, "The Indian novel can only be epic in form and metaphysical in nature. It can only have story within story to show all stories are only parables." This is very largely true of his latest novel.

The author's immense erudition, his restless curiosity, his unorthodox orthodoxy, his flaming Brahminism, his noble conception of India, his mastery of the English language and idiom make "The Serpent and the Rope" a remarkable, even unique book. God, truth, love, nature, beauty, sex, art, music, religion, philosophy, metaphysics, and East-West encounter are discussed leisurely and with sensitivity. No single theme permeates the book. Fantasy piles over fantasy, plot upon subplot; the work has little structure in the conventional sense.

But if the purists dismiss it as a clever and hectic accumulation of anecdotes by a mysterious, muddled mind, they will have missed the point. The vision may be personal; the ramifications are universal.

The plot is woven around the lives of Ramaswamy, an Indian research scholar (interested in the Albigensian heresy, of all things) at the University of Caen, and the beautiful golden-haired Madeleine, whom he meets there. First friendship, then love and marriage. A son is born; he dies. Ramaswamy has to rush back to India for his father's funeral. This separation and exposure to Indian reality does something to Madeleine and her husband. On his return to Europe differences and complications arise: something between them has snapped. During his sojourn in India, Ramaswamy has met

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Savithri, the fiancée of his Indian friend Pratap.

Here begins the subplot. The two meet again at Cambridge in England, and a extraordinary love affair ensues, more spiritual than sensual, lyrical rather than real, and yet not without passion.

The plot is not remarkable. The way it is unfolded is. The implications of the meeting between the East and the West are exposed with candor and daring on the most intimate plane. People and places, both Indian and European, are portrayed in masterly strokes. Yet the charge of overwriting has to be made: the novel's prolixity becomes tiresome at places, and one is tempted to skip. However, not for long; Raja Rao's style is compelling, uncommon, poetic.

Writing in 1938, he said, "One has to convey in a language that is not one's own the spirit that is one's own. One has to convey the various shades and omissions of a certain thought movement that looks maltreated. . . . We cannot write like the English. We should not. We cannot write only as Indians. We have grown to look at the large world as part of us. Our method of expression has to be a dialect . . . distinctive and colorful as the Irish or the American—Time alone will justify it."

Time has justified. All strength to his dialect, all fulfilment to his endeavors. "The Serpent and the Rope" is an achievement of a high order; it is also a strange literary experience.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1023

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1023 will be found in the next issue.

VAP TWVASQ RWHV OPPB

AYH RSWVA HAWV LAPM

AYH LSQO HVTQVH VS

HBPTO.

MYPVEHJAP.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1022

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live.
—THOREAU.

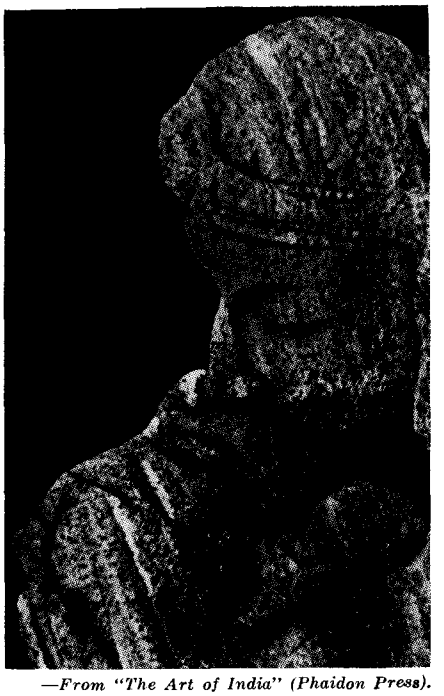
Bengali Victorian

"Krishnakanta's Will," by Bankim-Chandra Chatterjee, *translated from the Bengali by J. C. Ghosh (New Directions. 172 pp. Paperback original, $1.65), describes a Victorian Bengal whose decadence mirrors contemporary counterparts. Amiya Chakravarty is professor of comparative Oriental religions and literature at Boston University.*

By AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

ALTHOUGH it is a nineteenth-century Bengali reflection of the English novel, and in many ways a period piece, "Krishnakanta's Will" nevertheless reveals a timeless topicality. Bankim-Chandra, the initiator of the novel in India, reveals himself here as a chronicler of emotional blends and domestic complications, a shrewd judge of social problems who also knows how to exploit the dramatic element in the construction of ingenious plots. At once humorous and compassionate, he describes a Bengal that is unmistakably decadent, yet typical in its decadence of any modern counterpart. He exposes male tyranny in the household, in the manipulation of the cashbox, in the processes of legal abuses. No less relevant is his picture of landlordism, of a bureaucracy protected by foreign or indigenous irresponsibility, of a servile servant class dependent on graft and double intrigue. By reason of his own Civil Service positions a knowledgeable observer of the social and political twilight, Bankim-Chandra invested the novelette with an irony and implied protest —not to say a slight Hindu bias.

The story is rich with character studies, among them that of Bhramar, the dark-skinned young wife, an innocent and radiant woman who emerges unembittered by her tragic life. Rohini, the child widow who crosses Bhramar's path as a rival, is not a mere foil but a well-drawn personality, a victim who victimizes herself and others. Govindalal, the husband of Bhramar, serves as a kind of *deus ex machina,* a catalyst in the two women's lives; while the wily, unpredictable Krishnakanta, the title character, who writes and rewrites his will, emerges as a creditable old despot. In spite of its moralistic clichés, the dialogues between the good and evil spirits—Sumati and Kumati—and its string of admonitions and appeals to the "Gentle Reader," the novel comes alive through its incidents and incidental but vivid minor actors.



—From "The Art of India" (Phaidon Press).

"The Kiss," Surya Temple, Konarka, Orissa.

There are, of course, paragraphs of impossible prose, but the language soars when it portrays Bengal's riverine villages, the rice fields and dusty roads, peopled with colorful but destitute peasants—a background made more vivid by vignettes that evoke contemporary parallels.

The translation (sponsored by UNESCO) is a model of creative precision, the introduction a fine condensation of the book's historical and literary context. Thus, in a mannered style, this novel of Victorian India quietly takes its place in world literature.

"The night passed. The sun rose on the day after Bhramar's death, as it always does. The leaves of the trees glistened in the shadow; the blue water of the pond threw up little ripples which glittered in the sun; and the dark clouds in the sky turned white. All this took place as if Bhramar had not been."
—*"Krishnankanta's Will."*

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The Several Sides of Defense

"On the Prevention of War," by John Strachey *(St. Martin's Press. 334 pp. $5.95), and* ***"Hostage America," by Robert A. Dentler and Phillips Cutright*** *(Beacon Press. 167 pp. $3.95), detail the horrors of thermonuclear conflict and suggest concrete steps to avoid it. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

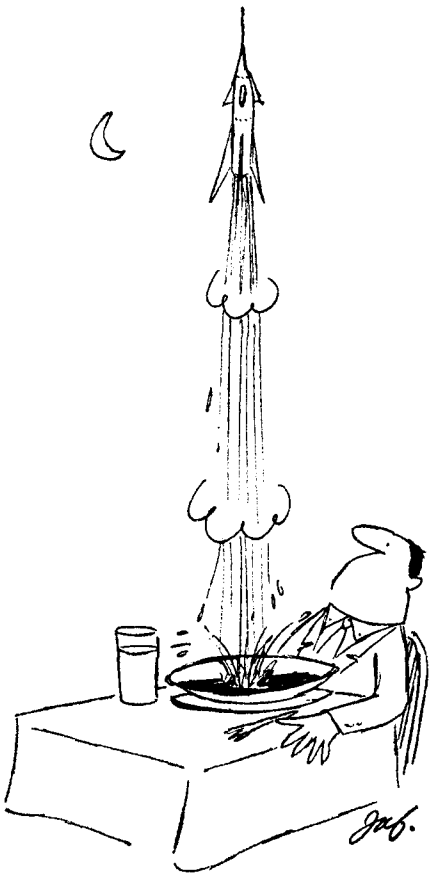
By FRANK ALTSCHUL

THESE two books, while widely differing in importance, have elements in common. They both argue persuasively for the hardening of bases and for a material increase in conventional forces. Both underscore the necessity of establishing a true balance of power, nuclear and conventional, not as a way out of our present difficulties but as a means of buying time within which, hopefully, ultimate solutions may be found. Both suggest the nature of the political accommodations that must finally be concluded if life on this planet is to go forward relieved of the overhanging threat of thermonuclear war. And although their recommendations in this regard differ in detail, this is rather a matter of expression than of substance.

Messrs. Dentler and Cutright devote the greater part of their book to a graphic presentation of the horrors of thermonuclear war and its aftermath. In a closely knit chapter they throw into serious doubt, if they do not demolish, the optimism in regard to the prospect of national recovery voiced by Herman Kahn in his book "On Thermonuclear War." This tract can be read to advantage by anyone eager to learn something of the nature of the macabre situation that will confront the survivors in the event that these terrifying weapons are ever unleashed. It should, however, be avoided by individuals who are subject to recurrent nightmares.

Of the two volumes under review, Mr. Strachey's is by far the more ambitious. He discusses the military posture of the West in many of its aspects. He is not at all satisfied that NATO strategy today fully reflects the vast change that followed the ending of our atomic monopoly. And here his analysis throws light on the preoccupations of some of our European friends. The lack of an adequate number of divisions on the Continent exposes us to new challenges by the Soviet Union so minor in character that no one "can suppose that the decision of the American President (and it would be his decision alone) would be to start the thermonuclear exchange in such circumstances." And, he adds somewhat later, "so out of our ignorance, stupidity, meanness and incomprehension, we are failing to provide these forces which can alone ensure that we shall not be faced with the intolerable dilemma of piecemeal surrender or world destruction." Unfortunately, General de Gaulle does not seem to have drawn the logical conclusion from this indictment.

In a revealing chapter Mr. Strachey deals with the problem of disarmament, indicating why in existing circumstances he considers this little more than a Utopian dream. Reviewing the various proposals that have been made, he reaches the conclusion that, in the light of the conflicting ambitions of East and West, they were bound to prove abortive. And he finds that repeated failures are due to the fact "that the negotiators and statesmen have no belief in what they are perhaps inevitably doing. They are playing the game of political warfare, busily putting each other in the wrong before the bar of world opinion"—a judgment that he softens somewhat later on.



BUT the author is rather more hopeful where the test ban is concerned. This he considers to lie within the realm of the attainable. In his view, it would represent a critical breakthrough, and regardless of disappointments that he anticipates, we should never lose sight of it as a prime objective of policy. Once agreed upon and a true balance of terror established, then the "two superpowers—the United States and the Soviet Union—" would be able, by means not explicitly defined, to prevent the spread of nuclear weaponry to other nations, with the multiplication of risks that this would involve—a suggestion that is surprising to say the least, coming from a Englishman.

While minimizing none of the dangers implicit in the uncontrolled armaments race and the atmosphere of mutual suspicion in which it is presently conducted, Mr. Strachey concludes on a note of guarded optimism. He feels that, given time, the facts of the thermonuclear age will increasingly emphasize the overriding interest in survival that we share with our Soviet adversaries. "If—and how great an if it is!—the superpowers could find any abiding and stable common purpose—be it only the elementary common purpose of their own survival—the United Nations would at once and automatically become an irresistible instrument of their will for the fulfilment of that purpose." And he adds: "Let them [the practical men who manage the affairs of the nations] not relax for one moment their efforts to increase the stability of the balance of power, for on that depends the possibility of gaining enough time for there to be any chance of finding a solution to the problem of the prevention of war in the nuclear age."

"On the Prevention of War" is searching and objective discussion of the most crucial problem humanity has ever had to face. It deserves to be widely read.

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Babes and Arms

"Children of the A-Bomb: The Testament of the Boys and Girls of Hiroshima," compiled by Dr. Arata Osada, *translated by Jean Dan and Ruth Sieben-Morgen (Putnam. 256 pp. $4.50), sets down in their own words the experiences of the youngest victims in the dawn of the Atomic Age. Ray Falk is Far East bureau chief of the American Broadcasting Company.*

By RAY FALK

SIX YEARS after the "Flash-Bang" (the local nickname for the A-bomb) the schoolchildren of Hiroshima were asked to write their memories of the horrible days of August 1945. "Children of the A-Bomb" is a selection, chosen by the late Dr. Arata Osada, former president of the University of Hiroshima, from some 2,000 compositions by grade school, high school, and university students. Asking them to recollect their sufferings seems an additional cruelty; one girl writes, "Since I was assigned this for homework, and even though I don't want to do it, I am making myself remember that awful time."

The essays by the younger children are more poignant, those by the teenagers more detailed. No children, when small, are more pampered by their parents than the Japanese; these little survivors, by their own accounts, were still calling for their *otochans* and *okachans* long after the fathers and mothers had died. Eleven-year-old Keiko writes: "It's really pretty lonely when you don't have a daddy and a mother. . . . Why wasn't even a mama or a daddy left for me? . . . I hate the American Army."

The students recalled hiding in closets during the final air raid, when the siren signaled "all clear" just before the single atomic bomb was dropped; "the trolley tracks that were so hot that I jumped back"; "mommy [who] lost all the hair from her head and ass and stuff was in her cheek"; voices crying for water; victims calling to be liberated from beams that pinned them under charred debris; people with naked, swollen bodies running about; the unfortunate helping the more unfortunate, and those who were too dazed to respond to the gasping pleas.

The essays of the college group sometimes reveal man's selfishness and cunning when he is determined to survive. And many students express guilt about being alive when most of their classmates have been killed.

Along with the faces of the dead, their lacerated bodies, and the family cremations on the river bank, the children speak of their loss of all sense of direction in a city whose landmarks were obliterated, their hunger, the rice balls at the communal kitchens.

Only three of these youthful survivors reveal any anti-American sentiment, and all are fervently against war for whatever cause. The littlest are "determined to grow up to be a person with a beautiful spirit who does only the right things"; some of the older group, fearing that their scars, physical and mental, have made them social outcasts, are not so confident of their future.

Memories of the "Flash-Bang"

Father and Mother and all of us went searching for [Mother's younger brother] until late at night in those dreadful streets. The fires were burning. There was a strange smell all over. Blue-green balls of fire were drifting around. I had a terrible lonely feeling that everybody else in the world was dead and only we were still alive. Ever since that time I haven't liked to go outside. . . . A man who was so badly burned that you couldn't tell whether he was a young man or an old man, was lying in front of Grandpa's house which is right next to ours. . . . while we were looking at him he swelled up to about three times his size and his whole body turned the color of dirt and got soft. Flies came all over him and he was moaning in a faint voice and an awful smell was coming from him.

—IKUKO WAKASA, aged five in '45.

Just as I was eating some little clams there was a flash and in that instand the house broke apart; the glass broke, the kitchen cabinet fell over and everything was in a mess.

Wondering if it was just our house, I went out to see and I found that all the houses had fallen apart. It was a pitiful sight.

Everybody's face was black with soot and with surprised looks they were asking, "What in the world is this!"

—KIYOHARU FURUIKE, aged four in '45.

My grandmother and the country people burst out crying. I thought, why are they crying? I didn't realize. Grandmother took the little box out of the rucksack and showed it to them all. What she showed them was only Mother's gold tooth and the bone of her elbow. Even then I didn't understand.

—KEIKO SASAKI, aged six in '45.

On the way there were people who were caught under beams and burned people who were lost in the street and people who had blood seeping out of their eyes. When I realized that I was able to get away because I wasn't wounded, I was glad. Already factories and things had caught fire and were burning. . . . If we did not fight, and all lived together as friends, how beautiful all the flowers and mountains and trees would be; and even the things we wear and the things we eat!

—MASAKO OHTA, in first grade in '45.

. . . on account of the A-bomb burns, the little finger of my right hand is all twisted and sometimes when the bad boys say mean things and tease me, I get mad.

Every day in the trolleys and as I'm walking along the streets, whenever I see people with big scars from burns on their faces and necks and so on, I think that practically all of them are from wounds they got at the time of the A-bomb and I have a feeling that I would like to run up to them so we could comfort and encourage each other.

—SETSUKO YAMAMOTO, in first grade in '45.

I hate war! I hate war! To think that my mother, who was so cheerful and energetic, should be crushed beneath that big house—! Oh! I don't want to talk about it, I don't want to write about it! The more time passes, the greater becomes my grief. I cannot become reconciled to it in the easy way that other people say one should.

—MIEKO HARA, in sixth grade in '45.

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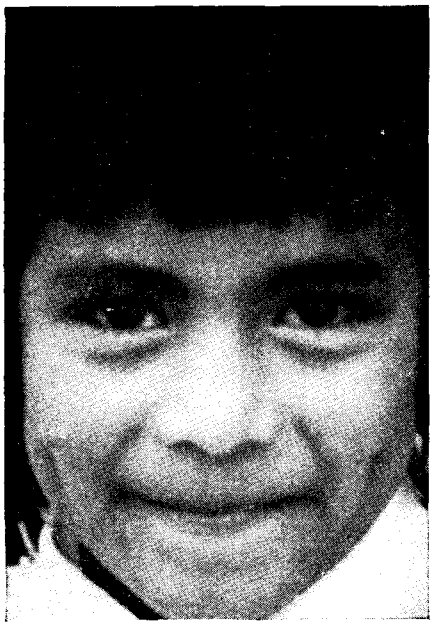

Her eyes tell you why...

Perceptive, intelligent, serious — so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of this American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a $10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

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I cannot sponsor a child. Enclosed is contribution of $____

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Europe East of Berlin

"The Forgotten People," by Seymour Freidin *(Scribners. 336 pp. $5.95), excoriates the tyranny that has subjugated Eastern Europe. Henry C. Wolfe's books include "Human Dynamite: The Story of Europe's Minorities."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IN THE closing days of World War II, General Simpson's American Ninth Army came to a halt in its drive into central Germany. Why not go on to Berlin? "General, we won't have any trouble," urged a colonel. "Practically no opposition. An armored team could do the job. A couple of days." Simpson replied, "It's out. Orders." They were "direct orders from Eisenhower," and they continue to have tragic and incalculable consequences.

Seymour Freidin, who relates this incident in "The Forgotten People," was one of the few Western correspondents who witnessed the savage fighting that marked the Soviet capture of Berlin. His graphic, exciting story takes off from there to trace the fate of Eastern Europe—the unhappy *Zwischenland*, home of 100 million human beings, that lies between the free world and the Soviet Union. From the Baltic southward to Turkey, five formerly independent nations are now under Russian subjugation. Yugoslavia and Albania have their own brands of Communism. East Germany is a Soviet satrap. (The three former Baltic republics—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia —are not included in the account.)

Mr. Freidin brings to his report an intimate knowledge of these lands and their "forgotten" peoples, a probing mind, and—above all—the courage of his convictions. He does not believe in "objective reporting." Being a reporter "does not endow one automatically with the dispassionate qualities and perspectives of the historian." To look at suffering with indifference, Freidin feels, is not being "objective." So he speaks out, with the voice of a man who loves freedom and hates tyranny.

Freidin was usually on the scene when big news broke. He saw the Soviet *putsch* in Czechoslovakia and vividly describes the republic's final hours. While it is true that the Czechoslovaks had voted 38 per cent Communist in their last free election, there remained some staunch champions of freedom. Zenkl, the Mayor of Prague; Drtina, the Minister of Justice, and Majer, the Socialist leader, were among the advocates of vigorous action to block the Russian takeover. But the confused President Benes hesitated, then caved in. Jan Masaryk, so much admired in the West, was strangely silent. "The island of democracy" passed behind the Iron Curtain.

Next door in Hungary a brave people bitterly resisted Soviet colonialism. It was easy enough for the Kremlin to break the power of the old aristocracy, but much harder to deal with the workers, intellectuals, and especially the young people. Freidin was in Budapest in October 1956 when the Hungarians revolted. He witnessed the teen-agers' heroic fighting and the Red army's brutal reprisals. Here was massacre, not the "rollback" promised by American politicians. The latter's ignorance was illustrated on a Congressional "fact-finding" mission en route to Budapest. One of the legislators fretfully asked the conducting officer why "they sometimes call this Budapest, sometimes Bucharest and sometimes Belgrade?"

Ironically, in Poland, a "victim of geography," a Roman Catholic cardinal and an atheist Communist dictator find themselves cooperating to prevent an explosion that would duplicate the Hungarian tragedy on a massive scale. These two men are determined that "Poland must somehow survive. They have contradictory ideas except on the objective of survival." A Polish revolution "could trigger a chain reaction in turbulent East Germany. As World War II began in Poland, so might World War III blast through the wreckage of a Poland that went over the edge and was suppressed by Soviet power."

TODAY East Germany is probably the most dangerous of the European tinder boxes. About a third of the Communist "parliament" here "once held Nazi party cards." In 1953 there was a spontaneous popular uprising; the Red army intervened and put it down. Hopelessness, hunger, and persecution—these are the compulsions that could spark another outbreak, an event that neither the West nor the Soviet wants.

Freidin's account is enlivened by unique close-ups of Khrushchev, Tito, Gomulka, and other Communist bosses. The Soviet hierarchs, as the author demonstrates, not only imprison and murder men and women of the captive nations but ruthlessly liquidate one another. The steep road to Soviet power is strewn with fallen Red climbers.

In scope and power "The Forgotten People" is a valuable testament for our era. The author's approach to his subject is perhaps summed up in the words of a twenty-year-old Hungarian freedom fighter. "Some day," he told Freidin, "the world will realize that Eastern Europe is simply people who want to live like decent people."

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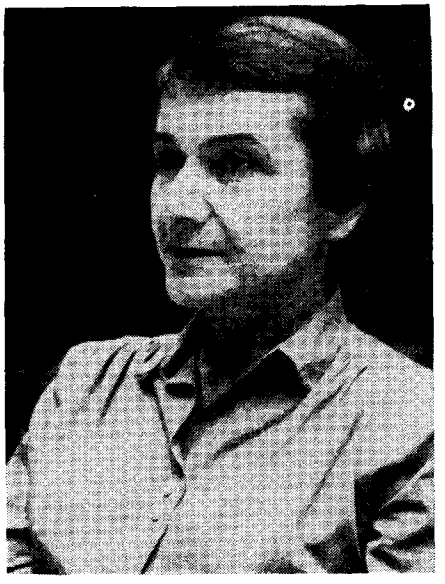
Out-Prousting Proust



Nathalie Sarraute—a bold ambition.

"The Age of Suspicion: Essays on the Novel," by Nathalie Sarraute, *translated from the French by Maria Jolas (Braziller. 147 pp. $4), ridicules those who still believe that a novelist's business is to create credible human beings. Henri Peyre wrote, among other works, "Baudelaire" and "Literature and Sincerity."*

By HENRI PEYRE

THE SO-CALLED *roman nouveau* of France has been ridiculously overpublicized in this country, and it is now in danger of being buried under an avalanche of scholars' and students' papers and essays. Our *literati* tend to absorb the claims put forward by a few Parisian navigators sailing on the crest of the "new wave," while in fact there is little novelty in the "new novel" and no unity whatever among its most highly acclaimed practitioners. Jean Louis des Forets, hardly known in this country, is perhaps the most gifted of them. Robbe-Grillet is the most inventive. Butor was the most ambitious and the most subtle, but he has recently entered upon a period of inspired aridity. Robert Pinget and Philippe Sollers, who had brilliant debuts, have ventured into an ocean of boredom from which few readers will emerge with their wits alert.

Nathalie Sarraute, without being a powerful creator, is the best intellect among these newcomers. She belongs to an older age-group, that of Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. Sartre's preface in 1948 to Mme. Sarraute's second book, "Portrait of a Man Unknown," which launched the phrase *l'anti-roman*, remains the most profound essay on the art of the novel that has been written in the last twenty years.

The present book, which owes its title to a phrase coined by Stendhal, is composed of four separate essays written between 1947 and 1956, which emphasize the same points, sometimes repetitiously but never heavily. The Russian-born Mme. Sarraute writes a difficult and allusive prose, but one that is also beautifully organized. Her long, rich sentences require the reader's attention, but never do they resort to pedantry or clichés. She is often elliptical; many another author would have expanded into 300 pages what she condenses here into half that number. Her range is broader than that of most French critics. She is well informed on English novelists, though she is strangely unfair to Virginia Woolf's essays on fiction, written in the Twenties, and she overpraises Henry Green's dialogue and the technical skill of Ivy Compton-Burnett.

Her most striking pages are those on Dostoevsky and Kafka in the first of the essays. She sees in Dostoevsky the supreme master of psychological fiction, who does not indulge in introspection as heavily as Joyce and Proust were later to do, does not search for motives, but illuminates the unconscious through the contortions of his tragic buffoons. How laboriously self-conscious and imprisoned in snobbery the Proustian analysis appears compared with the desperate urge of Dostoevsky's characters to make contact.

Our age, however, prefers to recognize itself in the *homo absurdus* of Kafka and Camus. Mme. Sarraute rightly sees the latter's masterpiece, "The Stranger," as a virtuoso *tour de force*. The inner nothingness of the protagonist is easily rendered when he has nothing to think about, no past of any moment behind him, no future into which to project himself.

Mme. Sarraute is biting about Joyce and Proust, and even more sarcastic about Balzac's descriptive mania, the symbolic force of which she fails to perceive. She vents her irony at those readers and critics who cling to the idea that a novelist's business is to create life and human beings in whom we may believe. We distrust, she contends, an author who invents; we want facts such as we find every day in our newspapers or in memoirs.

All is suspect to us in this era of distrust; not only invention, but plot, which the *anti-roman* discards, and also character. The character with a neat label affixed, warning us that he was the miser, the victim of jealousy, the ambitious upstart, used to be the meeting ground of author and reader. "He has now become the converging point of their mutual distrust." Mme. Sarraute, along with other contemporary French novelists, undertakes to explore tenuous states similar to those of the particles of modern physics which a feeble ray distorts, microscopic movements of attraction and repulsion that lie beneath the level of consciousness and defy analysis. Her ambition, a bold one, is to go beyond Proust, once viewed as the explorer of the ultimate depths of the subconscious; Proust analyzed too much and too didactically, instead of enabling the reader to relive a subtle experience.

Not all of us will share her severity. The noble aim of creating living and

(*Continued on page* 103)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Szell at the Philharmonic—Menotti's "Labyrinth"

TO THE casual eye there was little to distinguish the George Szell who directed the Philharmonic last week from the conductor of the same name whose last previous appearance with this orchestra was in 1955. Same walk to the podium, same baton manners, same back to the audience. Palpable if invisible, however, was the prestige that has accrued to him during those years in which he has built his own Cleveland Orchestra from goodness to greatness.

How well the Philharmonic can play is even more a moot point than it is with most orchestras of its general classification. Given this particular kind of competitive challenge, it gave its guest perhaps not quite the front-of-the-seat attention that he gets from his own men, but an attitude that was tilted rather more in that direction than it sometimes is. The command to attention that concertmaster John Corrigliano passed on to his fellow string players during an intent performance of the "Egmont" overture on Thursday evening was a silent clue to the all-out effort they provided.

This was clear indication that they, if not the audience, were well aware of the turn in the road represented by the presence of Szell. This was no isolated concert following the Philharmonic's mid-winter visit abroad, but the beginning of four weeks with him now and eight weeks next season, which may well determine the shape of things thereafter. As eight years away have given Szell a more settled, authoritative manner to go with his great knowledge, the understandable impulse of the Philharmonic to show itself as good as or better than the orchestra it was, in a sense, "playing against" was measurably aided by his own evolving abilities.

There is little in the "Egmont" overture, the Second Symphony, or the "Emperor" (in which Clifford Curzon was the soloist) that a conductor can teach an orchestra of the Philharmonic's experience. What a vigilant conductor can do, however, is to remind his players to do all the things they know they should do—to play in tune and on time, with precise rhythmic definition, an ear for the other fellow's effort that promotes tonal balance, an eye for the conductor's agogics (the range from soft to loud and back again), a mind for all the other things that distinguish order from confusion and cohesion from chaos.

All this was aided by Szell's applaudable feeling for the values of the "Egmont," the flexibility and contrast in his treatment of the Second Symphony, and the big line of the concerto. Here the firm of Szell and Curzon, specialists in the restoration of nineteenth-century masterpieces, played perfectly into each other's hands. At the first performance in the sequence the pianist was pressing a little, and missed some figurations in the first movement. But this was a most musical kind of concerto playing, in which the values were scaled not to the loudest sound possible, but the softest. Thus encouraged, the woodwind and brass players had the opportunity to play their solo passages at a level that permitted audibility as well as ease of execution. All this contributed to the kind of personal participation that marks the difference between dutiful and beautiful.

In "Labyrinth," which had its first showing anywhere by the NBC-TV Opera Company in early March, the part of Gian Carlo Menotti that writes words has been kinder to the part that writes music than for some time past. In his spoken preface, the composer describes "Labryrinth" as "an operatic riddle and perhaps it is more of a riddle than an opera." Clearly, in its use of dissolves, trick photography, and similar cinematic devices, Menotti has left conventional opera far behind in moving toward a spoken-sung drama that could only exist in an electronic medium.

This is all to the good, for Menotti's best work has been done when his imagination has reached beyond the conventional. Here it is the conception of a Grand Hotel in which a bride and groom wander in search of a room for which they have no key. Personifications of symbols are encountered—a bellboy

(dreams), a spy (science, philosophy, etc., which attempt to explain the world), an old man (the past), an executive woman (the present), and astronaut (the future).

Thus the riddle of "Labyrinth" is simply the mystery of life itself. To its examination Menotti has brought many artful expressions of his own fertile imagination, verbal and musical. His Groom, portrayed by John Reardon, is an attractive figure, as the Bride (Judith Raskin) is an appealing one. She has a charming arietta ("I shall never, never see my home again" is its theme), there is a deft waltz strain for the spy ("Lieber, sois tranquille about paying the bill" is a sample of its internationally flavored text), and the Groom sings a kind of tango refrain while simulating weightlessness. A chamber orchestra is utilized with the economy and judgment to sound just right in this context.

So far—and this applies to two-thirds of its forty-five-minute length—Menotti has suited subject and treatment resourcefully to the chosen medium, with a sometimes slyly humorous elaboration of his thesis. Traditional opera is spoofed both broadly and subtly (a sample of the latter occurs when the Groom finally finds the Director of the Grand Hotel who speaks over trombone chords more than a little suggestive of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni").

But, as with all riddles, the ingenuity of the question is much related to the pertinence of the answer. When it comes to resolving what he has set in motion, Menotti takes the view that "death is not the end of life, but its very happy solution." Some may follow with him in that, some may not. What he really needed was a Bride who was truly an Ariadne, holding a thread of hope which would lead the Groom back to her. But it is a significant, perhaps Freudian, fact about "Labyrinth" that she perishes before he does, and is never reunited in the Grand Hotel of death with him.

In this creation for the evolving medium of TV, Menotti has worked with purpose and enterprise, and the NBC-TV Opera Company has once again shown its ability to solve well the most challenging problems of electronic dramaturgy. Major credit for this goes to producer Samuel Chotzinoff, director Kirk Browning, who made camerable the composer-librettist's staging, and the team of Warren Clymer and Noel Taylor, whose sets and costumes were especially meaningful in color. Herbert Grossman's musical direction was first class, and there was much to commend in the bits performed by Elaine Bonazzi (the spy), Robert White (the old man), and Nikiforos Naneris (the silent bellboy), among others. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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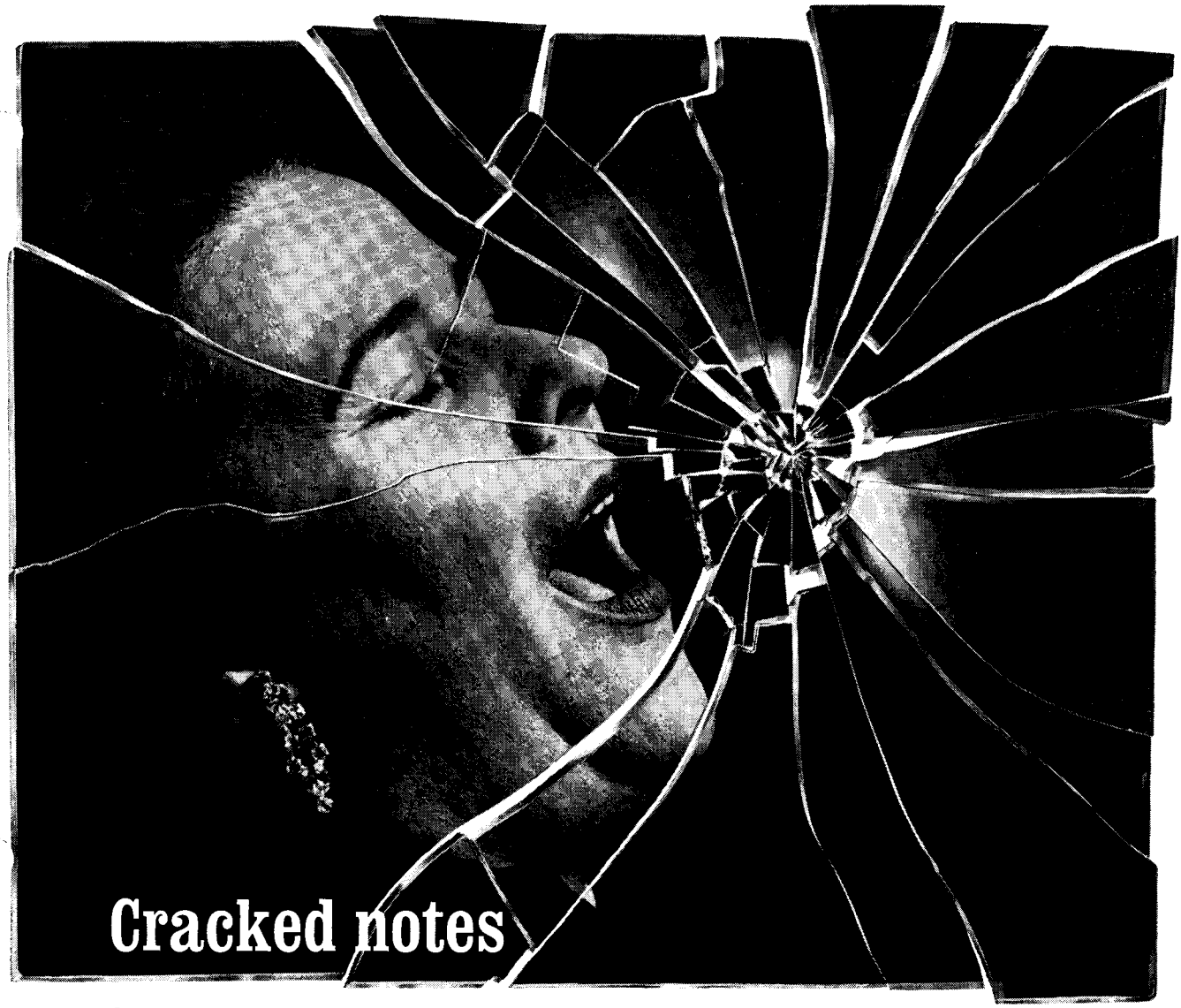

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Enduring Ellington

Duke Ellington—"in deeper touch with what is truly beautiful."

DUKE ELLINGTON, between contracts en route from being an artist for Columbia records to becoming both artist and jazz A&R man for Reprise, recently did some freelancing. The results place him in contexts in which he has either not been heard for years, or has never been heard at all. On "Money Jungle" (United Artists 15017), there is a great deal more of Ellington the piano soloist than has been heard since the Thirties, and because he is in the company of Charlie Mingus's bass and Max Roach's drums we hear a rather different Ellington than we have heard before. When "Duke Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins" (on Impulse A-26) it is as the leader of an octet, the kind of medium-sized group with which he was regularly involved on records during the Thirties, but with which he has worked only sporadically since. And finally, there is Duke Ellington in a quartet with John Coltrane, possibly one of the most advanced saxophonists around, and, on five selections, with Elvin Jones, unquestionably one of the most advanced drummers around, and one of the very best (Impulse A-30).

It is by now a critical commonplace to say that 1938 to 1942 were peak Ellington years, years which brought the masterpieces "Blue Serge," "Ko-Ko," "Concerto for Cootie," "Sepia Panorama," "Mainstem," and the others. (This Ellington period is currently represented by RCA Victor LPM 1364 and LPM 1715, but those LPs are not enough.) Still, Ellington's stature as a major jazzman dates from much earlier than his maturity, and the early achievements, beginning with "Black and Tan Fantasy" and certainly including "Creole Rhapsody," survive the nearly thirty-five years since they were first heard.

Of course, Ellington has remained a major figure, and more recent years would have been the poorer without, for example, "Such Sweet Thunder" (Columbia CL 1033) or "Sweet Thursday" (Columbia CL 1597). In fact, they would have been poor indeed without the Ellington orchestra itself, still the major large ensemble in jazz, and poor indeed without the Ellington-Billy Strayhorn collaboration, which can produce superb orchestrational transformations of even banal material (try the popular ditties on "At the Bal Masque," Columbia CL 1282, for example). And Ellington music that seems casually tossed off, as some Ellington music does seem these days, can be effective, nevertheless.

Ellington has himself continued to grow also as a performer, and these recent LPs give terse evidence of the nature of that growth. He is a more forceful, less decorative, more emotionally complex, as well as a more resourcefully sophisticated pianist.

On the Mingus-Roach collaboration, "Wig Wise" will seem Monkish, and "Very Special" may suggest a sophisticated Basie. Both also have the echoes of ragtime that we hear in the earliest Ellington piano (and Duke, Thelonious, and Count are all Harlem "stride" men at base). But Ellington's approach is predominantly orchestral and he evokes the brass, reed, and even percussion sections from his keyboard. Whatever section of the orchestra Ellington is not evoking, Mingus (a virtuoso in awe of Ellington's music) very likely is. "Caravan," with its challengingly simple structure, is an especially successful three-way collaboration. (Elsewhere Roach is often oddly recorded and difficult to hear.) "Warm Valley" is stated with simple delicacy; "Solitude" is interestingly elaborated; and both pieces are here rid of the pompous sentimentality they have acquired over the years. The set also includes a lovely new Ellington piece, "Les Fleurs Africaines."

The Ellington-Hawkins LP uses six Ellington sidemen, and when Hawkins arrives on "The Jeep Is Jumpin'" after a forcefully lyric Johnny Hodges, a tart Ray Nance, an elegant Lawrence Brown, and a somewhat rushed Harry Carney, it is as if Hawkins were a sideman too. However, Ellington has written a perceptive "Self Portrait" for him which encourages Hawkins into direct melodic statements, not the showy arpeggios that are quite in evidence on "Mood Indigo." The typical Hawkins phrases are also important as one of the several effective rhythmic juxtapositions on "The Recitic." "Limbo Jazz" is Ellington at work: the piece was put together in the studio and the version we hear is actually a run-through that seemed good enough to issue. Perhaps. But I get the feeling on several selections here that one more "take" might have been the best.

The Ellington-Coltrane collaboration is the most successful (this judgment comes from one with reservations about Coltrane), and each man gives something of his best to it. "Angelica," for example, is almost a rhythmic history of jazz, begun by Ellington with the innocent gaiety of ragtime phrasing and then turned over to Coltrane, with bassist Jimmy Garrison and drummer Elvin Jones, for some stirring melodic rhythmic densities as Ellington waits silently. But on the blues "Big Nick," the pianist enters with a solo of sober directness, just the right touch after Coltrane's discursiveness. Coltrane for his part knows that the best thing to do with a good Ellington ballad is, first, to respect its melodic ideas, as straightforwardly and as passionately as one can, and so he does on "My Little Brown Book" and "In a Sentimental Mood." The latter is a near masterpiece: Ellington not only provides a remarkably effective accompaniment, but improvises as strikingly original and beautiful a solo as I have ever heard from him. What a formidable player this great composer and orchestrator can be when the mood is on him!

Duke Ellington, even as his techniques have expanded, has remained unafraid to do something simple or something "old-fashioned" when it seems appropriate. By contrast, Coltrane's regular pianist, McCoy Tyner, approaches his solos on a collection of "Ballads" by the Coltrane Quartet (Impulse A-32) with an air of accomplished prettiness. Ellington knows what is pretty, but it is a measure of his genius that he is in deeper touch with what is truly beautiful.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Blues: Three of a Kind

ALMOST as a direct result of the reluctance of the major recording companies to reissue blues material in their archives (Columbia Records being the sole exception with its recent efforts devoted to Robert Johnson, Leroy Carr with Scrapper Blackwell, and Champion Jack Dupree), three individuals in different sections of the country have undertaken to reissue collector's items in the blues vein and to record "rediscovered" or resurrected blues artists along with newer ones who are still performing within the older classic blues form. Each effort, especially notable because of the high mortality rates among recording companies, has been pursued with good taste, a high degree of selectivity, and unerring devotion. The results of these exercises in rugged individualism are noteworthy, not only from a strictly musical standpoint but also as contributions to understanding the blues as a three-dimensional phenomenon: musical, poetic, and socio-economic.

Arhoolie Records (Box 5073, Berkeley, California), the brain child of Chris Strachwitz, well-known blues and country music collector, has to date issued records by such "new" artists as Mance Lipscomb, a Texas grandfather in his sixties who has never been previously recorded; Robert Curtis Smith and Wade Walton, two younger men in the Mississippi tradition (F 1005); and the elder fiddle-guitar team from Louisiana, Butch Cage and Willie B. Thomas (F 1005). "Rediscovered" have been the Black Ace (B. K. Turner), a Hawaiian-style guitar player-blues singer who was active in the 1930s; Lil' Son Jackson (F 1004), a Texas product active in the 1940s and 1950s; Mercy Dee Walton (F 1007) and Alex Moore (F 1008), a pair of singing blues pianists from Texas; and Sam Chatman (F 1005) of the legendary Mississippi Sheiks. The reissue end includes items by Lowell Fulson (R 2003) and the famous team of Big Joe Turner and Pete Johnson (R 2004), while currently active Lightnin' Hopkins and Big Joe Williams are also to be found in the Arhoolie catalogue (F 1011, F 1002).

The Mance Lipscomb item (F 1001), which is subtitled "Texas Sharecropper and Songster," introduces the most exciting folk-blues performer to be discovered in many a year. Actually more than just a blues singer, Lipscomb is a minstrel in the tradition of the old country performer. His repertoire ranges from ballads and breakdowns to reels and blues. Lipscomb's first-learned piece, "Sugar Babe It's All Over Now," is a priceless re-creation of an all but forgotten dance piece which has never been previously recorded. Further enhancing the collection is the first-rate text that accompanies the record. Written by folklorist Mack McCormick, it is scholarly, poetic, one of the finest things ever written in the entire field.

The Lightnin' Hopkins and Big Joe Williams LPs are both collections that present these two "Kings of the Blues" at their best. The Hopkins sound, for the most part, is the one which is heard when listening to him in the "joints," "clubs," and "jooks" of his native Houston. It is a personal sound and with the aid of drums and bass reflects an accurate image of this highly introspective individual. This is Lightnin' at home, in Texas, with his people—playing, singing, and performing for them.

Joe Williams, Mississippi-born and variously known as "Poor Joe," "9-String Joe," and "Big Joe," is presented in a moving, emotion-filled performance. With a sound truly his own, partially occasioned by the addition of three treble strings to his guitar, he performs, among others, four movingly personal songs: "President Roosevelt Blues"; "Greystone Blues," a narrative of his own tough times in a California jail; "Mean Stepfather"; and "Brother James." Williams is always an exciting artist—rough, "down-home," and driving. He has rarely, if ever, been heard to better advantage.

B. K. Turner, known professionally as the Black Ace (F 1003), is a performer utilizing an almost forgotten instrument and technique. He plays a steel-bodied "National" guitar across his lap Hawaiian-style and uses a small medicine bottle to fret the strings. The style is, in many ways, an extension of the traditional "bottleneck style," which usually employs a pocketknife or bottleneck to stop the strings. Turner effectively, and in some instances almost unbelievably, displays rare abilities and originality in his playing. Of great interest is his instrumental solo "Bad Times Stomp," the blues patterns in "'Fore Day Creep," and the Turner theme song, "I Am the Black Ace."

"Blues and Trouble" (F 1006) is a sampler LP featuring tracks by almost all of the aforementioned individuals. None of the material is duplicated on any of the other records devoted to the artists and it is an excellent introduction to the high-quality performances found on the Arhoolie label.

The Folk-Lyric Company (1945 Bay Street, Baton Rouge 2, Louisiana), initiated by LSU Professor of English Harry Oster, has channelled its recording efforts to the region of Louisiana. It has not become involved with "rediscoveries" but has recorded local talent which for one reason or another has hitherto remained hidden. The resources of the state are excellent and the issued results bear out its rich folk-blues heritage.

Origin (39 Remsen Street, Brooklyn 1, N.Y.), subtitled the "Origin Jazz Library" and run by Peter Whelan along with Bill Givens, is unlike Ar-

Continued on page 101

aspen music

festival and school

Aspen, Colo., Summer, 1963

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Conductor & Festival Concerts Director: SZYMON GOLDBERG

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Guide to European Music Festivals-1963

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
April 11- April 30	Venice, Italy	International Festival of Contemporary Music		Biglietteria, Teatro La Fenice, Venice.
May 2- May 31	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: "Meistersinger" (Wagner); BALLET; DRAMA.	State Theatre, Wiesbaden. Tel. 2 24 21
May 11- June 28	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: "Un ballo in maschera" (Verdi), "La sposa sorteggiata" (Busoni), "Carlo V" (Krenek), "I masnadieri" (Verdi); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS: Gilels, Casadesus, Forrester.	Teatro Comunale, 16 Corso Italia, Florence. Tel. 29 61 11
May 12- June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Vienna Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, Prague Symphony, et al. Haefliger, Kogan, Ledlovà, Rostropovitch, Richter, Schneiderhan, Vishnevskaya, et al.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague 1. Tel. 638 56
May 15- May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET.	Festival Ticket Office, Kongens Nytorv 21, Copenhagen K.
May 17- June 2	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA: "Mathis der Maler" (Hindemith); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA: Comédie Française; ART EXHIBITS.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St.-Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. WAG 9728
May 18- June 7	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	SYMPHONIC AND CHORAL CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Orchestre de la Radiodiffusion Télévision Française, Beaux Arts Trio, Gulbenkian Chamber Music Orchestra, et al.	Fundaçao Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon, Tel. 76 21 46
May 19- June 16	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA: "Dantons Tod" (Von Einem), "Lulu" (Alban Berg), "Romeo and Juliet" (Blacher new prod.); CONCERTS: Vienna Philharmonic, London Symphony Orchestra, Bavarian Radio Orchestra, Bucharest Philharmonic; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Österreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichstrasse 7, Vienna. Tel. 57 23 15 or 57 36 72
May 21- August 18	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival Opera	"Marriage of Figaro", "Magic Flute," (Mozart), "Pelléas et Mélisande" (Debussy), "Incoronazione di Poppea" (Monteverdi), "Capriccio" (R. Strauss), "Rake's Progress" (Stravinsky).	Glyndebourne Box Office, 23 Baker St., London W. 1, or Lewes, Sussex.
May 24- June 9	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	OPERA: "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart), "Turandot" (Puccini); BALLET: "Medea" (Béla Bartók); CONCERTS: Daily recitals at Grieg's home; other concerts. Hallé Orchestra, Bergen Symphony. Soloists: Michael Rabin, Vera Zorina, Phyllis Curtin, Kim Borg.	Festspillene I. Bergen, Norway.
May 28- June 19	Stockholm, Sweden	Stockholm Festival	OPERA: "The Rake's Progress" (Stravinsky), "Rosenkavalier" (Strauss), "Eugen Onegin" (Tchaikovsky), "Marriage of Figaro" (Mozart), "Orfeo" and "Alceste" (Gluck), "Parsifal" (Wagner), "Un ballo in maschera" (Verdi), "Aniara" (Blomdahl); CONCERTS: Hallé Orchestra; BALLET.	Stockholm Festival, Klara V. Kyrkogata 3A, Stockholm. Tel. 23 30 70
May 29- July 3	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA: Gala performances honoring Wagner's 150th anniversary; DRAMA: performances in German, French, English, Italian.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach Zürich 23.
May- June	Venice, Italy	Spring Opera Season	Opera at La Fenice.	Biglietteria, Teatro La Fenice, Venice.
June 5- June 13	Helsinki, Finland	Sibelius Festival	CONCERTS: Sibelius Cycle, Violin Concerto; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS: Phyllis Curtin, Michael Rabin, Erkki Rautio.	Sibelius Festival Foundation, Taivaskalliontie 17, Helsinki.
June 6- June 16	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CHAMBER MUSIC; CONCERTS; RECITALS: Menuhin (Yehudi, Hephzibah, Yalta), Nadia Boulanger, Seefried, Arrau.	Harold Holt, Ltd., 122 Wigmore St., London W.1 Tel. WEL 2331
June 7- June 16	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS. Munich Philharmonic, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Philadelphia Chamber Orchestra; Segovia, Serkin.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24, rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 12- July 14	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds		Festival dei Due Mondi, Piazza della Libertà, Spoleto.

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DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
June 15-July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: "Falstaff" (Verdi), "Flying Dutchman" (Wagner), "Rusalka" (Dvorák); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Berlin Philharmonic, Concertgebouw Orchestra, Hague Residentie Orchestra, et al.	Amsterdam: Honthorststraat 10, Tel. 72 33 20 The Hague: Tel. 55 87 00
June 20-June 30	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	Festival of Music and the Arts	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; EXHIBITIONS.	Secretary, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
June 22-July 2	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS.	Dirección Bellas Artes, Alcalá 34, Madrid. Tel. 221 06 46
July 9-July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	International Music Festival	OPERA: "Magic Flute", "Così fan tutte," "Idomeneo" (Mozart); "Ariadne auf Naxos" (Strauss); "L'Enfant et les sortilèges" (Ravel); CONCERTS.	Festival Bureau, 3, Rue Frédéric-Mistral, Aix-en-Provence.
July 10-August 24	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Palmoticeva 2, Dubrovnik. Tel. 23 39
July 18-August 19	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: "The Burning House" (Haydn); OPERETTA: "Banditenstreiche" (von Suppé); BALLET: "Sylvia" (Delibes); DRAMA: Plays by Grillparzer, Max Zweig (world première), H. v. Hoffmannsthal; CONCERTS.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. MU 8-0355
July 24-August 27	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	"Tristan," "Parsifal," "Meistersinger," "Ring" cycle.	Ticket Office, Bayreuth 13A, P. O. Box 72, Tel. 57 22
July 26-August 31	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: "Marriage of Figaro," "Così fan tutte," "Abduction," "Magic Flute" (Mozart); "Trovatore" (Verdi); "Rosenkavalier" (Strauss); "Iphigenia in Aulis" (Gluck); BALLET; CONCERTS.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. MU 8-0355
July 28-September 15	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	Festival Bureau, 6 avenue Venizelos, Athens.
ıy	Prades, France	Pablo Casals Festival		Pablo Casals Festival, Prades.
July-August	Rome and Verona, Italy	Open air opera at the Baths of Caracalla, Rome, and the Verona Arena.		Teatro dell'Opera, Roma; Via G. Patucci 9, Verona.
August	Gstaad, Switzerland	Yehudi Menuhin Festival		Tourist Office, Gstaad.
August 1-August 14	Menton, France	International Festival of Chamber Music		Bureau du Festival de Musique de Menton, 45 Rue la Boétie, Paris 8.
August 1-August 31	Santander, Spain	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS; DRAMA; Art exhibits.	Dirección del Festival, Plaza Velarde, P. O. Box 258, Santander. Tel. 22 4 25
August	Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium	Jazz Festival		Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Ave., N.Y
August 11-September 8	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	STRAUSS: "Arabella," "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Elektra," "Intermezzo," "Rosenkavalier"; MOZART: "Così," "Marriage of Figaro"; MONTEVERDI: "Incoronazione di Poppea"; WAGNER: "Parsifal," "Lohengrin"; PFITZNER: "Palestrina"; STRAVINSKY: "The Rake's Progress"; LIEDER; RECITALS; BALLET.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P. O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 44 14 11
August 15-September 14	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; RECITALS. Swiss Festival Orchestra, Berlin Philharmonic, Lucerne Festival Strings, Philharmonia Orchestra, et al. Anda, Richter, Fischer-Dieskau, Schneiderhan, Arrau, Milstein, Rubinstein, Stader, Schwarzkopf, et al.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041-2 52 22
August 18-September 7	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: San Carlo productions of "Adriana Lecouvreur," "Luisa Miller," "Don Pasquale"; English opera: "Rape of Lucretia" (Britten); CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA. London Symph.; Covent Garden Orchestra, Concertgebouw Orchestra; Britten, Fischer-Dieskau, Tebaldi, Stern-Rose-Istomin Trio, et al.	Festival Office, 11 Cambridge St. Edinburgh 1. Tel. FOU 14 32

HEDY D. JELLINEK

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Herb Ellis: "The Midnight Roll." Ellis, guitar; Roy Eldridge, Frank Assunto, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano; Israel Crosby, Jimmy Rowser, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Epic LA 16034, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Here is an album for "enjoyers," as annotator Leonard Feather rightly indicates. Herb Ellis obviously seeks to keep the music relaxed and flowing, and he succeeds. Easily confident in solos, his guitar gives a bright emphasis to the excellent rhythm sections, in which Ray Bryant shines consistently. The context suits those dependable swingers, Roy Eldridge and Buddy Tate, and Frank Assunto of the Dukes of Dixieland makes the transition comfortably, too. Israel Crosby died shortly after the session, which is represented by three titles. Like his first in 1935, it was supervised by John Hammond.
Booker T. Jones: "Green Onions." Jones, organ; Steve Cropper, guitar; Louis Sternberg, bass; Al Jackson, drums. Stax 701, $3.98.	This instrumental quartet from Memphis has had a big success with "Green Onions" in the rock-'n'-roll field. There are several indigestible numbers here, but others, like "I Got a Woman," "Mo' Onions," "Lonely Avenue," and "Behave Yourself," are a deal more rewarding than comparable efforts by some of the jazz combinations that feature organ. For one thing, there is nothing self-conscious about the back beat and "down home" feeling found here. Jones and Cropper wail at times like a good harmonica-and-guitar blues duo, but they can also play with imaginative restraint, as on "Comin' Home, Baby."
Billy Mitchell: "This Is Billy Mitchell." Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Dave Burns, trumpet; Clarence Anderson, organ; Billy Wallace, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, drums. Smash 27027, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Mitchell has never been presented so advantageously before. His full, warm tone has a piquant edge which makes it equally effective on Melba Liston's pretty ballad, "Just Waiting," and on the more vigorous versions of "J. & B." and "You Turned the Tables on Me." His treatment of "Sophisticated Lady" is conceived and executed with particular subtlety, the number having seldom been decorated with such informed taste. Those who are tired of studied eccentricity in jazz should find Mitchell's thorough professionalism a relief. Anderson plays on three numbers only. On the others he is replaced by Wallace, and Dave Burns is added.
Frank Sinatra and Count Basie: "Sinatra-Basie." Sinatra, vocals; Basie, piano, with his sixteen-piece band. Reprise R 1008, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The perennial argument about what constitutes a jazz singer will in future be sure to involve this album. Sinatra is the favorite of many jazz musicians and his masculine nonchalance is matched by the authority of Basie's orchestra. This combination, with well-chosen tunes and appropriate arrangements, could not possibly be defeated by the usual mischances of the studio encounter. Among many special felicities are the beat of the band and singer after Frank Foster's solo on "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down"; the sombre trombones behind the Wess flute in the steadily rocked "My Kind of Girl"; and the sinuous tenor solos of Eric Dixon on "Pennies from Heaven" and "Rose Colored Glasses." In short, a happy summit meeting.
Jimmy Smith: "Back at the Chicken Shack." Smith, organ; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums. Blue Note 4117, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This set consists of four long, medium-tempo performances from the same session as that whic' produced Smith's highly successful "Midnight Special" (Blue Note 4078). The music, to borro from the notes, is generally of an "unhurried, unforced" character. The men all know where they are going, don't waste time in "searching" and "probing," and don't get in each other's way. The rhythmic command Smith exercises from the organ makes these as good for dancing as they are for listening. Sharp, city creases in the organist's pants are the only defect in a handsome, rustic cover.
Muggsy Spanier: "Columbia—the Gem of the Ocean." Spanier, cornet, with 15-piece band. Ava A-12, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This rather unexpected release puts the veteran Spanier in front of a "Huge Dixieland Band," one that includes musicians like Eddie Miller (tenor saxophone) and Mattie Matlock (clarinet). Nine of the ten arrangements are by Deane Kincaide and were written in the early '40s when Spanier was leading a big band. All except one were recorded last June for the first time. Their character—and particularly the reed voicings—immediately recalls the old Bob Crosby band. The years seem scarcely to have diminished Spanier's talent, and his gobbling plunger work on "Royal Garden Blues" and "Lonesome Road" is as eloquent as it was on the same numbers more than thirty years ago.
Sarah Vaughan: "The Explosive Side of Sarah Vaughan." Sarah Vaughan, vocals, with orchestral accompaniment arranged and conducted by Benny Carter. Roulette R 52092, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Exposure of the lady's explosive aspect has resulted in at least two memorable performances. Both "Honeysuckle Rose" and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" benefit from brilliant Benny Carter arrangements, which are well played and recorded. The medium tempos are also helpful and Miss Vaughan's vocal virtuosity does not here lead to that overelaboration which sometimes mars her work. Among the other more attractive interpretations are those of "Garden in the Rain" and "Moonlight on the Ganges," her voice being well suited to the character of the latter.
Dinah Washington: "Back to the Blues." Dinah Washington, vocals, with orchestral accompaniment arranged and conducted by Fred Norman. Roulette R 25189, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	It was surely high time for the "Queen of the Blues" to make this welcome return to her realm. The selection of new and old material includes blues associated with Leroy Carr, Bill Broonzy, Bessie Smith, and Lil Green, and she sings them all with an almost casual assurance. Except for a couple of intrusions by strings, the accompaniments are in good taste, for Fred Norman has knowingly kept the arrangements loose and light. Billy Butler's guitar is an enormous asset in support throughout, and there are also attractive personal statements by Joe Newman (trumpet) and Wynton Kelly (piano). The numbers with the best feeling are, significantly, the longest. "How Long, How Long" runs for nearly five minutes, and "Nobody Knows the Way I Feel This Morning," for over eight.
George Wein: "George Wein and the Newport All-Stars." Wein, piano; Ruby Braff, cornet; Marshall Brown, valve trombone and bass trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Bill Takas, bass; Marquis Foster, drums. Impulse A.31, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. "Midnight Concert in Paris." Wein, piano; Ruby Braff, cornet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Jimmy Woode, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums. Smash 27023, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	George Wein, successful producer of jazz festivals, is probably happiest when playing piano with the itinerant Newport All-Stars, a group of varying composition which nowadays is especially to be commended for continuing to present Ruby Braff to an inadequately appreciative world. Braff's mellow cornet tone, fluency of expression, and taste, all heard to advantage in these sets, should command a wider public. The Impulse set has more of a Dixieland or Chicago flavor than t' other, perhaps because of the numbers, perhaps because the Smash disc was made before a Pa.. audience. It also has the enduringly individual tenor style of Bud Freeman, but the second has the no less enduringly individual trombone style of Vic Dickenson. The trombonist's contributions are, as always, an inspired mixture of drollery and high purpose. The ever-popular Pee Wee Russell has a feature to himself in each set, and Wein shows at the piano that the roles of impresario and performer are not at all incompatible. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Three of a Kind

Continued from page 97

hoolie and Folk-Lyric in that its area interest is solely reissues of country-blues material previously issued during the 1920s and 1930s. Every effort has been made to put forth items which are unavailable because of extreme rarity, even at the time of original issue.

To date there have been four records issued: two anthologies, "Really The Country Blues" (OJL-2) and "The Great Jug Bands" (OJL-4), and two devoted entirely to the artists Charlie Patton and Henry Thomas (OJL-1, OJL-3). All of the items are of great value to the collector, if for no other reason than the scarcity of the material presented, and provide immeasurable listening pleasure to the devotee *and* the tyro.

Charlie Patton and Henry Thomas, despite the regional differences of the two, the former from Mississippi and the latter from Texas, are similar in that they both present a pure, unadulterated form of the blues. Patton, a legendary figure who seems to have been one of the most influential of all the great singers in the Mississippi tradition, was from the Clarksdale area and the recordings were made between 1929 and 1932. His style of both playing and singing was a highly emotional one, explosive and raw, and his lyrics were particularly vivid in their effect upon the listener. His words are generally slurred and at times shouted. The total impact of his work is one of overwhelming power and the force is occasionally shocking. Thomas, also known as "Ragtime Texas," is not quite as emotionally charged as Patton and performs closer to ragtime style than to "low-down" blues. In addition to singing and playing the guitar, Thomas also plays shepherd's pipes. The effect is quite unusual as incorporated into the fourteen performances presented on the record.

BOTH anthologies are loaded with recordings that are anything but commonplace or easy to come by. Some of the names will have a new ring to them and others will be known only to a casual few. There are Garfield Akers's moving two-part "Cottonfield Blues" and William Moore's ragtime guitar solo, "Old Country Rock," among the unknowns, and Tommy Johnson, Sam Collins, and Son House's "My Black Mama" among the better-known, but all obscure, group of artists.

Although this material will not appeal to all, it should be noted, and appreciated, that the issues are attempting to fill a most noticeable void in the field. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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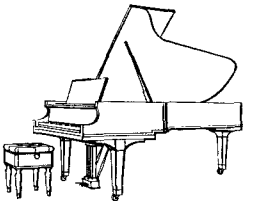

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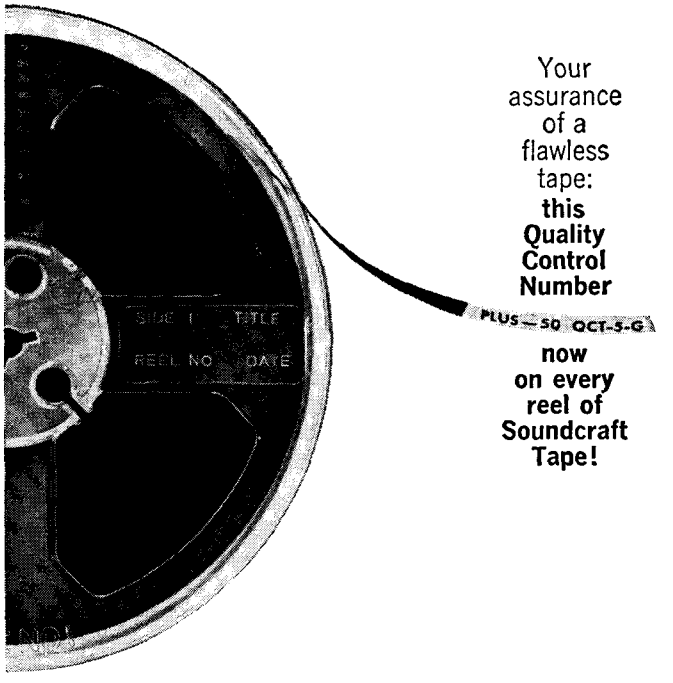

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Notes of a Happy Anglican

"Last Letters to a Friend: 1952-1958," by Rose Macaulay, *edited by Constance Babington-Smith (Atheneum. 288 pp. $5), completes the posthumous collection of the British novelist's correspondence with an Anglican priest. Riley Hughes is associate professor of English and director of the Writers Conference at Georgetown University.*

By RILEY HUGHES

"I MIGHT take a Marquand novel to Turkey, perhaps," Rose Macaulay wrote to her transatlantic spiritual adviser, as, then a spry seventy-three, she set out to explore the ground for the novel she would take out of Turkey, "The Towers of Trebizond." "Yes," she added, in uncharacteristic phrasing doubtless borrowed from her correspondent, "in common with most novelists today, his world has few super-mundane communications." That hers was a world of such "communications," in her personal life of intense religious devotion as well as in her fiction, is well attested in this second volume of Dame Rose Macaulay's letters to the Reverend John Hamilton Cowper Johnson. The present collection contains all the letters she wrote to Father Johnson from mid-September 1952 to within a few months of her death in 1958; they continue the wide-ranging conversation of piety and wit that made last year's "Letters to a Friend" a memorable spiritual autobiography.

Father Johnson's "ministry of letters," as Miss Macaulay justly considered it, began in 1950, when he wrote from America in appreciation of one of her novels, thus renewing an acquaintance broken off thirty years before. She had known the Anglican priest slightly in England before he was transferred to a Cowley Fathers mission near Boston. Shortly after the letters began, "R.M.," after a long absence, returned to the practice of what her editor calls her "high but broad" Anglicanism. Religion was now, after decades of being nothing more than a pious memory of numerous clerical forebears, central to her life. A sincere penitent and daily communicant, she was given to scrupulosity, or at least fussiness, at first; and one infers—she destroyed all of Father Johnson's letters to her—a generous patience and tact on his part. But by September 1952 she had achieved serenity and a sense of sharing rather than of merely receiving; the world of the spirit and that of a more mundane communication were in balance. "My dear Hamilton," she addressed him now, having discovered in February that they were, on her mother's side, fourth cousins.

More important to the correspondents, of course, than their new knowledge of family ties was a deepening kinship of ideas and tastes. Both had consuming literary and liturgical interests. In separated concert, so to speak, they ransacked the Roman Missal for its Collects, comparing texts and translations—"one of the many good things that you first put me on to," R. M. noted. Their readings and researches, often enough, came round to family connections in the end, what with Lord Macaulay on her side and the poet Cowper and John Cowper Powys on his, and literally dozens of lesser known divines on both. Family ecclesiastical history was one of the dimensions of Rose Macaulay's soundings of her world, one of the things she found "v.g." and liked "v. much," partly because the novelist came to discover in it ammunition for her increasingly embattled position as "a happy Anglica with the Nonconformists to the le of her and the Roman Catholics to the right of her.

It was the "R.C.s" who vexed and puzzled her most; they were (except for the Dominicans) "so stuck up" and unmannerly. She was dismayed too that "rather ignorant people in novels always take this line—religion is the R.C. Church . . . and they know of no other." Roman zeal, she noted with alarm, added to death's terrors, for distinguished agnostics lived in fear that their convert relatives would put in claims of deathbed conversions! Evelyn Waugh told her that the next Pope (after Pius XII) would be a Chinese, and she thought of him, in terms that must have pained Father Johnson, as saying, "Me speakee *ex cathedra.*" Yet she was generous and ecumenical-minded enough, in another mood, to think, "How nice it would be if each Church were to publish a pamphlet full of *compliments* to the other!"

It is for these inconsistent sincerities of the moment, for her unfailing grittymindedness, and for her underlying integrity of physical and moral courage that most readers are likely to val Dame Rose's letters as v.g. indeed.

Morning Mist on the Veldt

"On the Edge of the Rift: Memories of Kenya," by Elspeth Huxley *(Morrow. 409 pp. $5.95), takes the author back to the coffee farm near Nairobi, where between the ages of twelve and sixteen she observed the provincial crises, and the gossip and chatter of a narrow colonial society. Robert Massie is a former African affairs editor for Newsweek magazine.*

By ROBERT MASSIE

THREE years ago, Elspeth Huxley published "The Flame Trees of Thika: Memories of an African Childhood," a beautifully written re-creation of her early childhood on a coffee plantation in Kenya before the First World War. That book ended in 1915, when the author was eight years old. Now, in this marvelous sequel, Mrs. Huxley picks up her story in 1919, when she and her mother returned to Kenya after four years' absence during the war. In these pages, packed with the sights, the talk, the pioneer struggles of colonial Africa, Mrs. Huxley carries her story through her girlhood until, at the age of sixteen, she left again for England to attend school.

Typical of a hardy, self-confident breed, Mrs. Huxley's mother, Tilly, was filled with mad schemes to make money and pay off the mortgage on the farm. She tried to raise silkworms and then white mice for laboratories, and to can huge quantities of marmalade. But all of her plans exploded, the jars of marmalade literally blowing up as the jelly fermented. Mrs. Huxley's father, Robin, a strapping man with blue eyes and a blond mustache, thought that he might make a qui fortune from diamonds in Tanganyi and he disappeared for long periods. Both of her parents were true pioneers. As soon as the neighbors began building tennis courts on their plantations the

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Huxleys wanted to move. Drawn by the irresistible urge of the frontier, they sold their own farm and traveled to the western edge of the great Rift Valley that slashes 3,000 feet deep across the face of Africa.

For a teen-age girl, every day was filled with excitement and adventure. Elspeth hunted in the high grass and in the forests. She knew and secretly liked a boy named Alan, who became a white hunter and took her on a real safari. She had a pet cheetah named Rupert. Even as a girl she wrote well, and her column on polo, published under a pseudonym in a Nairobi paper, was considered authoritative. Her parents did not know that she was "Bamboo," the polo expert, and she enjoyed commenting in print that her father's backswing needed substantial improvement. She knew the Africans who farmed her father's coffee in the way all Kenya whites knew the blacks: as friendly, superstition-bound people, never dangerous as long as they were dealt with firmly. Mrs. Huxley speaks with distaste of one African who no longer accepted European authority, and she reports with unconcealed satisfaction that he came to a bad end.

With expert dialogue Mrs. Huxley recreates the provincial crises of the whites, the gossip and chatter of a low colonial society. There are the parties to which guests come from miles around, the pathetic hopes of an old maid governess to marry a shy

army captain on leave from the Northern Frontier, the scandals revolving around a wealthy, red-faced settler who had been a dashing pilot in the war.

Across all of these stories Mrs. Huxley manages to cast the magic spell of Africa. She loves the way the low mists lie on the grass of the high veldt in the early morning, and she marvels at the cool, dark splendor of the great forests on the slopes of Mt. Kenya. Listening to elephants crash through a nearby thicket, or standing in a clearing looking down at the rolling plains, she recalls her excited guess that she was standing in a spot where no man had ever stood before.

That was forty years ago. The white pioneer society that Mrs. Huxley remembers is fast disappearing, and Africans themselves are choosing to rule their own lands. Yet colonial life in Africa had a meaning and an individual splendor of its own, and it is good to have that fact recorded in this memorable book.

Critiques

Continued from page 93

credible, if mysterious, characters cannot be discarded without serious risks. Mme. Sarraute's novels are still for the very few; and a powerful wave of imaginative invention might rejuvenate French fiction at the present time. "The Age of Suspicion" is already a little passé. But it offers penetrating remarks on the faults of which the traditional psychological novels were indeed guilty. Maria Jolas's translation of Mme. Sarraute's subtle prose is felicitous as well as accurate.

FROM ARISTOTLE ONWARDS: There are so many anthologies of literary criticism now in existence that it is becoming hard to distinguish one from another. All aim at giving a representative selection of the major critical documents from Aristotle onwards; there is little originality in the choice of texts, and they differ chiefly in the amplitude of the selections and completeness of the commentary.

What distinguishes **"Great Theories in Literary Criticism"** (Farrar, Straus, $5) from some others is the fact that Karl Beckson reprints entire works wherever possible, or else long, continuous extracts. He has reduced the introductory matter to a minimum. The three main documents of ancient criticism—Aristotle's "Poetics," Horace's "Art of Poetry," and Longinus's "On the Sublime"—are presented in full, there is enough of Plato's argument in the "Republic" to give the main drift of his attack on poetry; and after that the emphasis is on English criticism—Sidney, Dryden, Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Arnold. The straightforward, central choice of examples and the amplitude of the extracts have great advantages for classroom use; something much more serious can be done with them than with the snippets linked by commentary that we sometimes find. There are prefaces to each major critical period—the classical, the neo-classical, and the romantic; and brief introductory notes to the work of each critic. Dr. Beckson has done an admirable job of compression, and he packs a great deal of relevant information into his short space; but it is rather doubtful how much of this would be really intelligible to the uninstructed reader without further help. However, one suspects that is not the intention; and in the hands of a good teacher this book could provide the sound basis for a useful course. Since the modern critical movement has been so fertile, so lively, and so distinctive, it seems a pity that the plan does not extend into our own century. —GRAHAM HOUGH.

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(Continued on page 106)

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1510

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Large Asiatic, maned deer.

B. Counterclockwise (motion, esp of plane of polarization of light).

C. Benefited mentally, morally, spiritually.

D. Inventor of Esperanto, 1887 (1859-1917).

E. Competition open to everybody; general brawl (2 wds. and comp.).

F. Photographed with small hand camera; described briefly.

G. Followed by Word X, a complication of circumstances, motives, etc.

H. Deposit of ice needles, distinguished from rime in being perpendicular to the object.

I. Pertaining to Circe's islet.

J. More familiar name of the faithful "Judas" among the Apostles.

K. Over-esurient (2 wds.).

L. Decree of a Mohammedan ruler.

M. How the Annapolis midshipman refers to his date (2 wds.).

WORDS

118 40 187 83 154 164 62

92 157 13 29 201 168 193 45 190 199 78 125 148

196 130 139 70 91 15 171

140 8 143 4 106 102 25 2

131 113 33 183 28 200 48 137 197 160 99

146 112 53 103 169 136 98

39 57 93 126 156 107

3 153 172 38 32 47 96 73 77

52 36 85 165 68 31

178 182 167 159 94 67 117 27

26 144 116 203 60 188 141 16 177

1 202 123 142 209

81 163 207 30 195 86 64

DEFINITIONS

N. A good spirit; the astrologer's eleventh house, source of good things.

O. Closely fitted to the figure.

P. Having a general regard for others' interest or welfare.

Q. Title of honor given to royalty or other persons of rank.

R. Irregular, as if eaten away.

S. Slang for a donkey.

T. (Anything's) final place, point, or position (3 wds.).

U. Greek philosopher, 4th cent. B.C., second Word W after Plato.

V. After tea, Word L becomes invective.

W. See Word U.

X. See Word G (2 wds.).

Y. Imaginary flower supposed to be fadeless.

Z. King of Persia who sacked Delhi and carried off the Koh-i-noor and the Peacock Throne, 1739 (2 wds.).

WORDS

88 49 44 161 82 35 54 127

79 42 174 14 194 18 50 122 128

74 87 37 97 10 115 101 23 133 41

63 204 151 51 76 109 5 191

121 56 186 69 170 135

192 84 111 65 100

129 134 162 55 208 21 6

22 58 145 80 173 7 90 108 152 210

181 71 205 114 175 119

19 149 11 24 95 180 72 59 46

189 9 104 17 105 158 89 66 43 147 176 20

34 166 150 184 61 132 12 185

198 110 124 75 155 138 179 206 120

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 L	2 D		3 H	4 D		5 Q	6 T	7 U	8 D	9 X	10 P	11 W	12 Y	13 B	14 O	15 C
16 K		17 X	18 O	19 W		20 X	21 T	22 U		23 P	24 W	25 D	26 K		27 J	28 E
29 B	30 M	31 I		32 H	33 E	34 Y	35 N	36 I		37 P	38 H		39 G	40 A	41 P	42 O
43 X	44 N		45 B	46 W	47 H	48 E	49 N	50 O	51 Q		52 I		53 F	54 N	55 T	56 R
	57 G	58 U		59 W	60 K	61 Y	62 A	63 Q	64 M	65 S		66 X	67 J	68 I	69 R	70 C
71 V	72 W	73 H	74 P		75 Z	76 Q	77 H	78 B		79 O	80 U	81 M	82 N		83 A	84 S
85 I	86 M		87 P	88 N		89 X	90 U	91 C	92 B	93 G	94 J		95 W	96 H	97 P	98 F
99 E	100 S		101 P	102 D	103 F	104 X		105 X	106 D	107 G	108 U	109 Q	110 Z	111 S		112 F
113 E		114 V		115 P	116 K	117 J	118 A	119 V		120 Z	121 R		122 O	123 L	124 Z	
125 B	126 G	127 N	128 O	129 T	130 C		131 E	132 Y		133 P	134 T	135 R	136 F	137 E	138 Z	139 C
140 D	141 K	142 L		143 D	144 K	145 U	146 F	147 X	148 B		149 W	150 Y	151 Q	152 U		153 H
154 A	155 Z		156 G	157 B	158 X	159 J	160 E	161 N	162 T	163 M		164 A	165 I	166 Y	167 J	168 B
169 F	170 R	171 C		172 H	173 U	174 O	175 V	176 X	177 K		178 J	179 Z	180 W	181 V		182 J
183 E	184 Y		185 Y	186 R	187 A	188 K		189 X	190 B	191 Q		192 S	193 B	194 O		195
196 C	197 E	198 Z	199 B		200 E	201 B	202 L		203 K	204 Q	205 V	206 Z	207 M	208 T	209 L	210 U

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions

I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.

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ADVERTISING COUNCIL 1942-1952

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